April 28, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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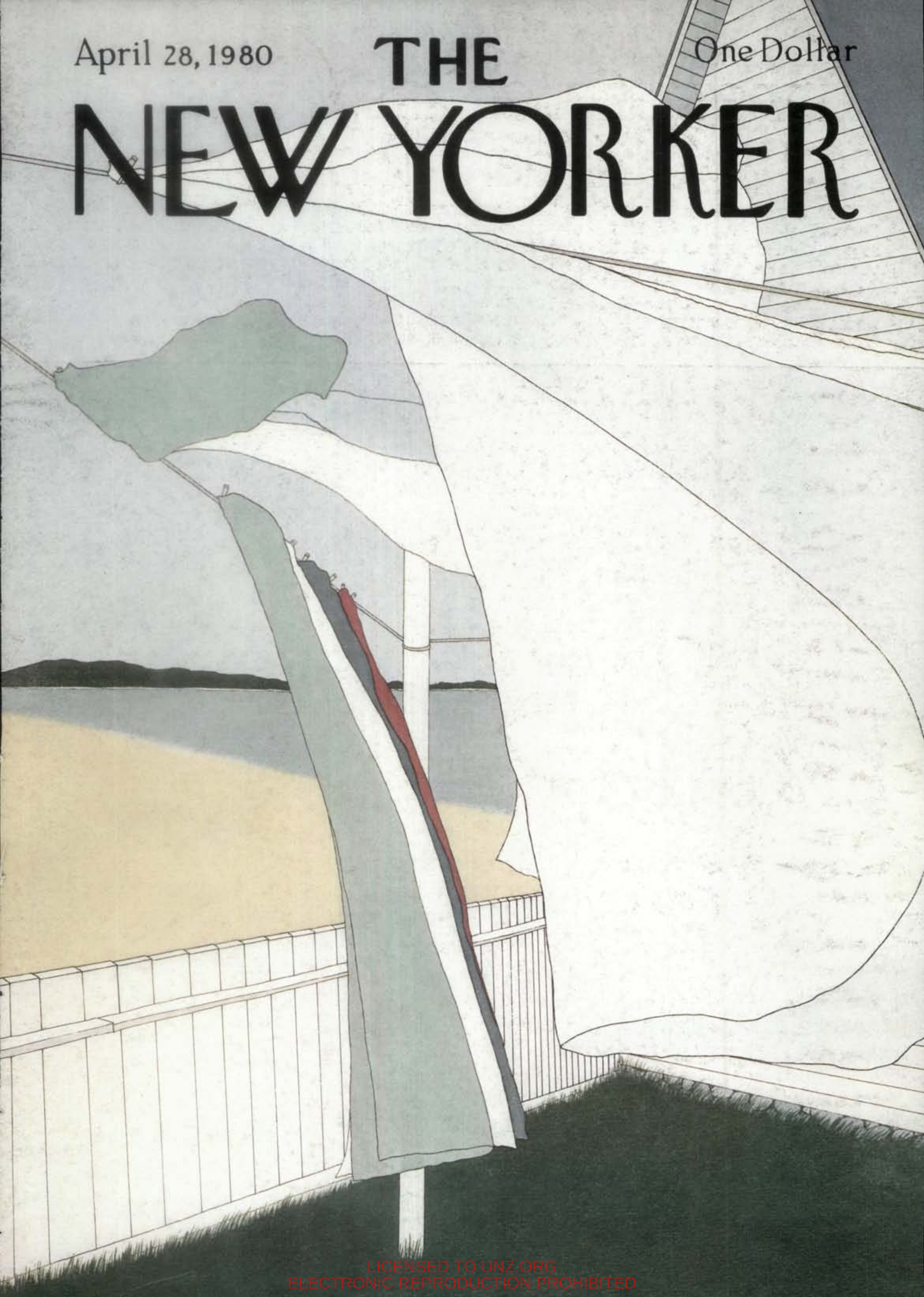

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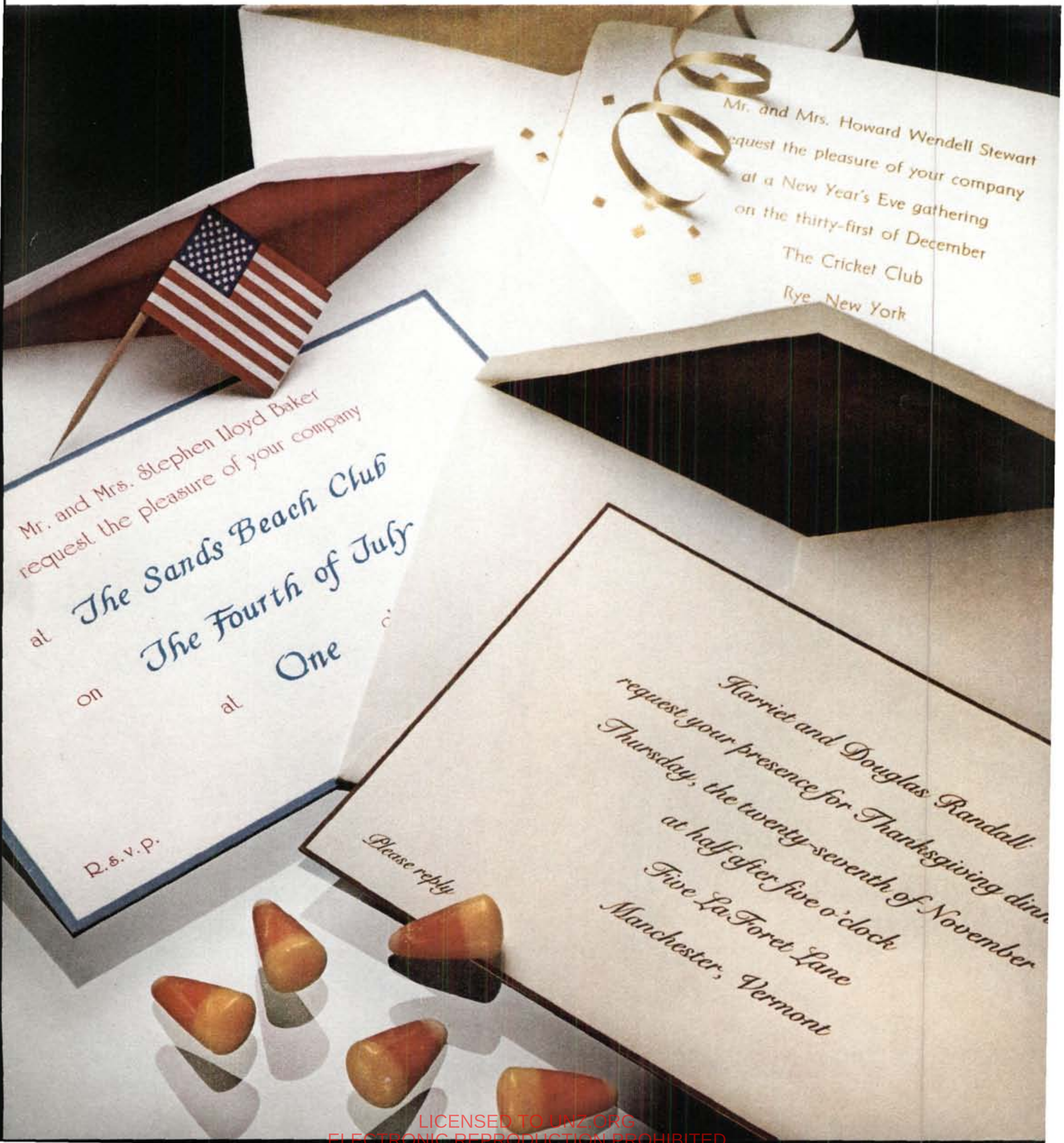

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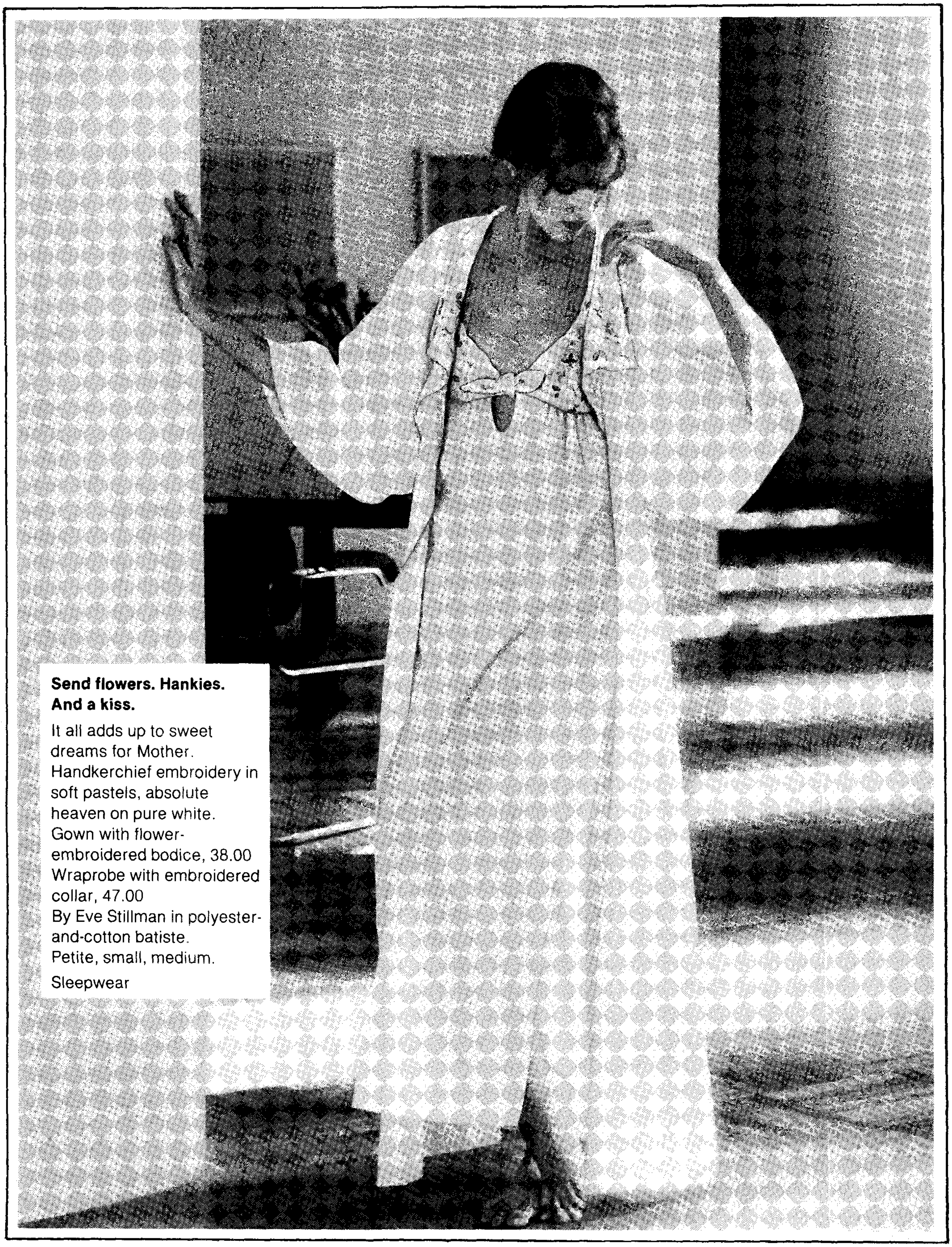

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. ELIZABETH I, by Paul Foster, directed by Liviu Ciulei: Tuesday, April 29, at 8, and Wednesday, April 30, at 2 (previews); Wednesday, April 30, at 6:45 (opening); Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, at 8; and Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8. . . . THE WHITE DEVIL, by John Webster, directed by Michael Kahn: Sunday, May 4, at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, call 564-3510.)

The American Clock—A play by Arthur Miller, set during the Depression. The cast of fifteen will portray more than fifty characters. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. Previews Tuesday, April 29, through Saturday, May 17, after which it will open at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, South Carolina, and move to Broadway in early fall. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two plays in repertory. JOHNNY ON A SPOT is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/10/80.) Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24, and Friday, May 2, at 8, and Saturday, May 3, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ The American première of Gorky's BARBARIANS, a turn-of-the-century comedy about a couple of engineers who come to a small provincial town to build a railroad. The play is only fair, but the performance is admirable. Sheila Allen, Roxanne Hart, Jon Polito, and John Seitz are the leads. The new translation is by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. (Reviewed in this issue.) Friday, April 25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 27, at 2; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 29-May 1, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A musical about Phineas T., by Mark Bramble (book), Cy Coleman (music), and Michael Stewart (lyrics). Jim Dale has the title role. Joe Layton directed. Previews through Tuesday, April 29. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 30. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, May 1, at 2.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Children of a Lesser God—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (3/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

City Junket—A comedy by Kenward Elmslie is the inaugural presentation of the Eye and Ear Theatre, for which Red Grooms did the sets and costumes. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3:30.)

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Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine—A musical from London, with a book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh, and music by Frank Lazarus. Tommy Tune is the director and choreographer. Previews Wednesday, April 23, through Wednesday, April 30. Opens officially on Thursday, May 1. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dialogue for Lovers—Estelle Parsons and Fritz Weaver in an entertainment distilled by Eve Merriam from Shakespeare's sonnets. Completing the cast are Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and a Renaissance instrumental ensemble. Opens Wednesday, April 23, and will run through Saturday, May 3. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy MERTON OF THE MOVIES is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—

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Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

GOODBYE FIDEL—A play by Howard Sackler, with Jane Alexander, Christopher Cazenove, Pamela Brook, Gale Sondergaard, and Lee Richardson. Edwin Sherin directed. Opens on Wednesday, April 23. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, April 24, at 3.)

THE HAGGADAH—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

HAPPY NEW YEAR—A musical adapted by Burt Shevelove (he also directed) from Philip Barry's 1928 play "Holiday." The songs are by Cole Porter (some from his Broadway musicals, others from his unpublished work). The cast includes Michael Scott, Kimberly Farr, Leslie Denniston, and John McMartin. Previews through Saturday, April 26. Opens officially on Sunday, April 27. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (3/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturday at 2.)

THE IRISH HEBREW LESSON and GUESTS OF THE NATION—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 11.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA** through Sunday, May 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

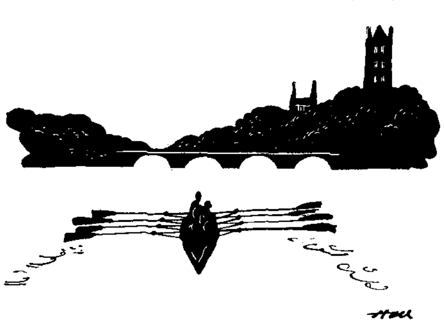
THE MAN IN 605—A windy, tiresome play by Alan Gross about an old poet down on his luck, and about a bellhop who admires him and a desk clerk who doesn't. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MARLON BRANDO SAT RIGHT HERE—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

MORNING'S AT SEVEN—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NUTS—A play by Tom Topor, set in Bellevue Hospital. The cast includes Anne Twomey, Lenka Peterson, and Hansford Rowe; directed by Stephen Zuckerman. Previews through Sunday, April 27. Opens officially on Monday, April 28. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PAST TENSE—Laurence Luckinbill and Barbara Feldon in a two-character play by Jack Zeman. Directed by Theodore Mann. Previews Wednesday, April 23. Opens officially on Thursday, April 24, and will run through Sunday, June 1. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RUMSTICK ROAD—An autobiographical probing into the early manhood of Spalding Gray. With the help of family tapes and some vivid dramatic interludes by Gray and a couple of actor colleagues, we learn a lot about the Gray family, and perhaps a little something about life as well. (3/14/80) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Thursday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 27.)

SIDEWALKIN'—A musical by Jake Holmes; directed and choreographed by Patricia Birch. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 4.)

SONG NIGHT IN THE CITY—A musical entertainment conceived by John Braswell using the music of David Bowie, Ira Gershwin, Kurt Weill, and Donna Summer, among others. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

SUGAR BABIES—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TABLE SETTINGS—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TALLEY'S FOLLY—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of the year. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TINTYPES—A musical collaboration by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WEST SIDE STORY—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—Brian Clark has most unwisely altered the gender of the suffering young person who asks the question that forms the title of the play. Mary Tyler Moore does her best in the role originated by Tom Conti, but the play itself no longer makes sense. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,312 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and

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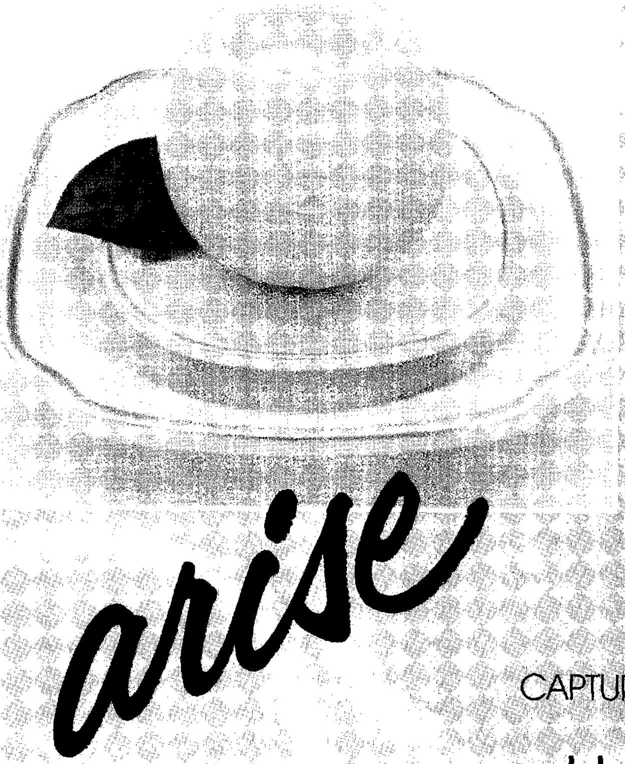

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **STRIDER:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, April 24, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Columbia University Varsity Show—Michael Numark's and Bruce Pomohac's revival of the musical "Fly With Me," which Richard Rodgers wrote during his student days at Columbia for the 1920 Varsity Show. Other collaborators were Lorenz Hart and Oscar Hammerstein II (lyrics), and Phillip Leavitt and Milton Kroopf (book). (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. 280-3668. Wednesday through Friday, April 23-25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 27, at 2.)

Black Broadway—A three-week engagement of black musical theatre with Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Honi Coles, Elisabeth Welch, and others. Originally presented as a one-day event at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival. Thursday, May 1, through Saturday, May 24. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, April 26, at 2.)

Radio City Music Hall—Singer-dancer Ginger Rogers joins the lineup of Rockettes in a new show opening Friday, May 2, and running through Monday, May 26. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6.)

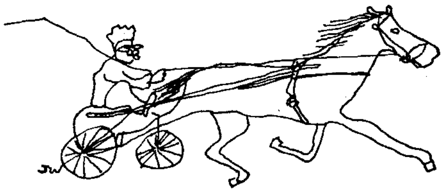
DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, June 29—Tuesday, April 29, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Fancy Free," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, April 30, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Thursday, May 1, at 8: "Serenade," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Apollo," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, April 23: "Diversion of Angels," "Ecuatorial" (with Rudolf Nureyev), "Episodes," and "The Owl and the Pussycat" (with Liza Minnelli, narrator).... ¶ Thursday evening, April 24: "Frescoes," "Errand Into the Maze," "Diversion of Angels," and "The Owl and the Pussycat."... ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "Frescoes," "Night Journey," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Episodes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 26: "The Owl and the Pussycat," "Episodes," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Diversion of Angels."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 26; Monday evening, April 28; and Friday evening, May 2: "Clytemnestra" (with Rudolf Nureyev).... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 29: "Night Journey," "Errand Into the Maze," "Judith" (première), and "The Owl and the Pussycat."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 30: "Frescoes," "Judith," "Ecuatorial," and "The Owl and the Pussycat."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 1: "Diversion of Angels," "Judith," and "Appalachian Spring" (with Rudolf Nureyev).... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 3: "Appalachian Spring," "Judith," and "Frescoes."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 3: "Diversion of Angels," "Lamentation," "Ecuatorial," "The Owl and the Pussycat," and "Episodes." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, April 23; Sunday matinée, April 27; and Tuesday evening, April 29: "Images," "Insects and Heroes," and "Cloven Kingdom."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 24, and Friday evening, May 2: "Diggity," "Big Bertha," "Profiles," and "Esplanade."... ¶ Friday evening, April 25; Wednesday evening, April 30; Saturday evening, May 3; and Sunday matinée, May 4: "Dust," "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)," and "Airs."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 26, and Thursday evening, May 1: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Nightshade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps (the Rehearsal)." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER DANCE GROUP:** Thursday, April 24, and Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, at 8.... **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, April 30, and Friday, May 2, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)



Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—In a program of modern dance. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, April 23, at 7:30. Free tickets will be available at the museum on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the performance.)

Jean Erdman—With her company and others in performances of a "dance operetta" called "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 3 and 8.)

Royal Dancers and Musicians from the Kingdom of Bhutan—Thirteen dancers and musicians in a program of traditional works based on ancient Buddhist folklore. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Saturday, April 26, at 2, and Sunday, April 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 873-1300.)

Dance at the Midtown Y—Two programs of contemporary dance. **HARRY:** Saturday and Sunday, April 26-27, at 8.... **FELICE LESSER DANCE THEATRE:** Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, at 8. (344 E. 14th St. 673-2207.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—A program of modern dance, including "Yonker Dingle Variations," "A Play, with Images and Walls," and "Lila's Garden Ox" (New York première). (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, April 27, at 2 and 8.)

Ballet Interviews—Natalia Makarova being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large—it seats over four hundred—rock-and-jazz showcase. The lineup includes the Shirts, a Brooklyn-based rock band, on Wednesday, April 23; the Savoy Brown blues band, which comes from England, on Thursday, April 24; local folkie **WILLIE NILE** on Friday and Saturday, April 25-26; English folkie Bert Jansch and the Boys of the Lough, a group that plays Scottish, Irish, and English folk music, on Monday, April 28; the American jazz quintet the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY**, bassist **PERCY**, and their cohorts—on Friday, May 2; and Squeeze, a British rock-and-roll band, on Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people Bradley's epitomizes a sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **HERB BUSCHLER** perform through Saturday, April 26; on Monday, April 28, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will move in with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, *Madison Ave. at 76th St.* (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, home of vigorous interpretation of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano to the accompaniment of bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBY SCOTT** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs ever seen hang overhead. The musicians: Curlew and drummer Andrea Cantazzo & guitarist Eugene Chadbourne Wednesday, April 23; **MASSACRE** (guitarist **FRED FRITH**, bassist **BILL LASWELL**, and drummer **FRED MAHER**) and Blue Humans Thursday, April 24; drummer **PHILLIP WILSON** and his free-R. & B. band, **MAGIC**, jazz-rock saxophonist David Sanborn, and Luther Thomas & Dazz Friday, April 25; and Mix, Craig Bevan & the Tourists, and This Slick Saturday, April 26. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and **JACK SIX** accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Suspend your disbelief while **NELLIE LUTCHER**, as cheerful and as preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays are given over to **DARDANELLE**, a delightful pianist who sings in regular old English—clearly, directly, effortlessly, and with diction-perfect phrasing. She works with bassist **FRANK TATE** at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, April 27, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be in charge of a quintet that will feature trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**. They all work from nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Bassist **RON CARTER** is leading a quartet here through Saturday, April 26; and on Tuesday, April 29, altoist **ART PEPPER** will bring in a quartet. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A very large tiered room with dark-green-and-beige better-living-through-chemistry suède wallpaper. Singer **MORGANA KING** is here through Sunday, April 27; on Tuesday, April 29, **BILLY ECKSTINE** will arrive to sing with his daughter Gina. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **JOHNNY HARTMAN** is singing here with a trio through Sunday, April 27; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, guitarist **MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON** will play solos opposite the duo of saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL** and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**; on Thursday and Friday, May 1-2, **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** will play solo piano and alternate with pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and flutist **JAMES NEWTON**; and on Saturday and Sunday, May 3-4, saxophonist **MARION BROWN** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will play duets, and so will saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and pianist **CURTIS CLARK**. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Lou-mell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

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Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An oak-encrusted bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is undergoing renovation. Stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is performing in the dining room through Saturday, April 26; on Tuesday, April 29, **BROOKS KERR**, another capable stride pianist, will take over. Music from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

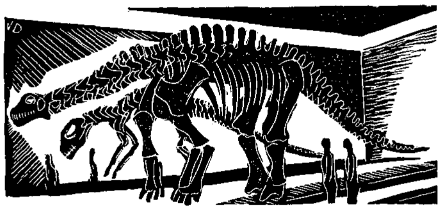
Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Urban Verbs and Skunks Wednesday, April 23; Kevin Ayres Thursday, April 24; dB's and Action Friday, April 25; Neighbors & Allies and Cells Saturday, April 26; and the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET (HAMIET BLUIETT, JULIUS HEMPHILL, OLIVER LAKE**, and **DAVID MURRAY)** Tuesday, April 29. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, couches, *and* live jazz. Vocalist **JOE (BEBOP) CARROLL** will perform on Friday and Saturday, April 25-26; on Sunday, April 27, Guanabara, a capable young Brazilian-jazz septet will take over; and on Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, the guest player will be saxophonist **AL COHN**. Saxophonist Turk Mauro heads a jam session on Wednesdays. Music from nine Fridays and Saturdays; from eight on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner restaurant and bar that will, no doubt, be crowded with listeners who have come to hear pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** go to town. Howard Resnick is the Sunday and Monday solo pianist. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. The standouts on the current lineup are blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH**, who leads his band on Wednesday, April 23; and, Sunday through Tuesday, April 27-29, bassist and singer **RICK DANKO** and pianist **RICHARD MANUEL**, who were both members of The Band, and who will answer the question, Where are they now? Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.



Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be. **ARTHUR PRYSOCK**, a baritone crooner who had women swooning in the aisles of the Apollo Theatre some twenty-five years ago, is here with his backing combo. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, April 23, Ozone and Crayola; Thursday, April 24, Colors and Pinups; Friday, April 25, Cheetah Chrome and Cheap Perfume; Saturday, April 26, Senders and Teds; Sunday, April 27, Fabians and Vivitones; Monday, April 28, Laughing Lewis & the Crazies, Intentions, and a band from Paris that goes by the symbol ⊗; and Tuesday, April 29, Disgrace and George Philips's band. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BONNIE KOLOC**, who hails from Chicago, sings folk, blues, and ballads with her backup trio from about nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper-West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Guitarist **JOHN TROPEA'S** R. & B. combo is here through Thursday, April 24; Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, will belong to **SAM & DAVE**, the high-pitched, feverish duo who sing polyester-pink-tuxedo soul music. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate club that continues its mostly just-folkies music policy: rock and ragtime pianist **STORMIN' NORMAN** and his slapstick-blues-singing partner **SUZY** are here Wednesday, April 23; Jim Dawson, a singer and guitarist, performs Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, will be given over to Marshall Chapman, who comes from South Carolina and who comes across as the Patti Smith of rockabilly; and Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, gravelly-voiced **DAVE VAN RONK** will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **SY OLIVER** septet plays bounce music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This famous seventies cabaret offers singer **BARBARA COOK**, whose strong, clear soprano sounds fresh and uplifting, Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. The rest of the week is turned over to a variety of up-and-coming performers. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Hal Prince, the producer who gave us more than a few memorable theatrical moments—"West Side Story," "Cabaret," "The Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees"—is being honored in the King Cole Room. Millicent Martin, John Cunningham, Pamela

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Myers, and Catherine Cox are performing numbers from his shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet is present on Wednesday, April 23; Thursday through Sunday, April 24-27, tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will lead a quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents organist **JIMMY SMITH** and his quartet, which features tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** and guitarist **TED DUNBAR.** They all can play jazz and blues wonderfully well; through Saturday, April 26. On Monday, April 28, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will move in with a quartet. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** is supported by pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **CALVIN HILL,** and drummer **LEROY WILLIAMS** through Saturday, April 26; Sunday and Monday, April 27-28, drummer **KENO DUKE'S CONTEMPORARIES** will be here; and on Tuesday, April 29, saxophonist **BUNKY GREEN** will work with pianist **CHARLES EUBANKS,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous jazz players—Max Roach, Stan Getz, and others—line the wall. Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, blues singer **IRENE REID** will perform with her combo; Wednesday, April 23, Saturday, April 26, and Monday through Wednesday, April 28-30, drummer John Lewis's quartet will be in charge; and on Sundays drummer **LOUIS HAYES** will head up a quartet. Music after nine nightly except Sundays, when it runs from six to nine.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The construction scaffolding outside this place makes it look anything but palatial, but the relaxed atmosphere inside attracts both musicians and listeners. The schedule: drummer **JUAL CURTIS** Wednesday and Thursday, April 23-24; pianist **MICKEY TUCKER'S** sextet Friday through Sunday, April 25-27; saxophonist **BILL BARRON** Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30; and saxophonist **JIMMY LYONS** and his trio Friday through Sunday, May 2-4. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—In Chicago, the blues district has traditionally been the South Side; in New York, the blues (and the reggae and ska) district is Gramercy Park. On Wednesday, April 23, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS,** a reggae trio from Jamaica, will perform; on Thursday, April 24, trombonist and singer **JOSEPH BOWIE** will lead his funky, out-there sextet, **DEFUNKT;** on Thursday, May 1, drummer **PHILLIP WILSON** will head up his septet **MAGIC;** and on Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND** will be on hand. Shows after ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, April 23, Speedies; Thursday, April 24, Billy Falcon; Friday, April 25, Necessaries; and Saturday, April 26, **DEFUNKT.** Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, on Saturdays at midnight, the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA,** a youthful, ten-piece swing machine, plays for listening and dancing. In the enclosed sidewalk lounge, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her trio Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** leads his quartet through Sunday, April 27; on Tuesday, April 29, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in a quintet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Robert Condor is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Trumpeter Franc Williams, an Ellington alumnus, leads a quartet through Friday, April 25; Sunday through Wednesday, April 27-30, tenor saxophonist George Kelly will guide his Jazz Sultans; and Thursday through Saturday, May 1-3, have been reserved for saxophonist and clarinettist **BENNY WATERS,** who recorded with King Oliver in the twenties. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Patti Labelle—With Jerry Butler. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Friday, April 23-25, at 8; Saturday, April 26, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, April 27, at 8.)

Tahuantinsuyo and **Pierre Bensusan**—New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Thursday, April 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 765-8160.

Cris Williamson—With June Millington, Jackie Robbins, and Cam Davis. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Jazz Bands Are Back—The last in a series of concerts, this one by the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Aretha Franklin—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, April 25, at 8.

CBA Ensemble—Charles Sullivan conducting two concerts called "Jazz Routes: From Africa to Brazil." (Town Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8; and Saturday, April 26, at 8, with Dom Salvador. Tickets at the box office on the nights of the performances.)

Suni Paz, Wendy Blackstone, and Martha Siegel—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, April 25, at 8.

J. Geils Band—With 3-D. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Rashied Ali & the Funkyfreeboppers and **Olu Dara's Okra Orchestra**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 25, at 11.

John Cale—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 11.

Manhattan Transfer—With Robert Kraft & the Ivory Coast. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Graham Nash—With Leah Kunkel. (Palladium. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

BoneWorks Ensemble—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Saturday, April 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Alternative Center for International Arts. Saturday, May 3, at 8.

Miroslav Vitous Group and **L. Shankar**—Public Theatre. Saturday, April 26, at 11.

Henry Threadgill Sextet—With Iqua and Adegone Steve Colson. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Giorgio Gaslini Trio—Public Theatre. Monday, April 28, at 8.

Oscar Brand—With his children, in a program of songs for children. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 28, at 8:15.)

Duke Ellington Birthday Tribute—Among those participating will be the Manhattan School of Music Concert Jazz Band, Dick Hyman, the Copasetics with Honi Coles, Brooks Kerr, and Al Hibbler. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, April 29, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Parvarim—Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.

Jorma Kaukonen and **Vital Parts**—Palladium. Friday, May 2, at 8.

Brata Christine Jones and **Olu Dara**—Alternative Center for International Arts. Friday, May 2, at 8.

Gang of Four—Irving Plaza. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 11.

Pretenders—Palladium. Saturday, May 3, at 8.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, April 23 and 30: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 25-26: Charles Davis Quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3: Clifford Jordan Quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Thursday and Friday, April 24-25, at 8:30: Billy Bang's Survival Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 9:30: New Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8:30: George Bishop Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 3, at 8:30: Elliot Sharpe. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Squat Theatre—Friday, April 25, at 9:30 and 11:30: Sun Ra. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 11 and 1: Lounge Lizards. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

David Azuz—Amiable studies of street people in Paris boites and in the marketplaces of Guadeloupe and Martinique by this Israeli-born painter. Through May 8. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Vanessa Bell (1879-1961)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Bloomsbury ornament. Through May 24. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Anne Blodgett—Paintings of landscapes and flowers. Through Saturday, May 3. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Acutely realist still-lifes. Through Saturday, April 26. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Miodrag Djuric Dado—Ghastly creatures, in a line of descent from Hieronymus Bosch, painted in white or pale colors on a misty blue background. Through Saturday, May 3. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

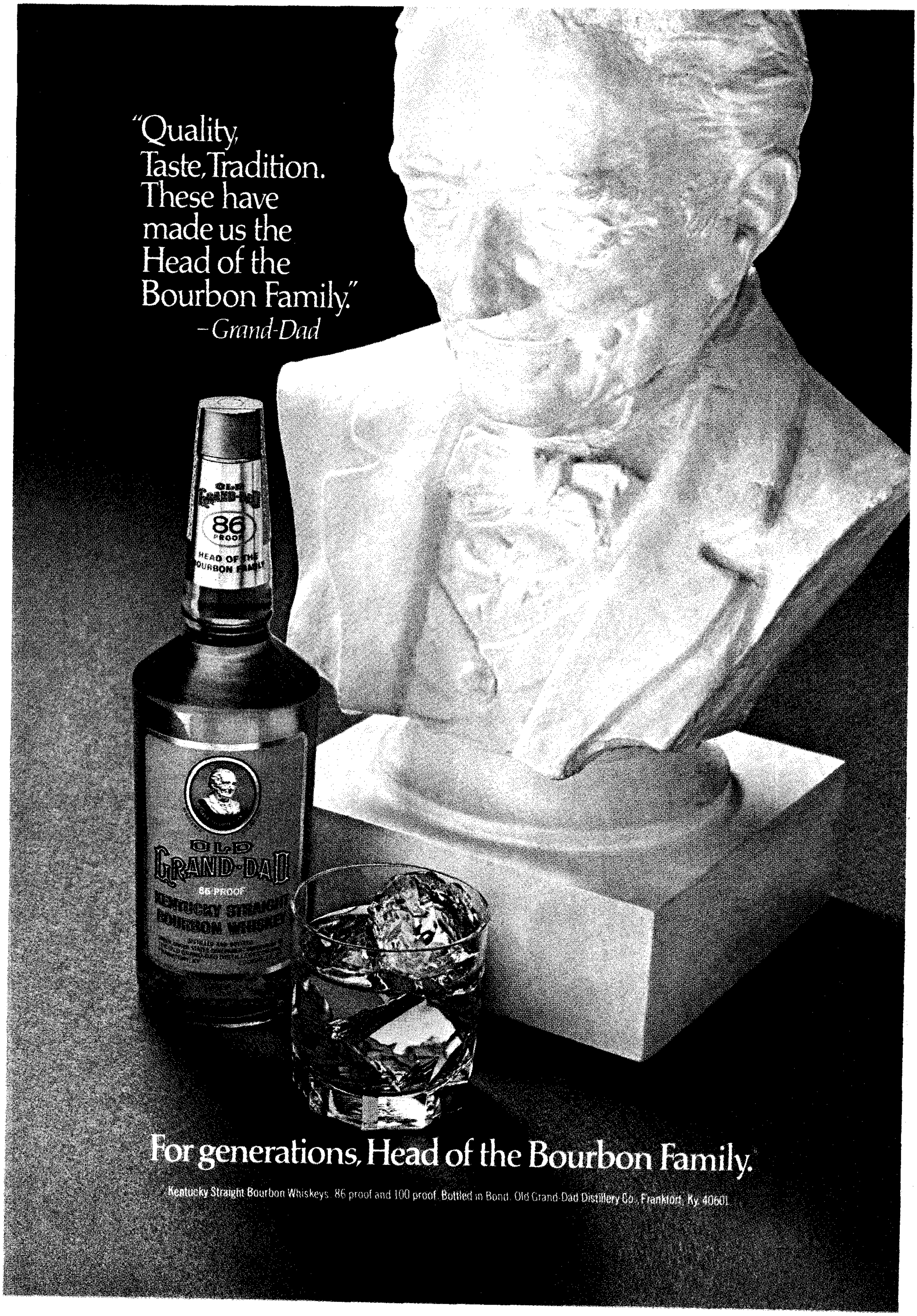
Alan Davie—Emblematic paintings. Through May 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Alan Evan Feltus—Classical studies of women, some nude. Through May 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Recent abstract sculptures in steel and brass. Through May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison—These California artists set forth their ideas about the abuse of lakes, rivers, oceans, etc., in maps, texts, photographs, and drawings.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Through Saturday, April 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St., and 351 West Broadway.)

Michael Heizer—Three new sculptures. Through May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

John Heliker—New works by the well-known painter. Through May 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Malvina Hoffman (1885-1966)—More than fifty representative works by an American sculptor who studied with Rodin and who made more than a hundred studies of racial types for Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History. Through May 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Ralph Humphrey—Brightly painted wall constructions, made of wood and modelling paste, that look like details from Hänsel and Gretel's gingerbread house. Through May 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—Abstract paintings based on a grid, and collages. Through Saturday, April 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Two shows of landscapes of the Mojave Desert: drawings and watercolors at Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St., and mixed mediums on unstretched canvas at The Gallery, 112 Greene St. (opens at noon). Both shows through Saturday, May 3.

Jean-Pierre Péricaud—Colorful new nonobjective paintings, done in acrylics laid on with a brush technique that results in a matte finish here, a glossy finish there. Through May 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joel Perlman—Small steel sculptures. Through May 8. (Ehrlich, 28 E. 74th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Detailed drawings of horses in strenuous exercises, done in graphite on canvas or in carbon pencil on paper; sometimes the works are accompanied by drawings of human heads, copied from photographs. Through Wednesday, April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Richard Piccolo—Paintings of figures alone and in groups. Also, views of Rome, where the artist lives. Through Saturday, April 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Howardena Pindell—Outsize abstract paintings, plus small, richly ornamented works on paper. Through Wednesday, April 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract acrylics on canvas. Through Saturday, April 26. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Sandi Slone—Large new abstract paintings, characterized by dash and splatter, done in acrylics on canvas. Through Thursday, May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud / David Beck—New landscapes depicting San Francisco's roller-coaster topography, seen from crazy perspectives, plus his familiar portraits of pastries. / A bristly, life-size wooden pig with a stage show inside that gets going when his tail is cranked; one watches it through the pig's eyes or through a window in his side. Through Wednesday, April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Helen Torr (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoals, and other drawings (still-lifes and abstractions) by an artist whose career was overshadowed by that of her husband, Arthur Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Paintings and drawings in which the artist gives us glimpses of his daily life. Through May 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, May 3. . . . **CARUS**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Watercolors, drawings, and prints by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner (there are twenty works by him), Nolde, and Beckmann. Through May 25. . . . **FEIST**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Fifty drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, by Jacobo Palma, Paul Gavarni, and John Singer Sargent, among others. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOETHE HOUSE**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Abstract drawings, the earliest dated 1962, by twenty-eight German artists. Through May 6. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Seven contemporary Belgian artists: paintings by Folon, Alechinsky, Dotremont, and Michaux, and sculptures by Bury, Ubac, and Reinhoud. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Representational drawings by seven artists, including Leo Lionni, Cyril David, and Gregory Paquette. Through Saturday, May 3.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Large-scale abstract paintings, and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Decorative works on paper, done mostly with commercial rubber stamps. Through Saturday, May 3. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ben Benson / Tim Prentice—Geometric paper collages. / Architectural wire-mesh sculptures. Through May 10. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Edgar Buonagurio—Abstract acrylics. Through Wednesday, April 30. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through May 14. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vestie Davis (1903-78)—Eighteen paintings and five serigraphs of New York life by a self-taught folk artist. Through May 7. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens at noon.)

Martha Diamond—Paintings in which architectural forms are reduced to simple abstractions and set forth in strong colors. Through May 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Norris Embry—Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the last decade. Through Saturday, May 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Theophil Groell—Paintings of female nudes. Through Saturday, April 26. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—Recent abstract paintings derived from this environmentalist artist's studies of the soil and growing things. Through Saturday, May 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Large, semi-abstract paintings devoted to elephants and flying heads. Also sculptures from the forties and fifties. Through Saturday, May 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

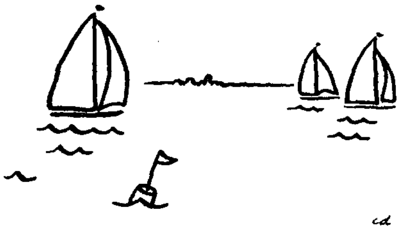
Al Held—Paintings dated 1959 to 1961, when the artist was moving away from Abstract Expressionism to a more formal geometric style. Through Saturday, April 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—New painted-wood and wood-and-burlap figures. The smallest is a foot tall; one—based on the Statue of Liberty—is twelve times that. Through May 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through May 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Moshe Kupferman—Oil paintings and acrylic and graphite drawings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Vincent Longo / Douglas Abdell—Acrylic paintings in which the canvas is repeatedly criss-crossed with tapes, painted over, and peeled, leaving a grille-like surface. Through Saturday, May 3. / Recent abstract sculptures in welded-steel and bronze. Through Thursday, May 1. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)



Raymond Mason—Three sculptures cast in epoxy and painted, and the watercolor studies for them. Through Saturday, May 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Thirteen more of his life-size watercolor figure studies, mostly of females, one of whom is shown curled up in a string hammock. Through Thursday, May 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Yehiel Shemi—New, freestanding sculptures made of heavy-duty steel plate by an Israeli artist. Through Saturday, April 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Naïvely executed craypas drawings of interiors. Through Saturday, May 3. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Pastel drawings of girls dressing, lobsters cooking, a poet musing, and Carnaval celebrants parading in Rio, done by an exceptionally facile draftsman. Through Saturday, April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Two series of welded-sheetmetal sculptures: one consisting of miniature architectural environments and the other of abstract pieces based on nature and fantasy. Through Saturday, April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jeff Way—Large paintings—Astaire and his little son dancing, a Western singer, an Indian warrior—in which a sort of double exposure accents certain details. Through May 10. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

The Geometric Tradition in American Painting 1920-1980—A two-gallery show, at the Pearl and the Esman, both at 29 West 57th St. Paintings and drawings from the twenties to the sixties by Demuth, Leon Polk Smith, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl; and works from the sixties to the present by Albers, Stella, Dorothea Rockburne, LeWitt, and others at the Esman. Through May 17.

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by seven young American artists, among them Valerie Jaudon, Joan Thorne, and Thornton Willis. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: About sixty paintings and drawings (plus two sculptures) by Americans, dating from 1840 to the present. Six Demuth and three Homer watercolors and a seated bronze figure by Leonard Baskin are standouts. Through May 23. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by Coiner, Sivard, Moller, and others. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works of the sixties from a private collection. Dine, Johns, and Warhol are among the artists. Through Saturday, April 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Laurie Anderson / Janis Provisor—This artist writes down her dreams and has other people read them, and this show consists of dim, blown-up photos of the readers (a dozen of them) and audiotapes of the readings. / Thickly painted abstract canvases incorporating symbols of Indian and Mexican culture. Through Saturday, May 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Ed Baynard—Stylized flower still-lifes in watercolor. Through May 15. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Natalie Bieser / Bill Richards—Abstract watercolors inspired by landscapes. / Detailed graphite drawings of fernswamps, underbrush, saplings, and so on, in which the pale plants stand out against a delicately shaded background. Through May 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mark Boyle—Fibre-glass castings with which selected six-by-six-foot sections of dirty London gutters, plowed Sardinian farmland, rocky Australian hillsides, and so on are recreated, incorporating as much of the original gravel, dirt, and detritus as the artist, a Scot, could manage. They are hung on the wall like paintings. Through Saturday, May 3. (Cowles, a new gallery occupying the fifth floor at 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Briggs / Edmond Casarella—Large ab-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stract oils. / Abstract collages. Through May 8. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 10. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Eric Fischl—Large-scale paintings of homely domestic situations (a nude man shaving, a girl resting beside her sewing machine, a boy taking a bath in a washtub), plus drawings in oil on glassine sheets. Through Saturday, May 3. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Terry Fugate-Wilcox—Two-sided paintings on canvas, mounted on pedestals and set on the gallery floor. Through Saturday, April 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Robert Henry—Twenty paper panels depicting watercolor views of a country walk on Martha's Vineyard constitute one work in a show that also includes unstretched canvases and folding screens. Through May 7. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Nutt—A number of colored-pencil drawings on brown paper, and a single painting in neon colors—all depicting fantasy-world figures. Through May 17. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

David Robinson—Eight surrealist paintings of interiors. Through May 10. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Paul Rotterdam—Acrylic and encaustic paintings based on architectural forms. Also works on paper. Through Saturday, May 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Sleigh / Cynthia Mailman—Flower still-lifes in oil, and watercolors of stones. / A show of what the artist calls modern illuminated manuscripts. The illumination is done with a fourteenth-century technique; the manuscripts are Xeroxes of slides of turnpike overpasses. Through May 14. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jack Sonenberg and Ursula von Rydingsvard—Wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the **boone**, 420 West Broadway: A single painting apiece by Ross Bleckner and Julian Schnabel, and three paintings by David Salle. Through Thursday, May 1. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through May 31. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Herbert George—Two plaster reliefs based on the Parthenon. Also drawings. Through May 17. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

David Hockney—Two shows: A hundred and fifty works, divided equally between drawings and prints, at the Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5; through Saturday, May 3); and about twenty drawings at the Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Saturday, April 26).

Bernard Tschumi—An architectural installation about three times human scale. Through May 10. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Lithographs taken from his early drawings for houses and other buildings. Through May 17. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Haxton / Kenneth Snelson—Color prints, all of them of arrangements of photographer's backdrop paper. / Panoramic views of New York by the sculptor. Through Saturday, April 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Tana Hoban / Marcia Keegan—Still-lifes and portraits. / Photographs of the American Southwest. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

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Len Jenshel—Color photographs of coastlines in California, Maine, and New York. Through Saturday, May 3. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Clara Sipprell (1885-1975)—Thirty still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits (of Käsebier, Stieglitz, and others) by a Pictorialist whose 1932 work "New York—Old and New" was one of the first photographs acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. Through May 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Central Park is the subject of these large silver-emulsion prints, shown in panels. Through May 30. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Becky Young—Color photographs, mostly nudes, including two triptychs. Through May 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **ex libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Robert Flaherty's documentation of the Inuit people of Arctic Quebec, taken between 1910 and 1922 and consisting of close to a hundred and forty prints, a quarter or so of them vintage. Flaherty's classic film "Nanook of the North" is shown Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Judith Turner showing architectural studies. Both shows through May 18. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: View-camera prints by Larry Fink; SX-70 emulsion transferred to paper by Nancy Rexroth—the prints depict tangled vegetation; rural backyard scenes in Athens, Ohio, by Mark Schwartz. Through Saturday, April 26. . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: A show of European photographs of a hundred years or so ago, which is both a prelude to a show of Atget prints due here in May and a sample of the kind of photographs that may have influenced him. Through Saturday, May 3. (Open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: A survey of Pictorialism that ranges from an eighteen-sixties daguerreotype by Southworth and Hawes, to a nineteen-thirties print by Clara Sipprell, to contemporary palladium prints by Jed Devine. Through Saturday, May 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries are closed while the museum prepares for a full-house Picasso show set to open May 22. The downstairs theatre floor remains open. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by Gaston Lachaise. Through Sunday, April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through May 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3, and Saturday, May 3, from noon to 3.)

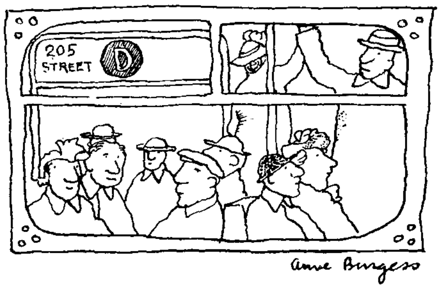
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings, sculptures, graphics, and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor and Henri van de Velde. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Etchings and drawings by Peter Milton. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Starts Thursday, April 24. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, all of them for projects that are grand in either concept or scale. Dating from the sixteenth century to the present, they include interiors (stage sets, doorways) and exteriors (gardens, fountains, monuments). Through June 1. . . . ¶ A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and *nineteenth centuries, most of them executed* in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. Through July 31. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. Starts Saturday, April 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays *through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to* 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portraits and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, *and Thursday evenings until* 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 4. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Fifty etchings and lithographs by Camille Pissarro, as well as twenty-five prints by fellow-Impressionists Renoir, Manet, Degas, and others. Through July 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, photographs, *and other works by seven artists from Toronto; a film with sound by Brunò Bussman; an* installation by Guy De Cointet. Through May 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—John Giorno (poetry reading), Tuesday, April 29, at 8:30; records and *cassettes, together with related* scores, photographs, and album covers, by more than forty artists, through Saturday, April 26; solo exhibitions by Anne Flournoy, Kay Rosen, and M. Kathryn Mish, through May 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Douglas Dunn (dance), Wednesday through Saturday, April 23-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 27, at 3; Ampersand (music), Tuesday and Wednesday, April 29-30, at 8:30; videotapes by Antonio Muntadas, Stephen Laub, Becky Johnston, and others, through Saturday, April 26; a sound installation by Jack Goldstein, through May 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

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OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 23: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Stephanie Sundine, Jacque Trussel, David Holloway, Marc Embree, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 24: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 25: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Dana Krueger, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 26: "Carmen," with Anita Terzian, Judith James, Michele Molese, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Judith Dickison-Rhodus, Joanna Simon, Hilda Harris, Riccardo Calleo, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Dufallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 27: "La Bohème," with Pamela Myers, Stephanie Sundine, Jacque Trussel, David Holloway, Marc Embree, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 27: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Dana Krueger, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of a double bill—Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol" and Falla's "La Vida Breve," in English, conducted by Jorge Mester, and staged by Norman Ayrton. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, April 24, and Saturday, April 26, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the season—Thursday, April 24, at 8; Friday, April 25, at 2; Saturday, April 26, at 8; and Tuesday, April 29, at 7:30: A Strauss-Stravinsky-Dvořák program, with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Sol Greitzer, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 1, and Saturday, May 3, at 8: A Penderecki-Stravinsky-Mahler program, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, May 2, at 8: A Strauss-Corigliano-Dvořák program, with the Messrs. Munroe and Greitzer and Stanley Drucker, clarinet.

Toronto Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Davis conducting an all-Wagner program—the prelude to "Die Meistersinger" and the first act of "Die Walküre"—with Jessye Norman, soprano; Manfred Jung, tenor; and Aage Haugland, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Monday, April 28, and Wednesday, April 30, at 8: A Beethoven-Stravinsky program. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 8:30: A Mendelssohn-Wagner-Moussorgsky program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8: Performances of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Isobel Buchanan, soprano; Christa Ludwig, *mezzo-soprano; and the Chicago Symphony* Chorus.

Osaka Philharmonic—Takashi Asahina conducting this Japanese orchestra in its first appearance here. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8, with Masuko Ushioda, violin; and Thursday, May 1, at 3, with Takashi Hironaka, piano.)

Mannes Chamber Orchestra—Yakov Bychkov conducting, with Jennifer Shepherd, soprano; Donna Racik, piano, and Shirley Givens, violin. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Sunday, April 27, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Marian Hahn, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (High School of Art and Design, Second Ave. at 57th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the final concert of the season, this one a Rachmaninoff-Saint-Saëns program, with Steven De Groote, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Fri*day and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8, and Sunday,* May 4, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 3, at 8, and Sunday, May 4, at 2.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Betsy Norden, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Tonio Di Paolo, tenor; and David Evitts, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

Concordia College Choir—Ralph C. Schultz and Gerald Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 3.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program entitled "The Art of the Chanson." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Haydn's "Mass in Time of War." (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Pamela Mann, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and Arthur Woodley, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 2.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The fourth in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Thomas Murray (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 23, at 5:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first two in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 23, and Thursday, May 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 25, at 8.)

Turibio Santos and Eliane Sampaio—Classical guitarist and soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—With Carol Wincenc, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 24, at 8. . . . ¶ Same program; Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The last in a series of concerts of twentieth-century American music, this one with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Sean Des-

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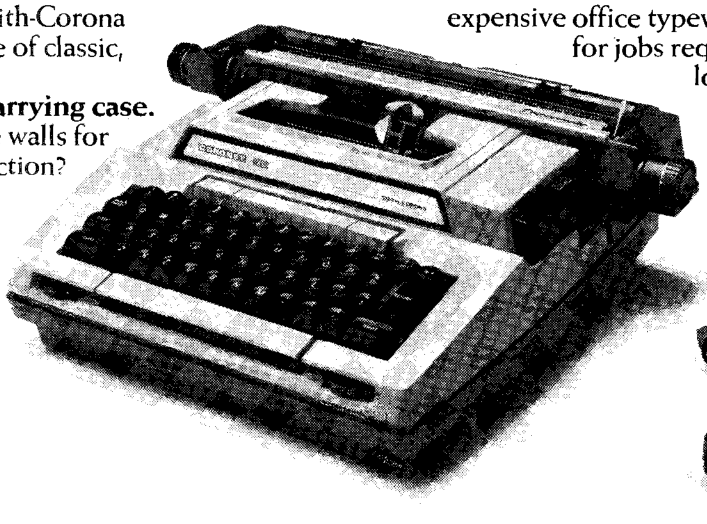

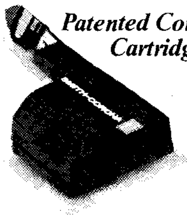
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Roches, boy-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shirley Verrett, soprano; Daniel Phillips and Sung-Ju Lee, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Ronald Thomas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Renée Siebert, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Robert Routch, horn; and John Browning, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 25, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 5.)

Robert Merrill and Louise Russell—Baritone and soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Laurence Lesser, and Lee Luvisi—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Leo Brouwer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Constantine Cassolas—Tenor, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, April 26, at 8.)

Michael May—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—A program of baroque music, with Daniel Waitzman, flute; Louise Schulman, violin/viola; Jodi Beder, cello; and Elaine Comparone; harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, April 26, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Puli Toro—Mezzo-soprano. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Sunday, April 27, at 2. Free tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the concert.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 3.)

Adrianne Greenbaum—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 27, at 8.)

Music Guild Chamber Players—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Artur Balsam, piano, will be joined by six other musicians in the second concert by this newly formed ensemble. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, April 27, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program that includes the première of Ursula Mamlok's "As Summer Sang" and Richard Wernick's "A Poison Tree," plus works by Bach and Schubert. With Neva Pilgrim, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 28, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 29, at 8.)

Joseph Rutkowski—Clarinet. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Marilyn Dubow and Allen Shawn—Violin and piano, in a program of twentieth-century American music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with Benita Valente, soprano, and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 30, at 8.)

Kristi Bjarnason—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 1, at 8.)

Waverly Waits—Michael Jaffee conducting an ensemble of twenty-three in a program of festive and ceremonial music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries played on authentic instruments of the times. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 1, and Saturday, May 3, at 8.)

John Challener—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Oscar Shumsky, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 2-3, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 4, at 2.)

Marianna Ciraulo—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 3, at 5:45.)

Emily Mitchell—Harp. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, April 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday and Saturday, April 25-26, at 8, and Sunday, April 27, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday through Thursday, April 29-May 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday, May 2, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 3, at 2:05.

Crew—Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 26.) . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. Saturday, April 26.) . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 26.) . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 3.) . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 3.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup quarterfinal playoffs—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, April 24, at 7:30, if necessary.) . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Thursday, April 24, at 8, if necessary.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1 and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 26, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 3. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 3.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at noon on Sunday, April 27, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Thursday through Saturday, April 24-26.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs; Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

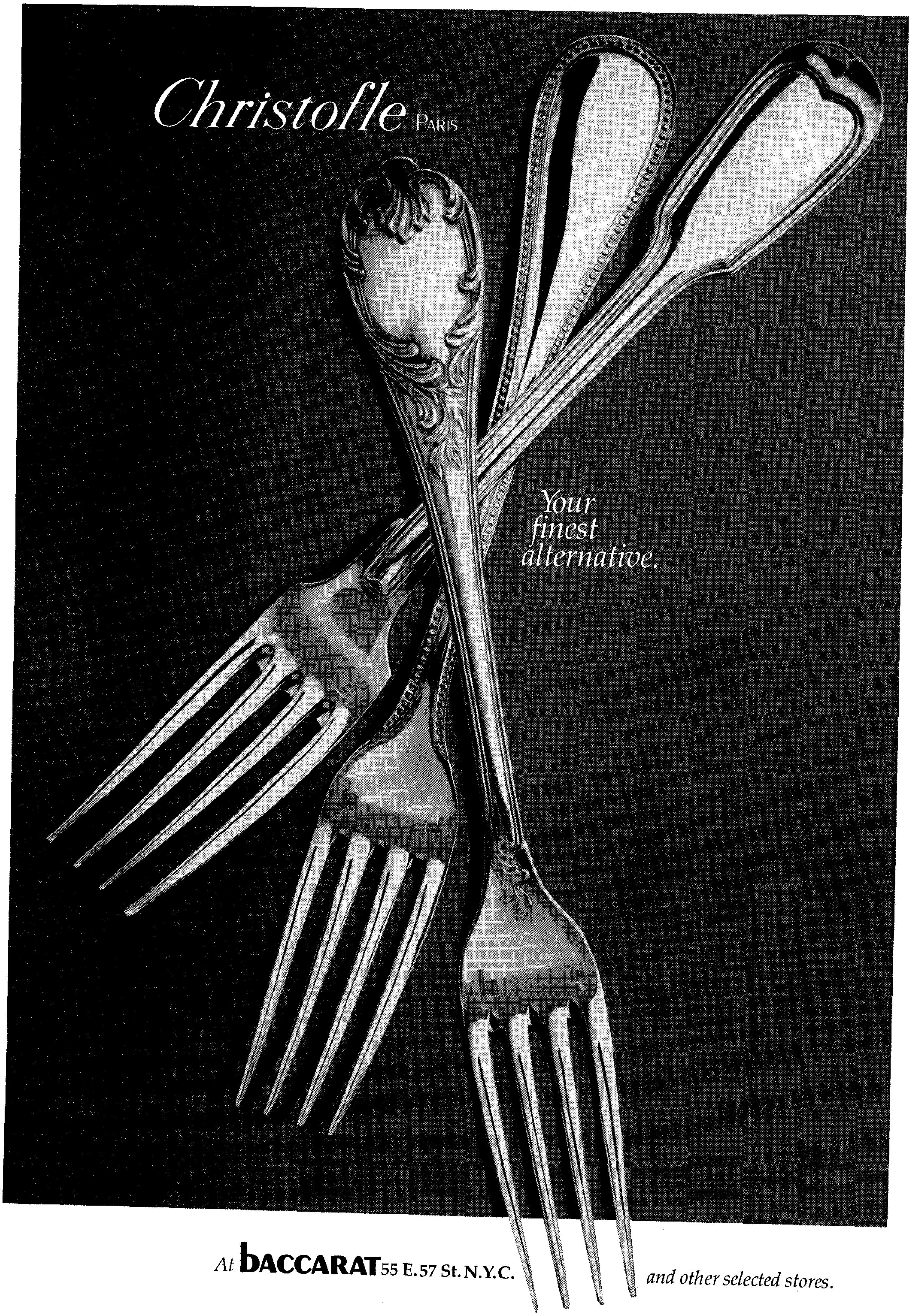
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—W. S. Merwin reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 28, at 8.) . . ¶ M. L. Rosenthal reading from his own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 28, at 8.) . . ¶ David Ignatow reading from his own works. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Wednesday, April 30, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . ¶ Marilyn Hacker reading from her own works. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, May 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 23, at 2, and Thursday, April 24, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, April 25, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings, including works by Avery, Burchfield, Hassam, and Homer; from the estate of Mabel Brady Garvan and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 10:15 and 2: American Indian and Eskimo art, from the collection of Polly and Leon Gordon Miller, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 26, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 29, at 2: Americana books and manuscripts. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 26. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, April 30-May 3, at 10:15 and 2 each day: Americana. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 26. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 2, at 10 and 2: Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 26.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts Sunday, April 27, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.



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27	28	29	30	1	2	3

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 26. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 27: "On Company Business."
April 28: Theatre closed.
From April 29: "L'Age d'Or."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
April 23: "Charles Dead or Alive" and "A Man Escaped."
April 24-26: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
April 27-28: "Zazie" and "Peppermint Soda."
April 29-30: "Young Törless" and "Before the Revolution."
May 1-3: "Heart of Glass" and "Stroszek."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 24: "Foxes" and "Americathon."
April 25-May 1: "Hide in Plain Sight" and "Boxcar Bertha."
From May 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 24: "Breaking Away."
From April 25: "All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 24: "Little Darlings."
From April 25: "Death Ship."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 24: "Apocalypse Now."
From April 25: "Heart Beat."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serial."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"ffolkes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 24: "Gilda Live."
From April 25: "Heart Beat."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Incorrigible."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through April 24: "A Small Circle of Friends."
From April 25: "Gilda Live."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Simon."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 24: "Sitting Ducks."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 24: "Apocalypse Now."
From April 25: "Sitting Ducks."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 1: "All That Jazz."
From May 2: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 24: "Hide in Plain Sight."
April 25-May 1: "Just Tell Me What You Want."
From May 2: "Simon."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sitting Ducks."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Little Darlings."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 24: "Night Games."
April 25-May 1: "Death Ship."
From May 2: "Enter the Dragon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 3 (tentative): "Nothing Personal."
Theatre 2: Through May 3 (tentative): "ffolkes."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 24: "All That Jazz."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through May 1: "Sitting Ducks." From May 2: "Happy Birthday, Gemini."
Theatre 3: Through April 24: "Simon." From April 25: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through April 24: "Hide in Plain Sight." From April 25: "Wise Blood."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Watcher in the Woods."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Being There."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through April 24: "A Simple Story."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Clair de Femme."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 24: "The Wicker Man."
From April 25: "Heart Beat."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through April 24: "Wise Blood."
From April 25: "Norma Rae."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Island at the Top of the World." From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam."
Theatre 3: "ffolkes."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through April 24: "Sitting Ducks."
From April 25: "Wise Blood."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 24: "Foxes" and "Straight Time."
April 25-May 1: "Hide in Plain Sight" and "Rich Kids."
From May 2: "Simon" and "The Frisco Kid."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through April 24: "Sitting Ducks." (†) From April 25: "Heart Beat." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 24: "Gilda Live." (†) From April 25: "Sitting Ducks." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Rose."
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through April 24: "Simon." (†) From April 25: "Wise Blood." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through April 24: "All That Jazz." (†)
From April 25: "Get Rollin'."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: Through April 24: "Breaking Away." (†) From April 25: "Norma Rae." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Serial." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through April 24: "Night Games." (†)
April 25-May 1: "Death Ship." (†)
From May 2: "Enter the Dragon." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Penitentiary."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through April 24: "Mannequin."
From April 25: "Where the Buffalo Roam." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through May 3 (tentative): "Nothing Personal." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through May 3 (tentative): "ffolkes." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through April 24: "Lady and the Tramp" (†) and "The Island at the Top of the World." (†)
From April 25: "All That Jazz." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 23: "The Emperor and the General" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kill!" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.
April 24: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "You Only Live Once" (1937), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, and Margaret Hamilton.
April 25: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Sandra" (1966), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Claudia Cardinale, Michael Craig, and Jean Sorel.
April 26-27: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "THX 1138" (1971), directed by George Lucas, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie. On April 27, "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska, will also be shown.
April 28: "Simone de Beauvoir;" "Daguerreotypes" (1975), in French, directed by Agnès Varda; "A Good Dissonance Like a Man" (1977), directed by T. W. Timreck; and "Willow Spring" (1973), in German, directed by Werner Schroeter.
April 29: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Kimiyoshi Yasu-

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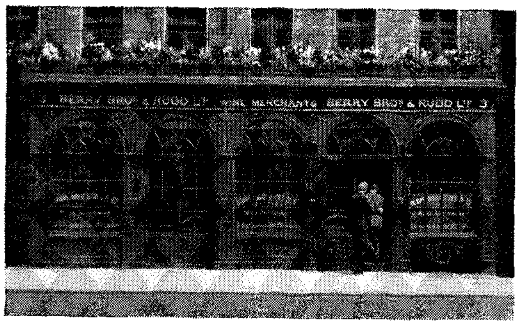

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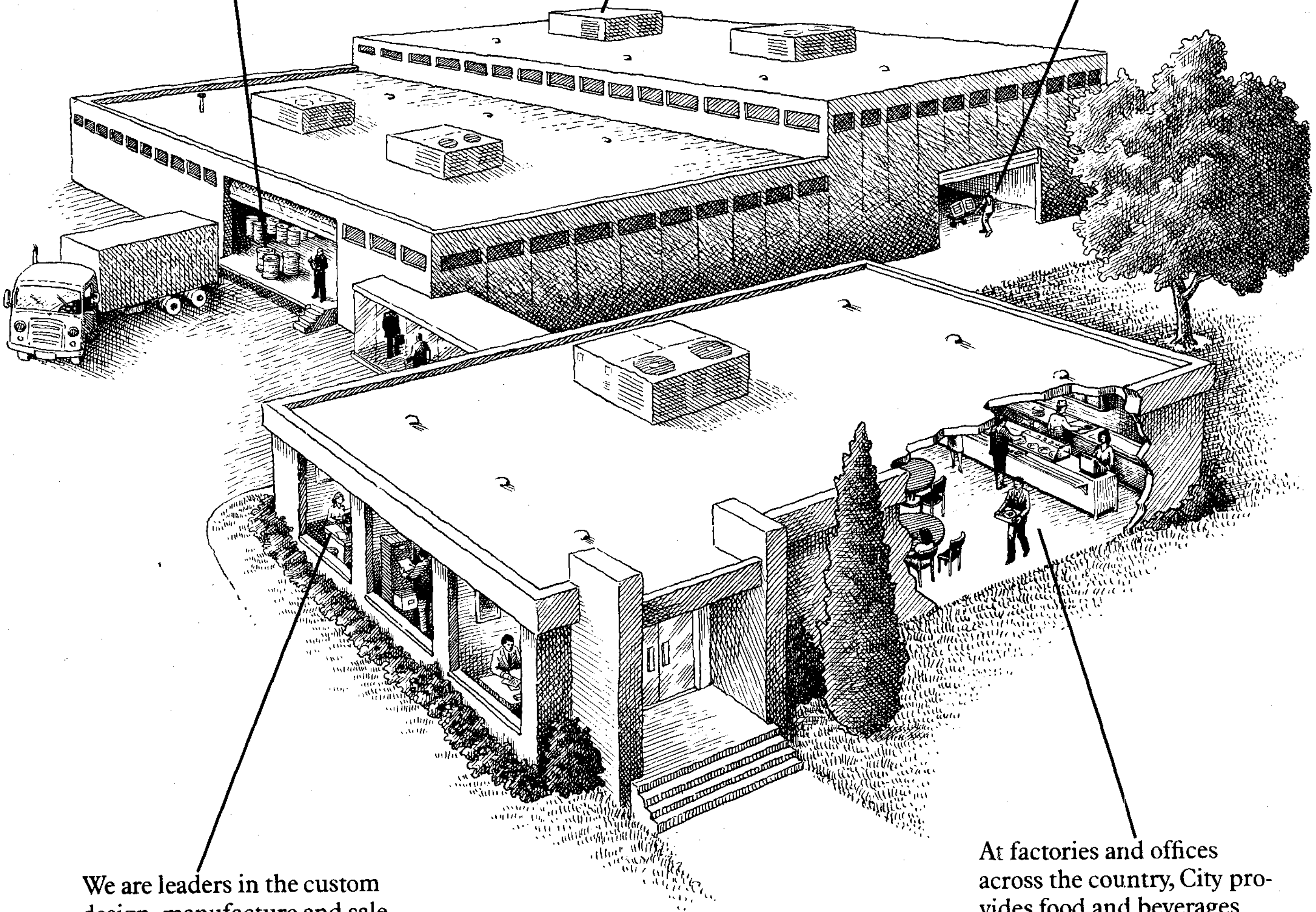

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In 1979, City Investing's revenues from domestic manufacturing were more than $1.2 billion. That's an increase of 47 percent over 1978.

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City Investing Revenues 1979

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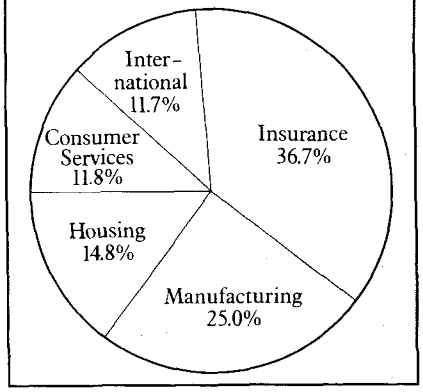

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We also manufacture mobile homes in 19 plants across the country. And we plan and build entire residential communities in Florida.

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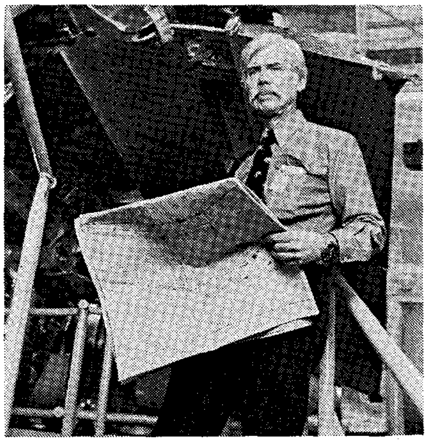

Result: The 757 wing will get the airplane off the ground and flying with less fuel consumption than any airplane its size.

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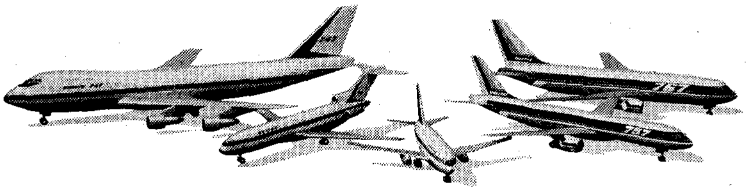
Boeing believes almost anything is possible. Doug and the team are but one part of the immensely complex process that has helped create a future world of efficient commercial aviation — a step that can keep air travel one of the best values in the world of rising inflation.



THE BOEING FAMILY

Getting people together.

da. with Shintaro Katsu as the blind swordsman; and "Tora-San's Call of Love" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada.

April 30: "The Leopard Man" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Margo and Dennis O'Keefe; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977), directed by Wes Craven, with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.

May 1: "Play It As It Lays" (†) and "Pretty Poison." (†)

May 2: "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.

From May 3: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Pandora's Box" (1929), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, and Francis Lederer.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 23: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978), in French, directed by Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; and "Flesh and the Devil" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Lard Hanson.

April 24: "The Last Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Wedding in Blood" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli.

April 25: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and Dennis Hopper; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

April 26: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Serpent's Egg" (1978), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, David Carradine, and Heinz Bennent.

April 27: "Cover Girl" (†); and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942), directed by William A. Seiter, with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.

April 28: "The Last of Sheila" (†); and "And Then There Were None" (1945), directed by René Clair, with Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, Louis Hayward, and Judith Anderson.

April 29: "Sergeant York" (1941), directed by Howard Hawks, with Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, and Ward Bond; and "The Road to Glory." (†)

April 30: "Simone de Beauvoir;" and "Wings" (1927), a silent film, directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.

May 1: "Coup de Grâce" (†); and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta.

May 2: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.

May 3: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 24: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

April 25-26: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

April 27-28: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bonnie and Clyde." (†)

April 29: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

April 30-May 1: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

May 2-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 24: "Kiss Me Kate" (1953), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn. In 3-D.

April 25-30: "House of Wax" (1953), directed by André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

May 1-3: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and "The Bubble" (1966), directed by Arch Oboler, with Deborah Walley and Johnny Desmond. Both in 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 23: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, Brock Peters, and Robert Duvall; and "Of Mice and Men" (1939), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele.

April 24-26: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

April 27-28: "The Citadel" (†) and "Dodsworth." (†)

April 29-30: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (†); and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

May 1-3: "Knights of the Round Table" (1954), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, and Mel Ferrer; and "The Three Musketeers." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 24: Two different programs of films made by independent filmmakers.

April 25-26: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

April 27: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

April 28: "Secret Beyond the Door" (†); and "House by the River" (1950), directed by Fritz Lang, with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.

April 29: "Never on Sunday" (1960), in English and Greek, directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri and Dassin; and "Young Aphrodites" (1966), in Greek, directed by Nikos Koundouros.

April 30: "Body and Soul" (†) and "Force of Evil." (†)

May 1: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Odd Man Out." (†)

May 2-3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†) and "The Day of the Triffids." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 23: "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and Olivia de Havilland; and "The Sisters" (1938), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, and Donald Crisp.

April 24: "Man of the World" (1931), directed by Richard Wallace, with William Powell, Carole Lombard, Wynne Gibson,

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and Guy Kibbee; and "Street of Chance" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with Jean Arthur, William Powell, Regis Toomey, and Kay Francis.

April 25-26: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.

April 27-28: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn.

April 29: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham; and "The Rocking Horse Winner." (†)

April 30: "A Foreign Affair" (†); and "Easy Living" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland.

May 1: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" (1947), directed by Peter Godfrey, with Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, and Nigel Bruce.

May 2-3: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Trial" (1963), directed by Orson Welles, with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 24 at 2:30: "Hollywood: The Selznick Years" (1969), a documentary film, directed by David Wolper. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6: "Wooloomooloo" (1978), an Australian film, directed by Denise White, Pat Fiske, and Peter Gailey. . . . ¶ April 24 at 8:30 "Viva, Villa!" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks and Jack Conway, with Wallace Beery, Leo Carrillo, Fay Wray, and Donald Cook. . . . ¶ April 25 at 2:30: "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores del Rio and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6: A program of films, dating from 1916-19, recently found in Dawson City. . . . ¶ April 26 at noon: "Block-Heads" (1938), directed by John Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2:30: "La Femme de Nulle Part" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, with Eve Francis; French titles. . . . ¶ April 26 at 5: "Bought" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon. . . . ¶ April 27 at noon: "Business and Pleasure" (1932), directed by David Butler, with Will Rogers, Jetta Goudal, and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30: "Broadway Through a Keyhole" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Constance Cummings and Paul Kelly. . . . ¶ April 27 at 5: "The Brat" (1931), directed by John Ford, with Sally O'Neil, Alan Dinehart, and Virginia Cherrill. . . . ¶ April 28 at noon: "Rock-a-Bye-Baby" (1971), directed by Richard Ellison; "How Could I Not Be Among You?" (1971), directed by Tom Reichman. . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: "Broken Chains" (1922), a silent film, directed by Allen Holubar, with Colleen Moore, Malcolm McGregor, and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ April 28 at 6: "Chameleon" (1978), directed by Jon Jost, with Bob Glaudini. . . . ¶ April 29 at noon: "Rock-a-Bye-Baby" and "How Could I Not Be Among You?" . . . ¶ April 29 at 2:30: "Business and Pleasure." . . ¶ April 29 at 6: "Mao by Mao" (1977), a French film, directed by René Vianet; and "Mao: Long March to Power" (1978), directed by Dan Thompson. . . . ¶ May 1 at 2: Two silent avant-garde films by Charles Dekeukeleire—"Impatience" (1928) and "Histoire de Détective" (1929). . . . ¶ May 1 at 4: "The Evil Eye" (1937), in Flemish, directed by Charles Dekeukeleire; French subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 6: "Tip of the Tongue" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Marie Degesves, with Marie Dubois and Olivier de Saedeleer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 1 at 8:30: "Woman in a Twilight Garden" (1979), in Flemish, directed by André Delvaux, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Roger Van Hool, and Rutger Hauer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 2: "Burning Bridge" (1975), in Flemish, directed by Guido Henderickx; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 2 at 4: "Woman in a Twilight Garden." . . ¶ May 2 at 6 and May 3 at 2: Nine Belgian animated films, 1970-79. . . . ¶ May 3 at 4: "Burning Bridge." . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "Tip of the Tongue." (Through Tuesday, April 29, tickets for the showings in the auditorium will be on the usual basis—tickets may be picked up, in person, at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Starting Thursday, May 1, seats will be available on a first-come, first-served basis only.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two installations by Chris Burden—"B-Car" (1976) and "C.B.T.V." (1977). Continuous showings from noon to 6 (8 on Tuesdays). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—April 24-27: "The Battle of Chile (Part 3): Power of the People" (1979), in Spanish, directed by Patricio Guzmán; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting May 1: "Paratroopers" (1976), in Hebrew, directed by Yehuda Judd Ne'eman; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Eisenstein, Flaherty, Mekas, Dreyer, Frampton, Gehr, Epstein, Franju, Grant, Deren, Genet, Hanoun, Griffith, and others. Showings April 23 at 7; April 24 at 6 and 8; April 25 at 6 and 8:15; April 26 at 2, 6, and 8; April 27 at 2, 6, and 8:30; April 29 at 8; April 30 at 6 and 8:30; May 1 at 8; May 2 at 7 and 8; and May 3 at 2 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting April 29.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2, and Embassy 1; through April 24. . . . ¶ Beekman; through May 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Victoria; starting April 25.)

Americathon—Adapted from a play by Phillip Proctor and Peter Bergman, who made some good comedy records with a group called the Firesign Theatre. The movie could have used Firesign's flaky attention span. It begins as political satire—the year is 1998; the President (John Ritter) is a predictable Jerry Brown joke—and it bogs down in a plodding telethon format. With Harvey Korman, Peter Riegert, Richard Schaal, Nancy Morgan, and cameos by Elvis Costello and Meat Loaf. Directed by Neil Israel. (8/27/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 24.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (86th St. East, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Gemini 2; through April 24.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Art; April 29-30.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Body and Soul (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer is the girl who recites Blake to him. (Thalia; April 30.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as two-reel comedy. (Cinema Village; April 27-28.)

Boxcar Bertha (1972)—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (St. Marks Cinema; April 25-May 1.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, and Embassy; through April 24.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Charles Dead or Alive (1969)—A film by the Swiss director Alain Tanner, made before his

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"La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (Art; April 23.)

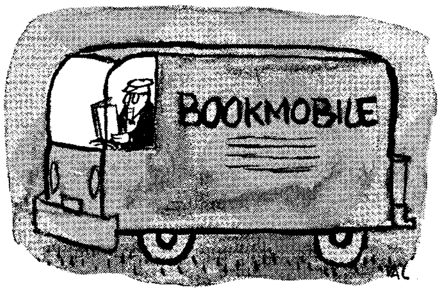
The Citadel (1938)—A. J. Cronin's best-sellers lack literary distinction, and their seriousness shades into oppressive sobriety; still, there's some substance in his high-minded, commonplace approach. You can feel the director, King Vidor, straining to give the theme—doctors' struggles with their consciences—prestige-picture importance, but he holds one's interest. He does especially well in the early scenes, when the hero, Robert Donat, is working among the Welsh miners, and then he slacks off during the passages about the Harley Street phonies. Fortunately, there are actors to watch when the preachiness gets thick; Rex Harrison, Ralph Richardson, Rosalind Russell, and Emlyn Williams all have major roles. (Regency; April 27-28.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Little Carnegie.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center.)

Coup de Grâce (1976)—This Franco-German film version of Marguerite Yourcenar's novel is so gray and bleak and wintry that it's like a classic made in the Soviet Union twenty-five years ago and played intensively on PBS. It's by no means bad; the director, Volker Schlöndorff ("The Tin Drum"), is highly skilled. But the emotions don't fully emerge, and even after it's over one isn't certain what it was about—though probably we're meant to see that the proud Countess Sophie (Margarethe von Trotta) has been so deeply wounded because Erich, the Prussian officer she loves (Matthias Habich, a heel-clicking Richard Harris), doesn't love her that she throws her life away. Her self-destructive passion is only one element in a movie that has a few too many sexual, historical, and political crosscurrents; some of them, such as Erich's sexual involvement with Sophie's brother, Konrad (Rudiger Kirschstein), are presented so elliptically they're like blurred memories of a dream. (Schlöndorff's artistry gets in the viewer's way.) The story takes place in 1919 in the Baltic area (which had just been divided into Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia) during the sporadic fighting that continued among various factions after the official end of the First World War. Sophie, who is struggling to emancipate herself, is involved with the Communist cause, while the officer is fighting against Red Army units and mopping up Bolshevik guerrillas. Eventually, she is killed by the man she loves, as in the spy melodramas of thirty years ago—only this time there are more layers of ambiguity about the feelings of each. The legendary cabaret artist Valeska Gert (she played the procuress who got Greta Garbo into the brothel in Pabst's 1925 "Joyless Street") now appears as Sophie's half-crazed aunt and is utterly bizarre: shrivelled, yet more intensely alive than anyone else in the movie. The screenplay is by Schlöndorff and von Trotta (his wife). In French and German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 1.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The wartime plot about hoofers and models is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback to the Gay Nineties that is almost ruinous, but this big, showy Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test," and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a livelier team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Eve Arden, Edward Brophy, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed; Virginia Van Upp wrote the script; Stanley Donen, Kelly, Seymour Felix, and Jack Cole staged the dances; Nan Wynn dubbed Hayworth's singing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 27.)



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The Day of the Triffids (1963)—The Triffids are meteor-incited plants that eat meat. Meaty mankind has mostly been blinded by the meteors; Janette Scott and Kieron Moore are nervy scientists who find a way out. Not bad, considering that half of England has to be imagined as blundering around on a few low-budget sets. (Thalia; May 2-3.)

Death Ship—With George Kennedy, Richard Crenna, Nick Mancuso, and Sally Ann Howes; directed by Alvin Rakoff. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; April 25-May 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting April 25.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife, longing to be enriched by life in Europe, was a foolish horror. Sidney Howard made a play of Lewis's novel, and Walter Huston gave a legendary performance as the hero. He also stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. There's only one trouble, really, but it's central: Sidney Howard also did the screenplay, and the movie follows the stage version too closely. It looks programmed and underpopulated, though in an elegantly stylized way. (Rudolph Maté was the cinematographer.) Ruth Chatterton plays the wife, Mary Astor is the woman who appreciates Dodsworth's real value, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya (she's Viennese this time), Paul Lukas, David Niven, Odette Myrtil, Spring Byington, and John Payne. (Regency; April 27-28.)

Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, Angela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting May 2.)

ffolkes—With Roger Moore, James Mason, and Anthony Perkins; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through May 3, tentative.)

Force of Evil (1948)—Abraham Polonsky (more recently the director of "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here") directed this small but highly esteemed movie about numbers racketeers. With John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson. (Thalia; April 30.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—This deliberately cynical political farce by the team of Charles Brackett (producer) and Billy Wilder (director) often seems on the verge of being funny, but the humor is too clumsily forced. (The next picture Brackett and Wilder made was "Sunset Boulevard;" the jump was enormous.) As Phoebe Frost, a spinster congresswoman from Iowa who is investigating the morale of the American forces in Occupied Berlin, Jean Arthur looks far from her best; she hasn't much to do but act primly shocked at corruption, and then, turning womanly, get into a glittering evening gown, put a flower in her hair, and go after an Army captain—lacklustre John Lund. It's a formula that suited her better some years earlier, and so Marlene Dietrich, as Phoebe's rival—worldly-wise Erika von Schlutow, former mistress of a high-ranking Nazi and now a singer in a cellar called the Lorelei—comes off rather better, though her songs (by Frederick Hollander) are unmemorable. With Millard Mitchell, and, in a bit part, Freddie Steele. Written by Brackett, Wilder, Richard Breen, and Robert Harari. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

Foxes—This minimally significant depiction of the glittery, car-borne, California-decadent social life of four sixteen-year-old Los Angeles girls is sporadically alive and funny, but it has no point of view or any ideas beyond the wish to oblige these middle-class waifs in their dreams, which are probably to keep house instead of doing Quaaludes and sleeping around. Marilyn Kagan, Cherie Currie, and Kandice Stroh are convincingly spaced-out teen angels, but the beautiful Jodie Foster seems far too composed and intelligent to be wasting so much of her time with the wrong set. With Sally Kellerman as a neurotic—and no wonder—mom. (3/17/80) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through April 24.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Olympia; starting May 2.)

Gilda Live—Gilda Radner and Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello), in a filmed version of the show given last year on Broadway. Since that show began on TV, we are at two removes from the original, and the distance is, alas, visible and regrettable. Directed by Mike Nichols. (4/14/80) (Sutton, and Criterion Center; through April 24. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2; starting April 25.)

Happy Birthday, Gemini—Based on the Broadway play, "Gemini," by Albert Innaurato, with Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno, and Robert Viharo; directed by Richard Benner. (Beekman, and Quad Cinema; starting May 2.)

Heart Beat—With Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek, and John Heard; directed by John Byrum. (Murray Hill, Sutton, Paramount, and Criterion Center; starting April 25.)

Heart of Glass (1977)—Directed by Werner Herzog. In German. (Art; May 1-3.)

Hide in Plain Sight—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who is suddenly and cruelly deprived of his two young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture, which is based on an actual series of events that began in the late nineteen-sixties (the worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection), was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essential to a story that stretches over many months. James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra

Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portrayal of a case-hardened federal cop. (72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; through April 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; April 25-May 1.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Playing Quasimodo (Lon Chaney's old role), Charles Laughton seems determined to outdo Chaney's horrifying makeup. With only one eye and a hump so big his head seems to be in the middle of his chest, his Quasimodo is so distorted and misshapen that little of the human being, much less of the actor, survives. It's an appallingly masochistic performance. The adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel seems rather perfunctory, but it's an elaborate, well-photographed mixture of historical spectacle and Grand Guignol. William Dieterle directed. Maureen O'Hara is a ravishing Esmeralda, and the cast includes Edmond O'Brien (in his film début), Cedric Hardwicke, Thomas Mitchell, George Zucco, Alan Marshal, Walter Hampden, Minna Gombell, Fritz Leiber, Etienne Girardot, and Harry Davenport as Louis XI. (Regency; April 29-30.)

Incorrigible—With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Plaza.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978)—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some funny lines, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Thalia; May 2-3.)

The Island at the Top of the World (1974)—From the Disney studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; through April 24.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (72nd Street East; April 25-May 1.)

Knife in the Head—With Bruno Ganz, directed by Reinhard Hauff. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; through April 24.)

The Last of Sheila (1973)—An urbanized show-biz thriller set on a yacht owned by a games-playing maniac (James Coburn). His guests include Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Mason, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins in a vein of brainy "in" conversation. There is a touch of bully-worship about the clever story, as there is about most sophisticates' games-playing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 28.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Loews Orpheum 1, and Forum. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through April 24.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself, he is not disposed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. The movie was shot at Montluc with fanatic authenticity; the photography, by Léonce-Henry Burel, is austerely beautiful. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy student, is the lead. The music is Mozart's Mass in C Minor. All this makes it sound terribly pretentious, yet sometimes even the worst ideas can be made to work. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Art; April 23.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Night Games—With Cindy Pickett, Joanna Cassidy, and Barry Primus; directed by Roger Vadim. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; through April 24.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13). The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. Alan Bates gives a dominant performance as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev. Also with Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy; starting April 25.)

Nothing Personal—With Donald Sutherland and Suzanne Somers, directed by George Bloomfield. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through May 3, tentative.)

Odd Man Out (1946)—Wounded at noon, the Irish rebel Johnny MacQueen (James Mason) stumbles through the streets of Belfast until midnight—the object of an intense, widespread manhunt. The tormented, delirious man, bleeding to death, seeks (but does not find) refuge on his way to the grave. Despite the reservations we may feel about his final denunciation of a world without charity, it's a memorable scene. Though the director, Carol Reed, doesn't quite succeed in creating a masterpiece (the inflated ideas in the script don't allow him to), there are bravura visual passages, the sound is often startlingly effective, and the film provides an experience that can't be shrugged off. Mason isn't only a resourceful actor; he's also a superb camera subject, and Reed and the cinematographer, Robert Krasker, draw us so close to his Johnny MacQueen that we want to save him to save ourselves. With Kathleen Ryan, W. G. Fay, Maureen Delany, Denis O'Dea, F. J. McCormick, William Hartnell, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Cyril Cusack and, regrettably, Robert Newton, in a badly misconceived performance in a badly misconceived role—the drunken mad painter Lukey. F. L. Green's novel was adapted by Green and R. C. Sherriff. Score by William Alwyn. (A 1969 American version, "The Lost Man," starred Sidney Poitier.) (Thalia; May 1.)

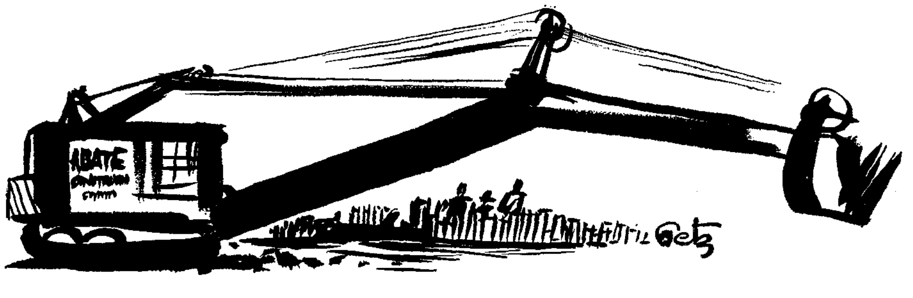
On Company Business—A three-hour documentary about the C.I.A. Directed by Allan Francovich. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 27.)

Peppermint Soda—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (Art; April 27-28.)

Play It As It Lays (1972)—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. As Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine who has discovered the nothingness of life, Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll. The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 1.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 1.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted from Helen Jerome's play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, E. E. Clive, Bruce Lester, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villain (Edward Ashley) and a villainess (Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice). Directed by



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Robert Z. Leonard. (Those dresses, which are plastered with ribbons and bows, look as if they were designed for an operetta.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 27-28.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Olympia; April 25-May 1.)

The Road to Glory (1936)—William Faulkner and Joel Sayre wrote the screenplay for Howard Hawks. The setting is the First World War, and the movie demonstrates how gallantly actors can fight and die. With Fredric March and Warner Baxter. Photographed by Gregg Toland. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 29.)

The Rocking Horse Winner (1950)—An intelligent, little-known version of the D. H. Lawrence story. A child (the marvellous John Howard Davies, who also played Oliver Twist in the David Lean film) uses his second sight to rescue his parents; the painful part is that he lacks first sight—the judgment that would enable him to see that they are already destroyed. The enduringly beautiful but not notoriously gifted Valerie Hobson gives her best (maybe her *only*) performance as his mother. (She is phenomenal in the pawnshop episode.) With John Mills and Ronald Squire. Anthony Pelissier directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 29.)

Secret Beyond the Door (1948)—One of Fritz Lang's least distinguished efforts—a melodrama about a suffering psychopath (Michael Redgrave). (Thalia; April 28.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 24. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting May 2.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse; through April 24.)

Sitting Ducks—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (U.A. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, and New Yorker 2; through April 24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; starting April 25.)

A Small Circle of Friends—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (Manhattan 2; through April 24.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet.)

Straight Time (1978)—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter's. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do meet, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (Olympia; through April 24.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Art; May 1-3.)

The Three Musketeers (1948)—In grinning, leaping homage to Douglas Fairbanks, Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish M-G-M production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hotrodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. (The studio didn't want to offend anyone, so this Richelieu doesn't wear clerical trappings, and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title.) Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Kelly's amorous grapplings don't seem as strenuous as they actually were: he threw Lana Turner on her bed so hard that she fell off it and broke her elbow. He should have thrown the director, George Sidney, and the costume designer, Walter Plunkett, who swaddled the performers. Among them are Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, Keenan Wynn, John Sutton, Ian Keith, Patricia Medina, Robert Coote, and Reginald Owen. Produced by Pandro S. Berman, from Robert Ardrey's script. (Regency; May 1-3.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Art; April 24-26.)

The Watcher in the Woods—With Bette Davis, Lynn-Holly Johnson, David McCallum, and Carroll Baker; directed by John Hough. (Ziegfeld.)

Where the Buffalo Roam—With Bill Murray and Peter Boyle, directed by Art Linson. (Gemini 1, Greenwich Playhouse 2, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Rivoli; starting April 25.)

The Wicker Man—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy. (Paramount; through April 24.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 24. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center; starting April 25.)

Young Törless (1968)—The first feature film directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who had previously worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Art; April 29-30.)

Zazie (1960)—Movies are said to be an international language, but sometimes a film that is popular in one country finds only a small audience in another. This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel "Zazie dans le Métro"), a great success in France, has hardly even been heard of in the United States. It is like a Mack Sennett two-reeler running wild, and it has been peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audiences alike. To Americans, "Zazie" seems to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness, like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. The editing, which is very fast, may be too clever; some critics have suggested that for Americans this comedy turns into some kind of freakish, fantastic anxiety. Putting it as squarely as possible, Bosley Crowther wrote in the *Times*, "There is something not quite innocent or healthy about this film." Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foul-mouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed, includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and also a parody of his own picture "The Lovers." Many of the modern styles in film editing, which were generally thought to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester, have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French. (Art; April 27-28.)

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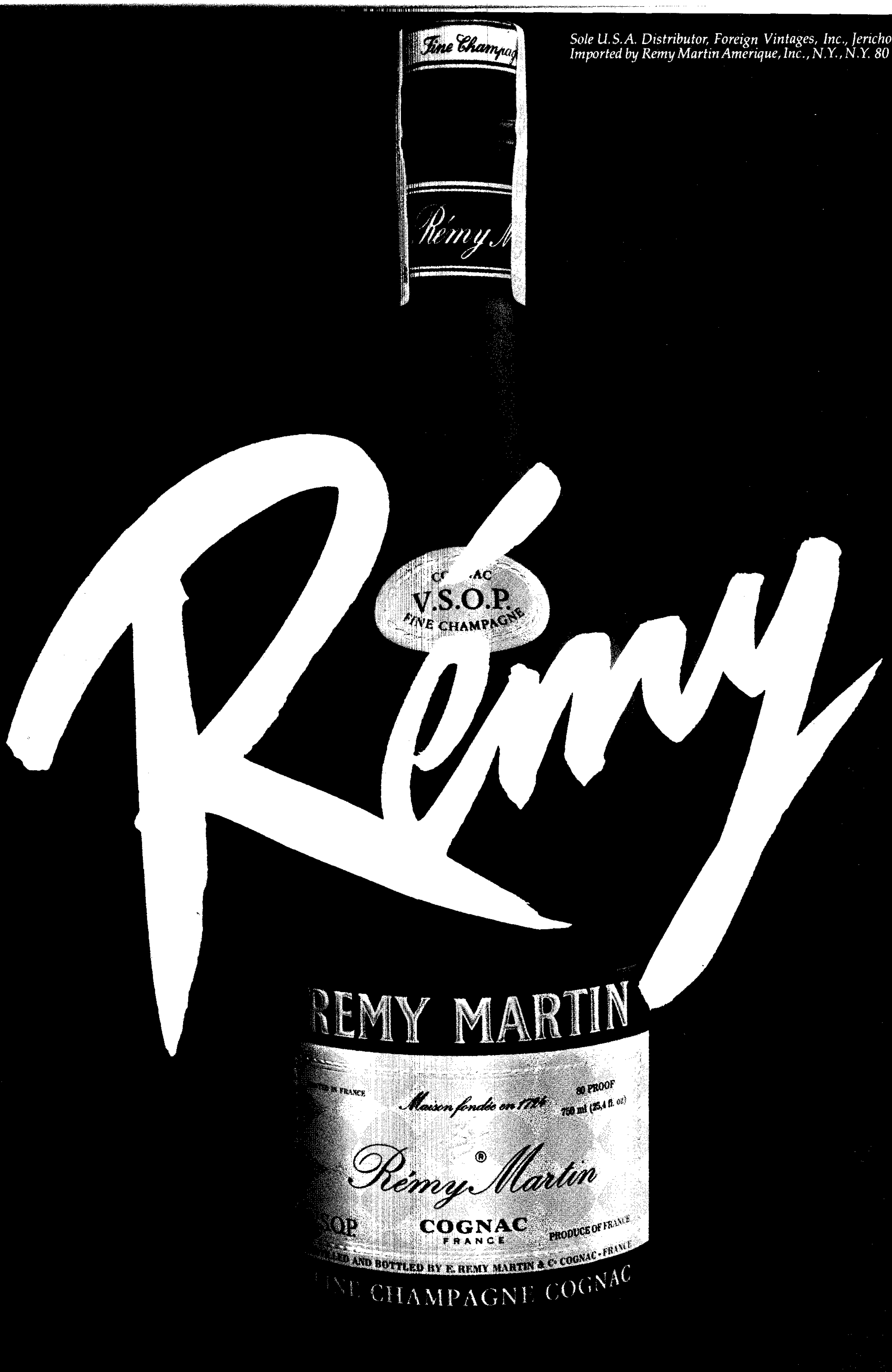
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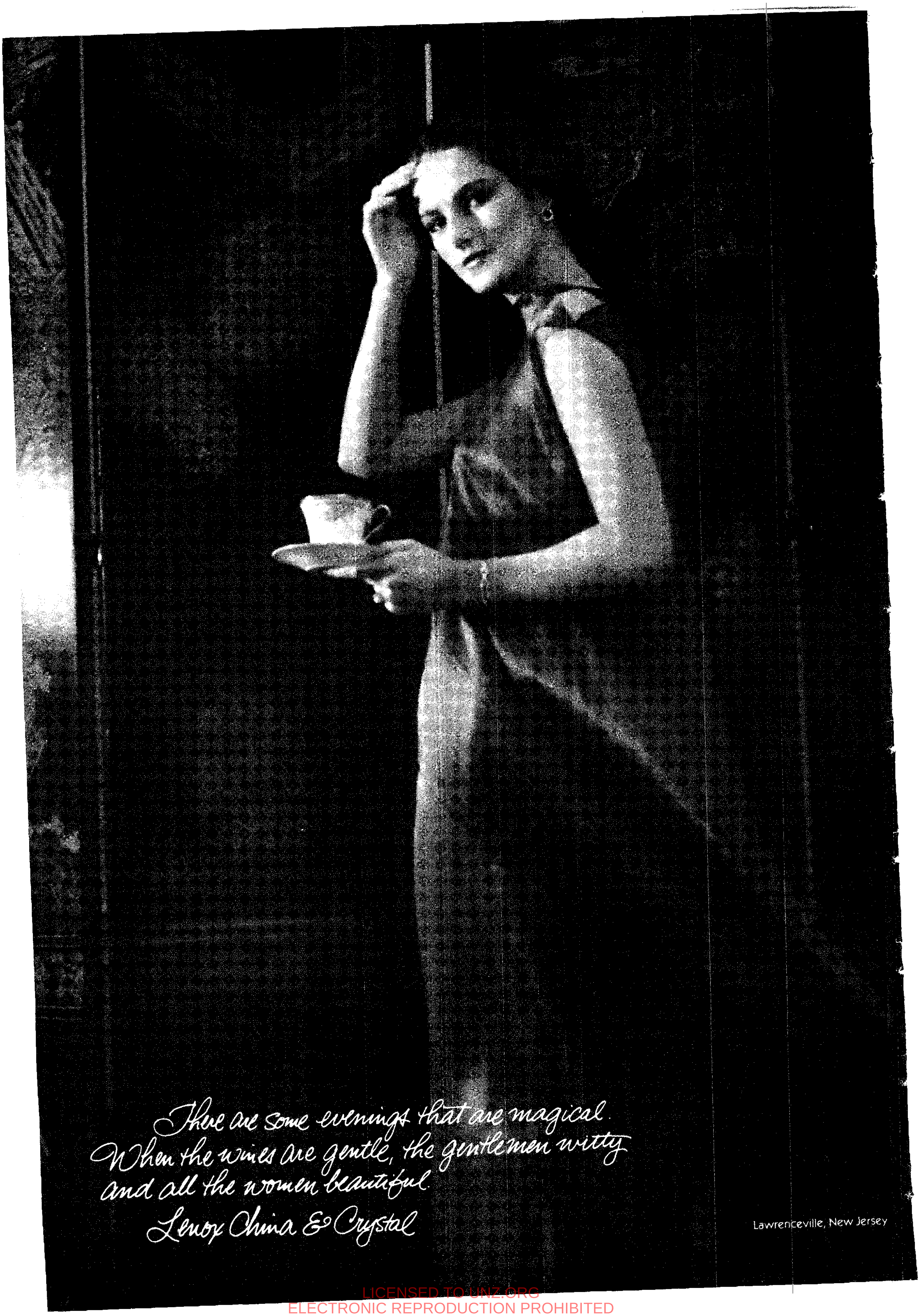
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When the wines are gentle, the gentlemen witty
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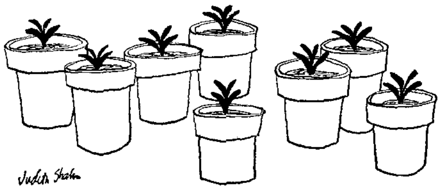
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRECISION of thought has never been a hallmark of the worldwide debate about the holding of the American hostages in Iran, but in recent weeks the misconceptions and misrepresentations have reached a point where the principals in the debate seem to be struggling more with their own imaginings than with actual circumstances. To begin with, the Iranian government has added to its long list of breathtaking lies (its allegation in November that the United States was behind the attack on the Grand Mosque in Mecca comes to mind) by claiming that Iraq was acting as an instrument of the United States in its recent border clashes with Iran. In an announcement of truly absurdist policy, the militants holding the American hostages have threatened to take reprisals against them in retaliation for any further *Iraqi* military actions. The Iraqis, of course, broke off relations with the United States in 1967 and have been accepting military aid from the Soviet Union ever since. Here at home, where our feverish and uncertain Presidential-election campaign provides fertile ground for self-serving and distorted representations of all kinds, the taking of the hostages has gradually been blurred together with the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, until in many minds these two utterly disparate occurrences have come to be thought of as one. In the first of them, one faction of a shaky, splintered revolutionary Islamic regime in a small country seized fifty or so foreign diplomatic personnel; in the second of them, one of the world's two greatest powers crushed an Islamic rebellion and conquered a nation. Apart from geographical contiguity and the fact that the United States was displeased with both actions, it would be hard to find any link, or even any similarity, between the two offenses or between the two offenders; in fact, their interests seem to be sharply opposed. Yet many Americans—including, it appears, many members of the Carter Administration—have persuaded themselves that a blow against Iran is somehow also a blow against the Soviet Union. There is good reason to believe that exactly the reverse is true, since nothing could fit more neatly into any possible Soviet imperialistic designs on the Persian Gulf than hostilities between the United States and Iran. For all that, the Administration has become so adamant in its resolve to punish Iran that at one point it apparently delivered an ultimatum to, of all people, *our own allies*, threatening to cut off their supplies of oil from Iran by mining harbors or with a naval blockade unless they provided stronger support for our economic and diplomatic sanctions against Iran—a policy that appeared to hand the Soviet Union the double windfall of an Iran bereft of all Western support and a ruptured Atlantic Alliance. In this, as in so many other matters in the last decade or so, the United States has shown a peculiar, preening, self-absorbed preoccupation with its self-image as a mighty nation, accompanied by a casual disregard for the particularities of events and for their consequences for our real interests, including our real strength in the world.

As if all this confusion were not enough, an outlandish historical parallel has been brought into the picture: Iran has recently been likened to Hitler's Germany, and the Carter Administration's former policy of restraint likened to Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement" of Hitler in the years leading up to the Second World War. One columnist has said that Carter's "appeasement" is "even more grotesquely wrong" than Chamberlain's was. Future students of the political debate of our time might well conclude that our history books contained accounts of but one event—the Munich agreement of 1938, in which England acquiesced in Hitler's occupation of Czechoslovakia—from which we drew but one lesson; namely, that the use of force is always the best solution to intractable difficulties in foreign affairs. It is to be our fate, it seems, to have applied the Munich lesson to every international crisis but the one that it truly fitted—Munich itself. (Even after the Second World War finally broke out, we did not enter it for two years.) The persistence of the Munich lesson is a tribute to the power of a simple idea to supplant reality in men's minds—to provide a refuge apart from the always shifting and unpredictable flow of the world's affairs. Rarely has a single idea been used to screen out as much historical information as this one. The lesson itself, considered in the abstract—that aggression by a great power is better checked early, when the cost is likely to be low, than late, when the cost is likely to be high—is unexceptionable; it is our applications of it that have been misconceived. The most damaging application, certainly, was to our war against the Vietnamese revolution, which we mistook to be an expression of, alternatively, "world Communism" or Chinese imperialism—theories that were both rebutted by history once and for all when China attacked revolutionary Vietnam in order to check the ambitions of Vietnam's ally the Soviet Union but withdrew its forces after only a month. Not the least cost of the Vietnam debacle is that policymakers ever since have been seeking a battleground where we might redeem the "humiliation" that we supposedly suffered there. In the current application of the Munich analogy, Iran is made to play the part of Germany; but if dis-



tinctions are to have any place at all in political discussions, then profound distinctions must be drawn between Hitler's Germany and Khomeini's Iran. "Appeasement" is the policy of feeding scraps to a predatory power in the hope that it will be satiated (appeased) and will desist from further predation; Neville Chamberlain permitted Hitler to move into Czechoslovakia in the misguided belief that he would not then proceed into Poland, Holland, France, and so on. It is obvious that such a policy can exist only in a confrontation with a nation of great military means, and, indeed, Hitler's Germany was the strongest military power on earth in 1938, capable of swallowing whole sovereign nations at one gulp. Khomeini's Iran, however, is a tiny, weak, faction-ridden fledgling state that can hardly defend itself against its neighbor Iraq, and may lack the strength to keep itself from disintegrating into half a dozen warring provinces. Even the holding of the hostages is a sign of weakness, in that it demonstrates the disunity of the central government, whose President, Mr. Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, has denounced their detention on Iranian television. In fact, the taking of hostages is in general a tactic of weakness, typically engaged in by lone madmen or by the representatives of hopeless causes. A weak power such as Iran cannot be "appeased," because it has no further capacity for disturbing the world's peace. Thus, the American policy of patience and restraint, which has now apparently been abandoned in favor of a policy of threats against ally and enemy alike, was not "appeasement" but merely the caution and good sense that most urban police departments display when they are called on to deal with a deranged person who has seized hostages and threatens to shoot them unless he is permitted to make a speech on the radio. Nor is the new policy a sign of resolution or strength, although it does court immense danger. The nation's new posture, which spies Brezhnev standing behind Khomeini and makes out the shadow of Hitler behind them both, prepares the way for war in the Persian Gulf, which, in turn, carries the risk of a wider war. And although the fears that lead us toward war may be imaginary, the bloodshed, if it comes, will be real.

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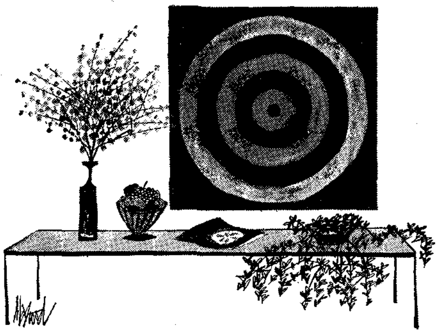
Canyon

A MAN we know has sent us the following report:

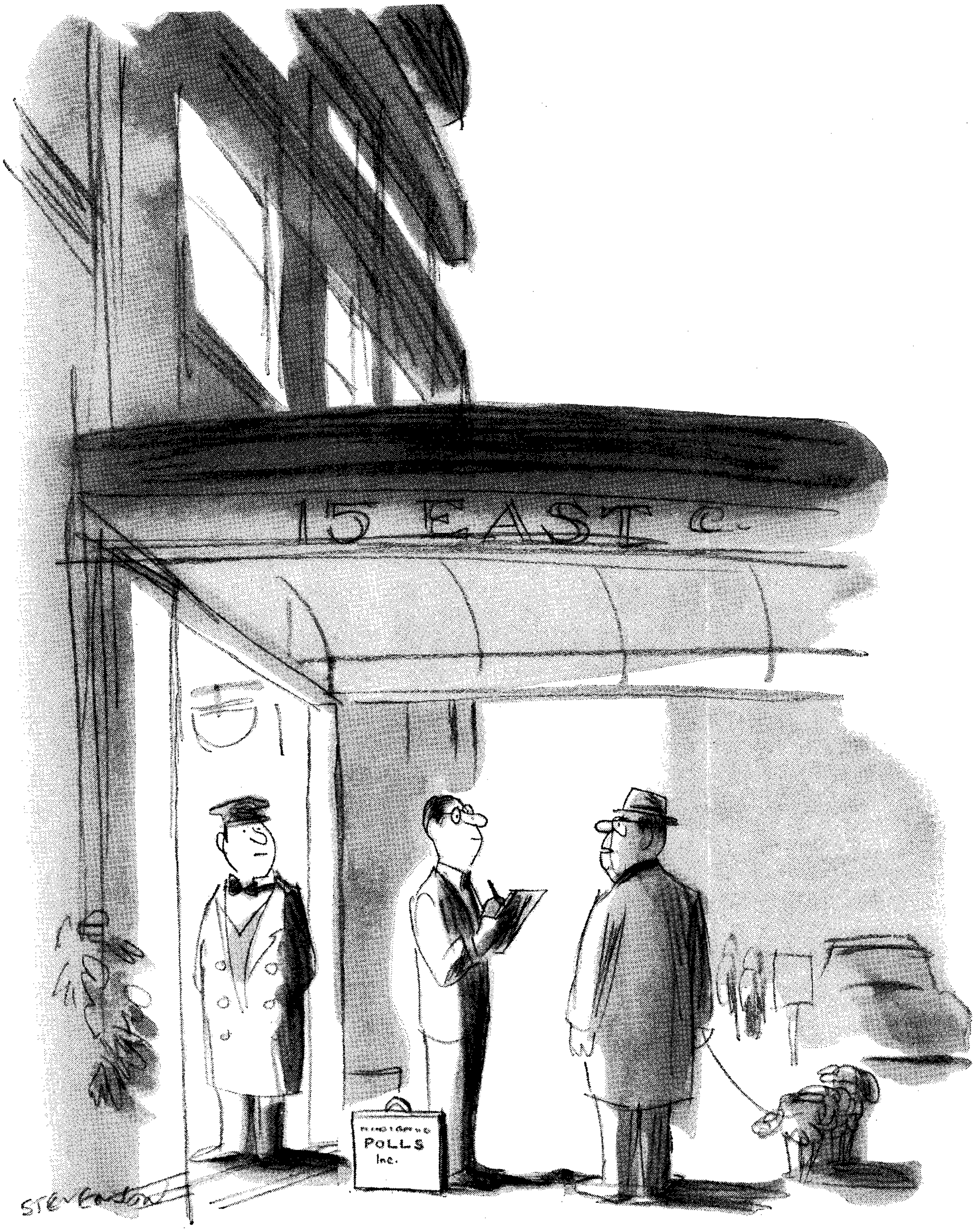
Being fond of canyons, I took it seriously when two friends of mine announced that they were about to embark upon "the ultimate canyon hike in the United States" (the lower forty-eight only; they didn't claim to know about Alaska), and invited me to come along. What they had in mind turned out to be not the Grand Canyon, or any other canyon with a general reputation, but a place that even a dedicated wilderness buff would not have heard of without very good local information. According to my friends, it was protected both by its lack of celebrity and by some awesome terrain, and on the average it received fewer than a dozen human visits a year. They said that neither of them had been there before, but after talking to a photographer who knew the area they had put together a basic itinerary, which began with our lowering ourselves on ropes for the steeper parts of a thousand-foot descent into the canyon's upper end. We would encounter no water until the end of the second day, and then, when water appeared, it would intermittently fill the canyon bottom in pools that we would have to swim across, floating our backpacks and clothes in front of us to keep them dry. Heavy-duty air mattresses were essential. As my friends bent over a United States Geological Survey map of the area and inspected contour lines, which ran together in thick clumps in the vicinity of their destination, they happily assured each other that the trip was "not a stroll." I took a day or two to think about my interest in canyons with more care, and accepted.

The three of us convened in the desert at some distance from the Las Vegas airport, redistributed gear, ate a last café meal, and absorbed local intelligence. The representative of the Bureau of Land Management who was responsible for recreation in the area had been in the canyon two years before, and on the topographical map he pointed out a section with a sort of dry waterfall as the one spot where we could climb down without having to use ropes. He also warned us about the pools. It seemed like an important caution, particularly since a light snowfall was beginning, but as we set off we told ourselves that there wouldn't have to be any swimming for two or three days and that we would be almost two thousand feet lower down when the time came. Ten minutes down the slope, the prospect of turning around and climbing back was beyond serious question. When we reached the canyon floor, we found ourselves on a narrow desert plain, completely surrounded by cliffs (our route of descent was invisible), and as the snow clouds lifted we gradually appreciated the canyon's depth. A dry streambed wandered across the plain, and we followed; without it, we would have had difficulty telling which direction was down.



After a day and a half, having emptied all our canteens and jugs, we were pressing along in search of the promised water supply when we realized that our streambed was unobtrusively becoming a gulch. A mile farther on, we quite suddenly found ourselves standing in a sandstone gorge, a hundred feet deep and so narrow that when I stretched out my arms I could easily touch both walls at once. It was as though, crossing a glacier, we had somehow wandered into a crevasse and were now walking unconcernedly along the bottom, the surface and the sky above nearly forgotten. The path underfoot was sand instead of snow, and the walls our shoulders brushed against were dry stone instead of ice, but the prospects for climbing out were about the same. The consequences of a flash flood were so obvious that there was no point in thinking about one—although a log jammed crosswise between the walls fifty feet overhead was hard to ignore, and although it had obviously taken a torrent to wedge in place some round black boulders that occasionally blocked our narrow path. Behind each of these, the floor of the gorge abruptly dropped ten or fifteen feet, cut away by water that in some other season had raced through the gorge and cascaded over the top of the boulder. Each time we let ourselves down over one of these little precipices, we cut off any possibility of retreat. With no choice in the matter, we felt altogether like Alice down her rabbit hole, passing blithely through one door after another and each time coming onto a scene of wonder, in uncustomary scale.

Water appeared in shallow pools when we needed it, the floor widened, and our view of the sky opened up enough to show us that the much higher walls of the main canyon, which we had last seen at a distance on the



"And don't waste your time canvassing the whole building, young man. We all think alike."

• •

upper plain, were now looming directly overhead. As they merged with the walls of our immediate crevasse, they formed a new one, ten times as large, with us standing at the bottom. Though on the map we may have been only a few horizontal miles from a truck track, in our canyon we felt several worlds beyond any land that had ever known a vehicle. I changed from hiking boots to old nylon jogging shoes, as light as bedroom slippers, and began to wade.

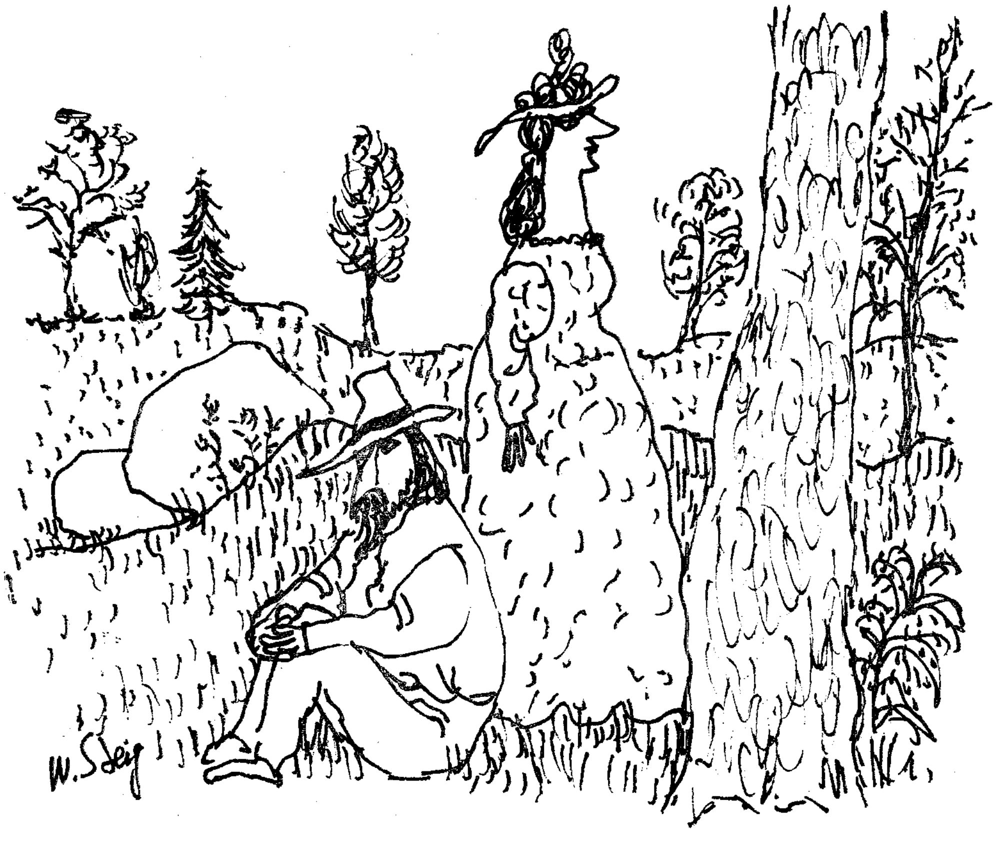
True to the warnings, the water quickly turned from a blessing into an obstacle, and for the next several days the technical problems of making our way downstream demanded our full attention. Trying to avoid the cold, deep pools, we looked for toeholds on steep slopes of slickrock or inched along slime-covered underwater ledges, guessing at footings and depths. When there was no other choice and we did have to swim, through narrow, sheer-walled cuts and rounded passages that were nearly tunnels, progress was slow, what with the assembling of air-mattress rafts beforehand, the long process of getting warm afterward, and the elaborate negotiation, which was scrupulously repeated each time, and in which, needless to say, all sides were allowed to speak at length, over who should go first. One day, we covered less than two miles in eight hours of energetic hiking (and swimming, and drying out, and sizing up the next fifty yards). But, whatever the barrier, progress was inevitable; so deep in the canyon, we had only one way to go. An awareness, every time we rested, of the beauty all around us was inevitable, too. Overhead, always, there were sheer walls of Navajo sandstone, colored pink and ochre in the sun and stained with great black vertical stripes, and occasionally one wall opened into an amphitheatre, carved out of the lowest part, that was big enough for an orchestra. The pools we plotted against were also gorgeous, and the clear, deep stream that connected them had the same shape and feel as one of those chalk streams up near the Scottish border of England which international trout fishermen pay homage to. In the narrow, twisting canyon, our surroundings pressed themselves intimately on us, and we could usually see no farther than a few hundred feet. At night, however, the scene was completely different. In the darkness, the sky expanded, and from our sleeping bags we looked up at a vast black bowl, totally empty except for one stripe running across the top, which was full of stars. Then, before dawn, that part lightened and emptied, and the rest of the bowl filled up again with rock.

Eventually, just after a brief thrill with some quicksand, we turned a corner and discovered how our canyon ended: it emptied into another one, just as deep but much wider, with easy walking on the banks of a broad, shallow stream, classic postcard vistas, and obvious signs of human traffic. We hurried the last few miles, hardly stopping to look at the scenery that was so available. At last, there was a bend from which we walked out onto a plateau. We stopped to savor the expanse. Suddenly, a hundred miles of territory was visible all at once, at eye level, and not only visible but accessible; anything we could see we could walk to, by any route we liked. The view had breadth as well as height, civilization (in the form of smoke from a little town where we had left a car, less than two miles off) as well as wilderness, flat desert sand and sagebrush (a lot) as well as riparian greenery (very little). We marvelled. Then, not knowing quite which way to turn, we stepped back into the stream and waded all the way to town.

Tanks

MOTORISTS who commute to Manhattan by the Long Island Expressway use up large chunks of their lives contemplating the Elmhurst tanks, in Queens. This is a practical necessity rather than a matter of choice. There are days when morning traffic in the Manhattan-bound lanes does not ineluctably slow to a near-standstill as it passes the Elmhurst tanks, but their names are Saturday and Sunday. The tanks, two enormous beige cylinders, ninety yards in diameter, that are supported by red-and-white superstructures twelve stories high, seem like powerful magnets that don't want to let cars reach the Queens Midtown Tunnel and then Manhattan, a mile and a half away. On the side of one of the tanks, in letters ten feet high, are the words "GAS HEATS BEST." This is a slogan of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company, which built the tanks in Elmhurst around the time of the First World War. Richard Trieste is director of Energy Management at Brooklyn Union Gas, and the Elmhurst tanks—which the gas company calls the Newtown Holder Station—fall within his purview. Although he doesn't drive past the tanks every day, he thinks about them a lot. Every weekday evening, Trieste, a dark-haired, businesslike fellow in his forties, drives a company car home to Staten Island. Every weekday morning, he drives the company car back over the Verrazano Bridge to his office. Along the way, he often listens to the radio and hears helicopter-borne traffic reporters say things like "Inbound traffic on the Long Island Expressway is once again tied up in the vicinity of the Elmhurst tanks. So you might want to get off early and take Queens Boulevard and then the Fifty-ninth Street bridge into Manhattan, or else . . ." Trieste doesn't intend any disrespect toward the residents of Queens when he says, "If the Elmhurst tanks weren't there, those commuters stalled in traffic wouldn't know where they are." What he means is that the tanks are the most conspicuous thing about Elmhurst. They sit on the horizon like a medium-sized slice of Bayonne, New Jersey.

"We strive like heck to be compatible with the neighborhood," Trieste told us one recent morning as he drove along the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and across the Kosciuszko Bridge toward the tanks. Nothing ever goes wrong with the tanks, he assured us. They hold natural gas, and each one has a capacity of ten million cubic feet. The customers of the Brooklyn Union Gas Company—its service area comprises Staten Island, Brooklyn, and most of Queens—use about two hundred million cubic feet of gas on a warm spring day. During "swing" periods—the hours of the day when fluctuations in demand occur—gas is moved in and out of the tanks, which are water-sealed and operate according to a design principle similar to that of an inverted collapsible drinking cup. All day long, as gas is alternately bled in and pumped out, the tanks rise and fall like slow-moving pistons. A commuter on his way to work in the morning might see one of the tanks at its fullest—a hundred and eighty-two feet high—and when he got stuck in traffic again on the way home that evening the "cup" might have collapsed and the tank might stand only sixty feet high. The basin of water that seals the tanks is twenty feet deep and contains seventeen million gallons. Part of it is exposed to the air. It looks oily and rusty—the color of clay. On the coldest days of winter, steam is injected into the water to keep it from freezing, and clouds of vapor billow around the tanks.



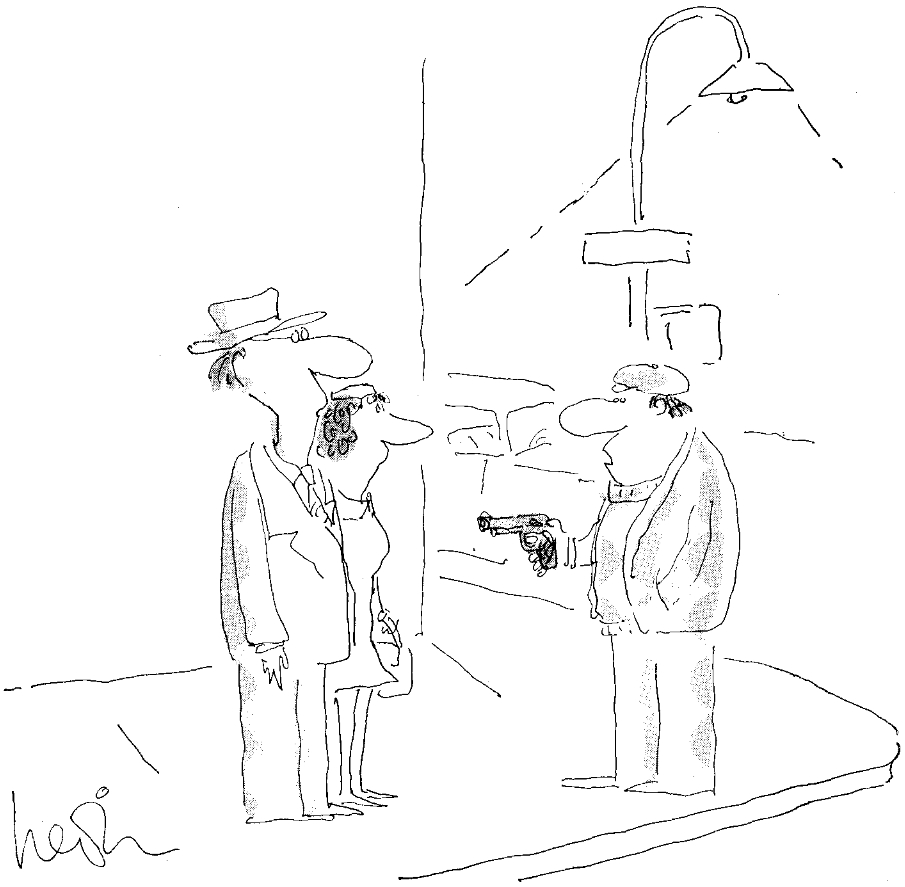
Outing

Near the entrance to the Newtown Holder Station is a weathered billboard with a large picture of a smiling Joe DiMaggio. Trieste drove us past that and through a gate, and parked outside a long, wide brick building at the foot of the south tank. He unlocked the car trunk, removed a pair of yellow plastic safety helmets, and handed one to us. We entered the building and saw a forty-foot ceiling, four enormous gas-fuelled engines and compressors, a part-collie named Nelson, and a pinup calendar courtesy of Parente & Sons, a scrap dealer from Garden City. Nelson has lived at the Newtown Holder Station for two years. Before that, he lived at a holder station in Flatbush. One of the men working on this particular morning was Al Banke, the foreman in charge of all of the company's holder stations. Banke, a red-haired, red-faced man, takes a special interest in the Elmhurst tanks because he lives in Maspeth, which borders Elmhurst. "This is a natural landmark," he said. "It's our version of the Statue of Liberty."

"Anything that goes wrong here, I yell at him," said Trieste.

"I get the neck of the chicken," said Banke. "But, being a local resident, I make sure things go right."

Twice a day, somebody goes up a steep iron ladder outside each tank to take cup readings. Now Trieste invited us to follow him outside and make that trip up the south tank, and Banke joined us. When we reached a catwalk, at the twenty-foot level, we could see that the tank was rising. Numbers painted on the side of the tank showed that its height was increasing from a hundred and fifty-four feet to a hundred and fifty-six. One job at the holders which demands intrepidity, we were told, is going inside one of the tanks. In theory, if a rivet needs to be rewelded or some other interior maintenance work arises, someone has to go in there and tackle it. First, the gas is pumped out, and then one section of a sixty-inch gas main, near the base of the tank, is removed, so that workmen can climb a ladder inside the main. The open end of the main terminates just above water level, and the workmen crawl out of the pipe and step onto a small, docklike platform. Twenty feet overhead, the lowered sections of the tank rest upon a framework of timbers. A rowboat has been tied up at the dock, in the middle of the gloomy, rust-colored lake. At least, the men *think* that there's a rowboat inside each tank. Trieste was the last person to make this interior expedition, and that happened eighteen years ago. It's quite possible that in the intervening years the boat has rotted and sunk. "Someday, we'll find out," said Banke. "If anyone ever has to go in there, it's going to be me. I don't know what might be the problem we'll have to fix with the tank, but I know this—if the boat *is* there, the first thing I'm going to do is check it for leaks."



"This is a stickup. The central issue is money."

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Our Part

AT the beginning, we're standing in the lobby of a hotel in New York, just past the check-in desk, next to the house phone. We have come into the hotel to have a drink in the hotel's bar, but somebody is filming a movie in the bar, so we stand in the dusk that accumulates on the other side of movie lights and we ask another onlooker, a blond woman in a blue suit and a beige hat with a pheasant feather, what movie this is and she says that the movie is called "They All Laughed" and stars Audrey Hepburn, John Ritter, Ben Gazzara, and maybe some other people she doesn't know about, and that Peter Bogdanovich is the director. Then a guy from the movie crew yells in our direction "Settle, please! Very, very quiet, please! Help us out, people!" in a tone of voice which you can tell he thinks is very polite and restrained under the circumstances. So we become quiet, we don't say anything at all. Then Ben Gazzara, whom we recognize because he was in a movie we saw called "Sidney Sheldon's 'Bloodline,'" where he played an executive of a mammoth pharmaceutical company who either betrayed or didn't betray (can't remember) Audrey Hepburn, the pharmaceutical heiress— Anyway, then Sidney Sheldon—no, not Sidney Sheldon, *Ben Gazzara*—walks over, and he's wearing a jacket of olive widewale corduroy and a crew-neck shirt and dark pants and dark shoes, and smoking a cigar, and he looks at us for a split second and then past us, as if we were a paperweight on a desk where he was looking for his car keys. Then a man comes up to Ben Gazzara and starts telling him how they went to the same school, and Ben Gazzara gets a pained expression on his face and the man cuts it short. Then a young man with a beard comes up to Ben Gazzara, and Ben Gazzara takes him by the shoulder and says, "Give my love to your mother." Then Ben Gazzara taps the ash from his cigar into a glass ashtray sitting on top of a pile of three glass ashtrays on a table, next to a pink azalea in a pot inside a wicker basket. Then the guy who has been telling everyone to keep quiet (don't know his title, probably gaffer or gofer or gipper or key grip or something like that) says "Background! We need background!" and a dark-haired woman standing next to us says "I'm background," and they put her in the scene, and then another gofer or gaffer or whatever says "We need eye lines cleared here!" and they move us back to where we can just see Peter Bogdanovich's head as he moves around calmly directing. During this time we mainly look at the nice wood panelling on a pillar in the hotel lobby. Then the gaffer says "Jim, herd these people into that area, and if the elevator comes and they want to go to their rooms they're going to have to wait," and we move into a part of the lobby which is crowded with people and chairs and equipment, and the fourth or fifth time someone with a coil of cable in his hand or a clipboard in his hand or a two-way radio cocked to his ear comes up behind us and says "Excuse me" we give up and go out the door and onto the street, and that's the end.

BRAND-NEW MAN

(The Same Old Futurist Rides Another Shock Wave)

As an enormous new society explodes in our face, we find ourselves wondering if perhaps life as we know it is dead.

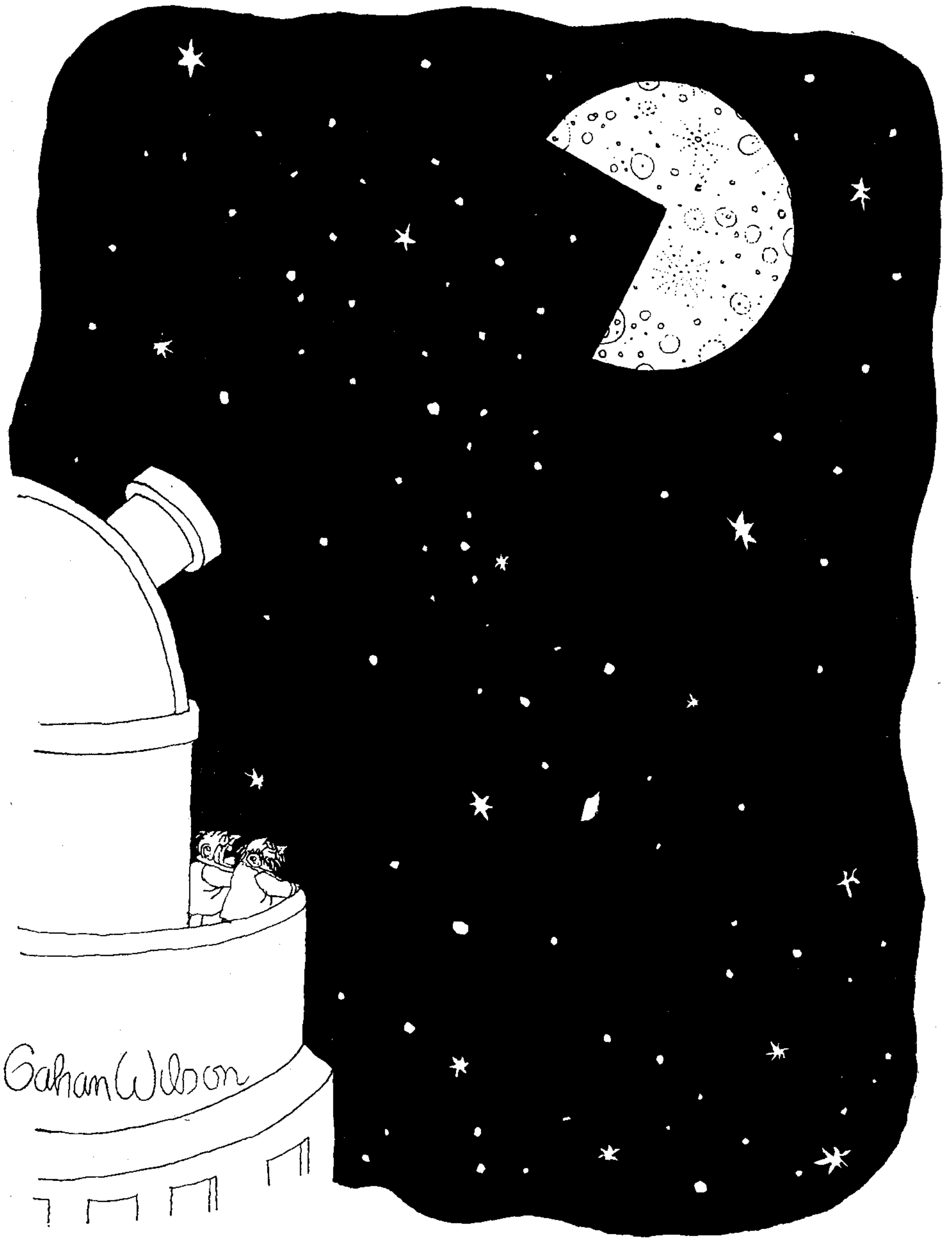
It would be foolish to generalize. Yet it would be equally foolish not to ask, "Who is this new type of human being on the historical scene?" And it would be more, rather than less, foolish not to answer, "That's no new type of human being. That's ourselves—ourselves as we shall be, when the turbulent forces of technological, sociopolitical, and psychocultural change have had their way with us." I call that new-ourselves "Brand-New Man," to distinguish his era from previous historical eras.

Does Brand-New Man already walk among us? Do we ourselves qualify to "wear the insignia" of Brand-New Man? An examination of Brand-New Man's ancestors will prove helpful in postponing these questions until they may be answered from the vantage point of futurological hindsight.

Old Man

The era of Old Man began with the first humans. Old Man was principally provider-mode conscious. Hunter Man and Gatherer Woman prioritized food and shelter, maintained extended molecular-family tribes, and developed stone-chip, basic-metal, and one-time-only-energy-source technologies to chase animals, discover the potato, and not have abundant leisure time.

But Old Man had to be taught that his status as a "self-employed slave" hindered the development of humanity's future. Culture was invented by Old Man's successor for precisely this purpose.



"Not good!"

Man Man

Man Man was the "man" of Greek and Roman civilization. He spoke classical languages fluently, conversed with poets, and hewed timeless stone likenesses of himself and his wife for history to ponder. With the advent of Man Man, labor at last became "fear-intensive"—i.e., work was no longer activity performed to prolong life but, rather, activity performed to avoid losing life. The origins of such modern institutions as weekly piano lessons and the job interview can be seen in the ancient Roman practice of conquering and subjugating inferior peoples.

Man Man lasted well into the Middle Ages. But with the invention of the movable printing press, printers and typographers—until then able to publish in only one location—became "journeymen," pushing or dragging their presses from town to town, establishing the written word as the world's quietest form of communication, and laying the basis for the development of our present-day futurist writings. Those early readers with sufficient prescience to buy and appreciate such works were the first New Man men.

New Man

New Man is post-Man Man man as we have known him until the present.

He is also Industrial Man. The Industrial Revolution—with its violent overthrow of the despotic forces of agriculture, its well-documented sacking of barns and silos, and its often brutal execution of farmers and milkmaids—gave rise to the prestige of the factory. This in turn led toward, not away from, modern ideas—such as the philosophical notion that "God is fired"—and to the popularity of team sports. New Man replaced Man Man's symbolic demonstration of the powerlessness of the individual, the Olympic Games, with the National Football League, an even more symbolic representation of the inherent profitability of the team.

In fact, all of human history may be viewed as that process through which basic human needs are fulfilled by a succession of new and improved products and transactions. For example, the fundamental human desire to purchase goods and services takes many forms. Man Man was also Cash Man, buying his favorite food, clothing, and shelter with money in the form of "paper money" and "change." New Man is Check Man; all of us are familiar with the activity of writing a check, and often forget that the check is not money itself but a *picture* of money. New Man, as a matter of course, pays cash for the purchase of a leather checkbook holder for attractively and safely containing the very checks with which he will withdraw cash from his checking account. Such a transaction is a New Man transaction.

However, Brand-New Man will pay more, not less, for the checkbook holder, and he will pay for it with a credit card.

BRAND-NEW MAN

BRAND-NEW MAN, not yet recognized for who he is, has arrived. We cannot tell him we are not "ready" and ask him to come back later. Indeed, it is we who are not ready. It is we who must come back later.

Brand-New Man is not merely "new," as a new-model Chevrolet is new. He is new to the very brand level; no longer are human beings to be produced by General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, and the familiar foreign companies. Suddenly an entirely new production entity commands our attention—one with its own distinctive model name, logo, slogan, and jingle. For this is a Man different from all other Mans.

Traditionally, human beings were ranked, in the eyes of others, according to two criteria: by what they owned, and by what they planned to own. But Brand-New Man insists on being judged not by what he owns or even plans to own *but by what he claims to own.* Advances in microcircuitry, coupled with improved home-computer technology and increasing unemployment, suggest that in the near future more and more time will be spent in direct two-way communication with one's friends and relatives, exchanging various claims to ownership of an ever-increasing range of consumer goods.

Paradoxically, even as he spurs the development of these new and claimable goods, Brand-New Man is simultaneously rejecting traditional goods in favor of a hardier, more self-reliant life style. Millions of people are already opening their own garage doors, answering their own telephones, and drying their hair via solar energy or natural convection-evaporation processes.

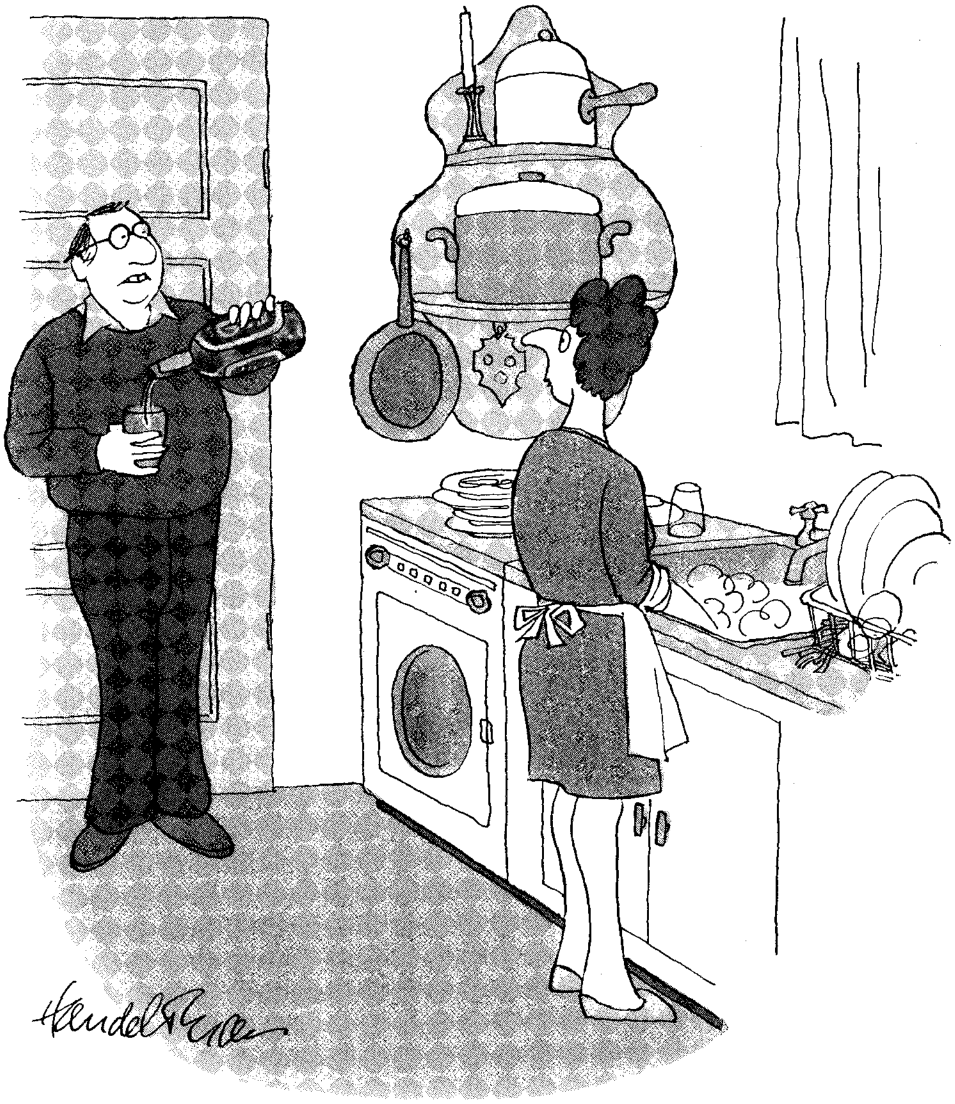
Brand-New Man prioritizes change. An example of this can be seen in the current vogue for uniqueness. According to a recent poll, millions of people place a high value on the uniqueness of their identity. But there are those on whom the secret contradiction of this fact is not lost. For if so many people prize their uniqueness, then uniqueness itself is commonplace. These people are a subset of Brand-New Man. I call them "Subsecbranewmen."

Brand-New Man, therefore, is creating a world in which no simple formula for living will be required. Indeed, millions of young people are already finding it impossible to memorize any formula, even in such traditional disciplines as chemistry and physics. Yet society is too busy to penalize them for this, for society is in flux.

For example, a recent article by an engineer in a magazine somewhere has suggested that as gasoline prices stabilize and the cost of communications technology remains the same, millions of people will soon drive to work on telephones.

We are entering an era in which life will be all but unrecognizable to an Old Man. To create a world in which one's forebears would be lost, confused, and terrified—that is the meaning of progress.

—ELLIS WEINER



"I don't 'need' a drink, as you put it. I just like to keep busy."

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The U.S. Postal Service will issue a special stamp on Jan. 29 honoring the late entertainer W. C. Fields. The date will mark the 100th anniversary of the comedian's death and the stamp will be issued at Beverly Hills, Calif.—*Carlisle (Pa.) Evening Sentinel.*

That makes Mae West a lot older than we realized.

I SPY

IN the thirties and forties, my father belonged to the Communist Party. They sent him to Mexico, to keep an eye on Trotsky in exile. As he tells it, he got to be friends with one of Trotsky's bodyguards, and liked him so much that when he got back to New York he deliberately falsified his report. My father also knew Russian agents and Americans working for Russia, but he says he had no part in the espionage. My mother says she went along with my father's revolutionary aspirations because she was so in love with him. They both had regular and unlikely jobs—she as a proofreader for the *Wall Street Journal* and he as an accountant with a firm that did work for large corporations. My mother once told me that in 1946 she was crossing a busy intersection with a friend of my father's who was supposedly some sort of salesman, and he said to her, "You know, Emily, if a car were to hit me or something like that, for your own good you must keep on walking and pretend to have no idea who I am."

In those days, when I was in grade school and we lived in the Village, on Barrow Street, different pairs of extremely neat men wearing striped suits and well-blocked hats would show up at our apartment. In the living room, behind two tall sliding doors that rumbled like thunder in their tracks and met in the middle of the floor with what seemed to a child like dreadful finality, the men would have long talks with my father. "They are from the government, Davey," my mother would say. "They need your father to help them." I could hear the strain in her voice as clearly as I could see it in the smiles of the two neat men.

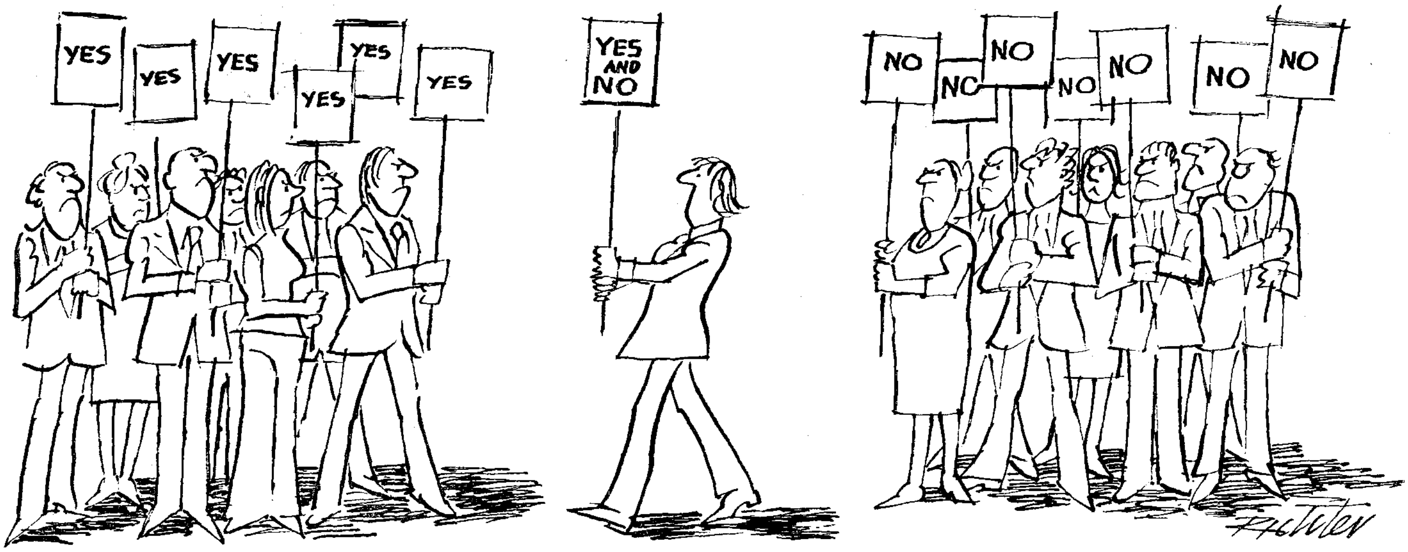
Once, one of the men stayed behind when his pal left. He was immensely tall—six-four, as it turned out—and I was sure he was going to get me behind those sliding doors and kill me. Instead, he took off his coat, revealing a shoulder holster with a huge blue-black gun nestled in it. He draped his coat over the piano, unbuckled the holster, and held the gun in front of my astonished eyes, saying, as if from the top of a mountain, "What do you think of that?" He then sat down and had a cup of coffee with my parents.

This was Jim McCray. A year after Jim stayed behind and bowled me over with the sight of that monstrous pistol, my mother told me that he would be my guardian if anything ever happened to her and my father. I was hazy about what that meant, but hearing it made me feel happy and safe. That Jim became a close friend of my family's was an odd turn of events but not entirely surprising. During the conversation behind closed doors, my father and Jim discovered that they had both been born in Perth Amboy in the same year and for nearly a decade had lived only a few blocks apart. Anyway, my father has always been able to strike up friendships in the most unlikely situations.

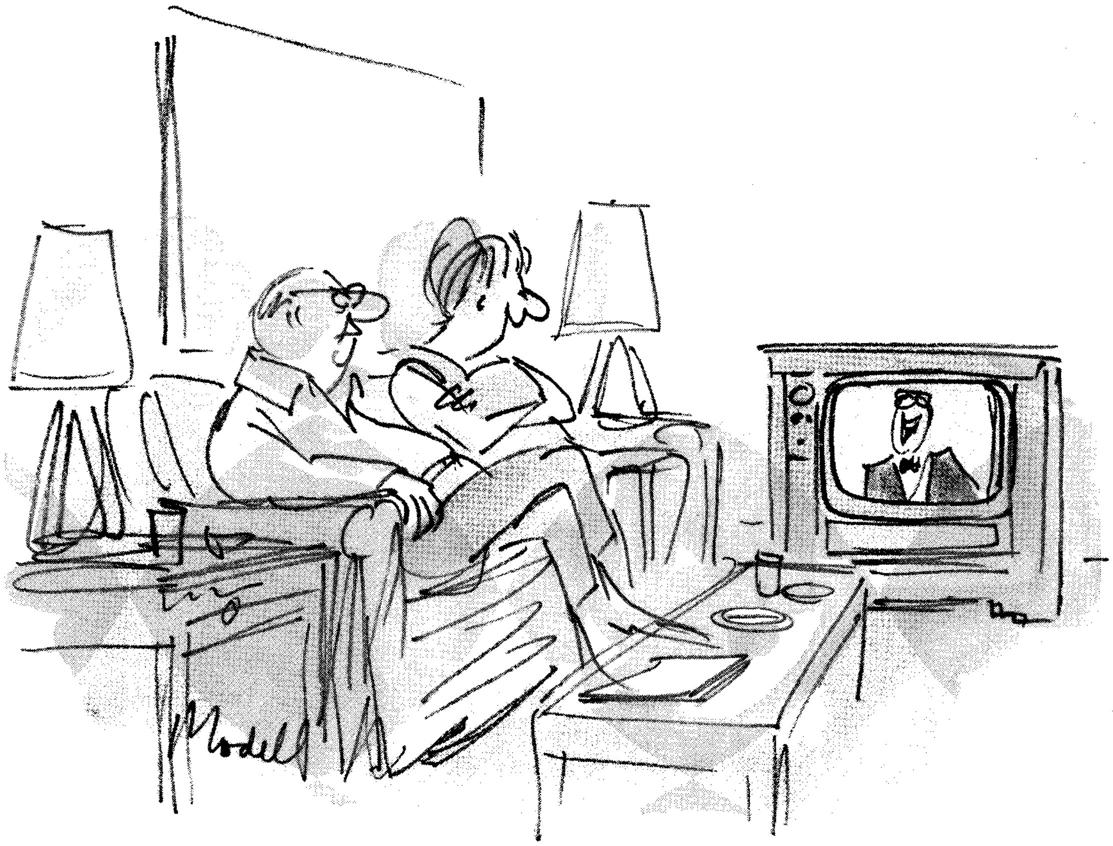
Jim helped to keep my father out of trouble with the F.B.I. and HUAC in the early fifties, and when he left the Bureau to become head of corporate security for Worldwide Products he stayed close to us. He's retired now. He and his wife live near my parents, up in Rockland County, in Nyack, and they see one another all the time. As for me, I live on Riverside Drive with my wife, Elizabeth, and our four-year-old daughter, Amelia. After eight years of covering City Hall for the *Times*, I got tired of all the petty politics and skulduggery and took a job teaching at Columbia Journalism School, which is what I do now. Classes were over a few days ago. Elizabeth and I and Amelia will spend a lot of time up at our summer place, in Rhinebeck, and I may try a free-lance piece or two for the *Times Magazine*, but I have no regular work to do for the first time since the summer I was twenty-one and went to see Jim McCray about a job.

IT was in 1963. Just as I was about to finish my senior year at Haverford and go to work as a copyboy for the Rockland County *Journal-News*, the job fell through. I hadn't been home in Nyack for more than a week, looking desultorily for work, when Jim called me up and asked me to come down to Worldwide Products headquarters, in Englewood Cliffs, to talk something over with him. "It would be better not to discuss this on the phone," he said, and my first thought was that it might have something to do with my father.

The Worldwide Products Company building was set back from Route 9-W like a fort. It was modern, low-slung, and rambling, and all you could see of it from the road was a flash of reflected sunlight from one of the smoked-glass windows or a glimpse of white marble. Jim's office jutted out from the back of the building, and the trees that crowded around his three big pearl-gray windows made me feel as if I were in some kind of natural stockade. Jim himself looked the same then, at fifty-five, as he does now—iron-gray hair, a white mustache, eyes as blue as poker chips. His voice was



high and sweet but dignified, like Howard K. Smith's. If you asked him to show you the scar from a bullet wound on his right arm, which he got in a car chase that saw the end of some famous Depression-era criminal's wild career, in 1942, he'd roll up his sleeve and say, "Oh, that. That's nothing—just a stray shot. . . . The amazing thing was that some pal of the fugitive had called him the night before and told him we had found out where he was hiding, but he thought that this fella, who was a notorious drinker and practical joker, was pulling his leg."



"I'll say this for him—his humor certainly has some penetrating insights into marriage."

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When I asked Jim if there was some trouble about my father, he said, "Oh, no, don't worry, don't worry; this has nothing to do with your dad."

We sat down on opposite sides of his mesa-sized glass desk. "That's all over and done with," Jim said. "He never knew very much anyway, to tell you the truth. No sense in their picking on him. But I do hope you won't mention anything to him about my little proposition. I know how he feels about big corporations and their shenanigans."

"O.K.," I said, with a pang of an unfamiliar kind of guilt.

"I'd like you to go out to the Midwest and do a little informal spying for us," Jim said.

"Spying?"

"Nothing illegal, nothing illegal—don't worry about that. The Murchison Company has a big new plant out in East St. Louis, Illinois, and we're afraid that they may be making a new type of instant iced tea in it. Our product-development people are pretty worried, because we're working on the same thing, and we want to be first on the market. I'll pay you two hundred and fifty dollars, plus expenses, to go out there for a week and snoop around a little—find out if they're working on this stuff, how far along they are, and so forth. It's illegal to go onto the factory's property for espionage purposes, but just about anything else is fair game. What do you think?"

"It sounds like fun," I said, thinking how strange it was that grown men and women were going home at night and sitting at the kitchen table with a half-empty bottle of liquor in front of them, worrying about instant iced tea.

"I don't think this will be fun," Jim said. "But I thought it might interest you, since you want to be a reporter. Now, are you sure that doing this sort of work won't bother you?"

"Bother me?"

"Well, you're a sensitive young fella, and . . ."

"I'd like to give it a try," I said.

"That's the ticket, Davey me boy." Jim opened a desk drawer, took out an envelope, and handed it to me. "Count it," he said. There were ten fifty-dollar bills. "Now let me tell you more about what's involved."

"WHAT will you be doing in St. Louis, Mr. Schreiber?" asked the pretty girl sitting next to me on the plane, after we had introduced ourselves. She was going home to St. Louis from nursing school in the East, and she spoke with a Southern drawl. I had never known that Missourians could have a drawl. I had also never flown before, and I had never been west of the Poconos.

"Well, I'm in law school at Penn, and I've got a job as a clerk for a judge in St. Louis," I said.

"Really?" she said. "My father's a lawyer. Which judge will you be working for?"

"Justice . . . um, Blarney."

"I don't believe I've ever heard that name," she said.

"He's new. He's one of those Irishmen, but he looks like me. A real coincidence. He's older than I am. Of course. But he's got wavy brown hair, about six feet tall, too skinny. Ha, ha."

"How interesting," she said. "And where will you be living?"

"In the southern part of the city. You know, south St. Louis. I forget the name of the street. I'm supposed to call this person when I get off the plane." There was a long pause. "He has diabetes—the judge, I mean. Listen, maybe you can tell me what diabetes actually is."

AT the St. Louis airport I rented a car. I got lost in the city for a while, but I finally found the bridge over the Mississippi to Granite City and East St. Louis. There I got lost once again, and found myself driving past gigantic factories with tall, blank walls, like cliff faces: East City Steel Company, United Starch & Refining Company, American Lead, Hubell Metals, Slattery Tar & Chemical, Wesco Steel Barrel, Illinois Fire Brick, East Shore Slag. Rows and rows of three-story attached houses and listing, flaking asbestos-sided cottages in time-dimmed shades of blue, yellow, green, and red. It was an amazing and disillusioning thing for me to travel through the heart of the kind of place I'd only caught a glimpse or a whiff of from the Garden State Parkway and the New Jersey Turnpike.

The Murchison plant occupied two blocks on the north side of Jefferson Street. Directly opposite it was a bar and a bunch of dilapidated wooden bungalows. East of the bungalows sat a brick parochial school a block long whose playground, behind a high chain-link fence, consisted of a broad patch of dirt fringed by tufts of crabgrass. Then another block of bungalows, and then the motel that I stayed in. It was a yellow stucco barracks-like building, and its name was as blunt as everything else about East St. Louis seemed to be: Bob's Motel. I checked in at three o'clock, just in time to watch a long stream of children pass the window of my room. The boys all wore white shirts, green jackets, and green shorts, and the girls had on green skirts and white blouses. "Why do you wanna . . ." ". . . saw the biggest . . ." ". . . three doubles and a homer . . ." ". . . Mary Ellen said she . . ." ". . . got sick, and he's a dumb . . ." ". . . sock him as hard as . . ." Their voices rang out and then died away, leaving the street hot, empty, and silent, except for the thin sound of some country music drifting along like an old dog's leash trailing in the dust.

I put through a call to Jim. "Well, I'm here," I said. "The plant is just up the street, and I've got a terrific view of it and the loading bays and the railway spur that runs through the yard. Do you think I should—"

"Are you in the motel right now?" Jim said.

"Yes, I just got—"

"Don't talk there, don't talk there. I should have told you. Find a phone booth."

"You mean someone might—"

"Find a phone booth and call me back collect."

I went outside and walked farther east, and in looking down the street for a public telephone I caught sight of the children far ahead, dancing in the sun like leaves.

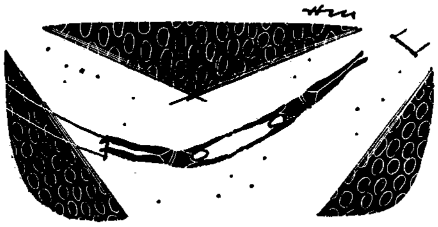
"The fella at the desk might be a little bored and listen in," Jim said when I called him back. "You've got to think about these things, me lad."

"Right," I said. "I'm sorry."

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Nothing. I just thought you might like to know that I arrived safe and sound. Renting the car was a snap, and everything went fine." Then, though I didn't want to, I added, "This is some depressing place."

"You'll get used to it, you'll get used to it. You don't have to call again unless there's some emergency."



CLEANING A FISH

In her hand the knife, brisk, brilliant as moon-claw,
shaves the flesh. It grazes the white
belly just over the heart.
Underneath, the coiled fingers
are cradling a soft flesh
as if it were the jowls of the aged

man propped for a while on the bench in the park.
The head is not severed, the eyes not out.
Blue, they appear to flash odd ways
where a tree makes a live shadow.
Mostly the eyes are dead.
Nothing is in them

except the intense blue of sky the tree allows.
There is no conspiring of nerves,
no least event recalled
by a limb's high arching,
or even a girl's ascension
from a forgotten distance of water.

But there is something as she lifts the meat.
It is enough to draw down her gaze.
Now her arm rises against
yellow hair fallen
white in a childish face.
She is still as a leaf barely clinging.

I come to her like a cat in the stunned grass
and touch her to see the startled
upthrusted gleam of her face.
At brow and each cheek
like gathered beads of mist
scales leap with the sun, and are dead.

No word passes between us, but something electric
as a flash of steel makes her
cry out just once. Squatting
at the yard's edge, she
sings beyond any thought.
Her knife flies as lethal as love
and cuts quickly in like a hurried kiss.

—Dave Smith

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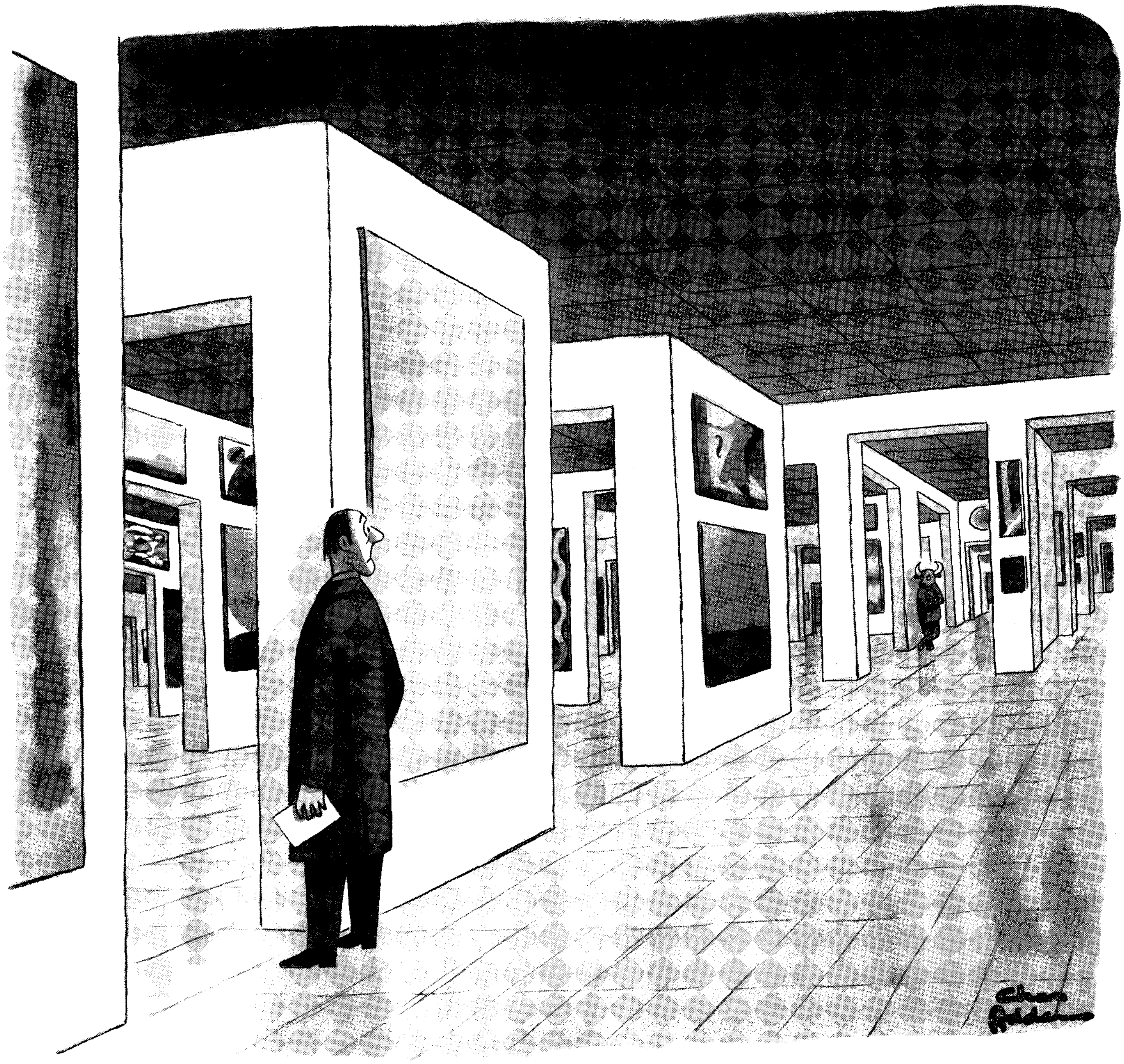
PARTS of the new Murchison plant were already in operation, but its construction hadn't been completed. The factory consisted of three tan blocklike buildings of different sizes grouped around a concrete tower. West of the tower another block was going up, its dull-red girders poking into the air like blasted, limbless saplings. On top of the tower sat a big black wedge-shaped structure, and out of that wedge, for four or five hours every day, came the whitest of white steam, accompanied by a great rushing, hissing sound. The top of the tower was lit up at night, and when



the steam was vented after dark, it looked luminescent, almost ethereal, as if the spirit of whatever was being made down below had been discarded and sent heavenward. Sometimes the plant worked on one eight-hour shift per day, sometimes two, and sometimes three, and sometimes it was on what appeared to be half shifts. The blue-coverall-clad workmen advanced on the building and receded from it like small waves lapping at a titanic sand castle. During the daytime, trucks of all kinds pulled up to the loading docks and later pulled away again; less often, trains hauling three or four freight cars would crawl slowly up or down the railway spur that ran east of the plant and seemed to end somewhere behind it. In a notebook I drew pictures of the plant and kept a record of the shifts, the venting times and durations, and the names on the sides of the trucks—Columbia Containerizing, Plastiseal, Glassco, White Star Sugar, Midwest Pneumatic.

I walked up and down the street again and again, so that I could see the trucks' license plates and check how tight security was at the gate, which I couldn't see from the motel, and I stared at the factory from my window for hours on end. The staring had no practical purpose; it was as if I were enchanted. At night, I used my alarm clock to wake me every hour, so that I could record whether and when operations shut down. Those semiconscious interludes were ghostly, almost hallucinatory, especially when the plant was running and those great clouds of steam were issuing from it.

"HE knows what you're up to," said a voice from the barstool on my right. It was five o'clock on Tuesday, and I was in the Cardinal Bar and Grill, across from the factory; about twenty workers from the day shift had come in for a beer.

"I'm sorry, were you talking to me?" I said, trying to keep the alarm out of my voice. The man sitting to my right was short and cherubic, with red cheeks and a tonsure-like fringe of gray hair. He had on a blue plant uniform, and he was drinking a Coke.

"He knows everything you think and everything you do," the man said.

"Who does?"

"Why, God does, son. He knoweth every time you tell a lie, and He remembereth it, too. Do you walk with Him?"

"Well, I guess I'm not all that religious," I said, and tried to swivel back around and face the bar.

The cherub pushed me gently on the shoulder. "But God loveth you," he said.

"Why don't you leave this poor boy alone?" said a huge, sallow man who was resting his belly against the bar just beyond where the cherub was sitting. "Don't pay no attention to Hallie here, son. His wife left him four years ago and he got religion instead of getting around, which is what any sane man would do—ain't that right, Jimmy?" He reached out and fondled the chest of another man in blue who was walking by.

"Whatever you say, Grady," the man said as he walked on.

"Give this boy a drink," Grady said to the bartender. "What are you drinking, son—beer or beer?"

"I guess I'll have a beer," I said.

"That would be about right. I didn't catch your name."

"It's Dave."

"Grady."

"I know."

"Too big a target to miss, huh?"

The beers came. Hallie, muttering something about sin, got up and walked away, and Grady sat down. "I know you don't work over at the plant," he said.

"No, that's right. I'm sort of visiting. I'm not from around here."

"I could tell that from the way you talk. If there's something in the way of sightseeing in this town, I don't know about it."

"I'm not sightseeing," I said. "I'm trying to get to see my girlfriend."

"The women," Grady said.

"She's not the trouble; her father is."

"I can mind my own business."

"Oh, that's O.K.," I said. "See, we went to school together in Pennsylvania. We were going to get married this summer, but her father stepped in."

"School?"

"Well, college. Her father is a vice-president at United Starch, and they live just out of town, in Ladue. I'm trying to get to see her."

"You seem all right to me, though you might be a bit on the skinny side."

"It's because I'm Jewish," I said.

"Well, hell, Dave, that don't make no difference."

"To him it does."

"I could see it if you was of the Negro persuasion."

"You know, if I have to stay around here, I'm going to run out of money," I said. "Do you think the factory could use anyone part time for a few weeks?"

"They got a personnel office. You don't have to tell no one it's just for a while."

"I know it's the Murchison Company, but I don't even know what they're making."

"Just go on up to the gate and ask for the personnel office."

"Well, maybe I will," I said. "Let me buy you back that beer."

"Hey, Grady, you want to try a game or two?" called a man standing next to the bowling machine by the door.

"Get yourself a partner," Grady yelled back. "That's my cousin Andy, Dave. You can tell from his waistline. Can you use that machine?"

"I'm pretty good at it," I said. "Though it depends on the machine."

"We'll pin his ears back for him."

Grady had to lift his belly over the edge of the board before he could slide the puck down the alley, and he had a way of reaching over the foul line which caused a lot of good-natured complaints. "House rules," he would say. He and the men we played against grumbled about someone named Johnston at the plant—I guessed he was their foreman—but it was mostly wives and baseball and cars. And racism—of a kind at once so casual and so virulent that at the time I couldn't believe that these men, who otherwise seemed decent, had their whole heart in what they were saying. Grady eventually left, and I got a hamburger and some French fries from the grill in the back and sat at the bar for another hour, but I didn't learn a thing.

"We're semi-frantic today."

STA-FAST LABELS, Missouri license plates; Red Diamond Hauling, Ohio; Occidental Office Supplies, Indiana; Little Rock Ink & Dye, Arkansas. Two trains a day, marked either "Soo Line" or "Illinois Central." Two shifts Tuesday, one Wednesday, two and a half Thursday. Falling asleep in the chair in front of the window in my motel room, dreaming of drowning under a waterfall, awakening at three-thirty in the morning to find the steam pouring from the top of the plant as if the whole thing were an upside-down rocket boring into the earth. "She called me when her father was at work and said maybe we could meet somewhere this weekend." "Let me buy you a beer." "You and Grady work at the same job over there?" "Andy here swears he'll never be married." "I'd love to beat you, Grady, but my wife will have my hair." Shouts from the children in the dusty playground at recess, the drone of recitation floating out the school's windows and down the street, borne by a hot, oppressive breeze.

ON Thursday evening, at the bar, I asked Grady's cousin what the plant was making, and he said, "How come you're so interested?"

"Well, I figured that if I'm going to ask for a job over there, I'd like to know what I'd be doing."

"This kind of job's just a job," he said. "It don't matter what you're doing. If you need the money, why don't you do something about it instead of sitting here jawing? You don't want no job here."

I had already begun to get the feeling that some of the other men had become suspicious about me, so I left as quickly and inconspicuously as I could.

On Friday, as I was walking past the school at recess, one of the teachers on the playground beckoned me over to the fence. "Sonny, I don't know why you would want to walk along here all the time," she said. "But you had better just stay away from these children."

That night, at seven, I locked the door to my room and walked down to the public phone and called Jim at home.

"Listen, I've had about as much of this as I can handle," I said.

"Is anyone on to you? Are they asking questions?" He sounded less concerned than excited, like a child in the midst of anticipation.

"A little," I said. "But it's not that. The whole thing makes me uneasy."

"Well, it's just two more days. I sure would like to know whether that plant operates on Sunday. Just lie low, keep your eye on the place. See if you can get into some conversations."

"But I've been doing all that," I said. "You certainly were right about one thing—it isn't fun."

"It just takes patience. That's the key. We really would like to know what's going on out there. Hang on. See if you can get into some conversations. And come in to see me on Monday, when you get back."

At the motel, a man was leaning against the door to my room. He was swarthy and wiry, and was dressed in a blue sweat-stained shirt and khakis.

"Are you the guy who's supposed to be looking for work?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm out here trying to see my girlfriend," I said. "My money's just about to—"

"Andy Thaxton told me about you. My name's Johnston. What's yours?"

"Dave. David."

"You're as phony as a snake's leg," he said, crossing his arms. "What do you want out here?"

"I told you—just a job. My girlfriend's old man—"

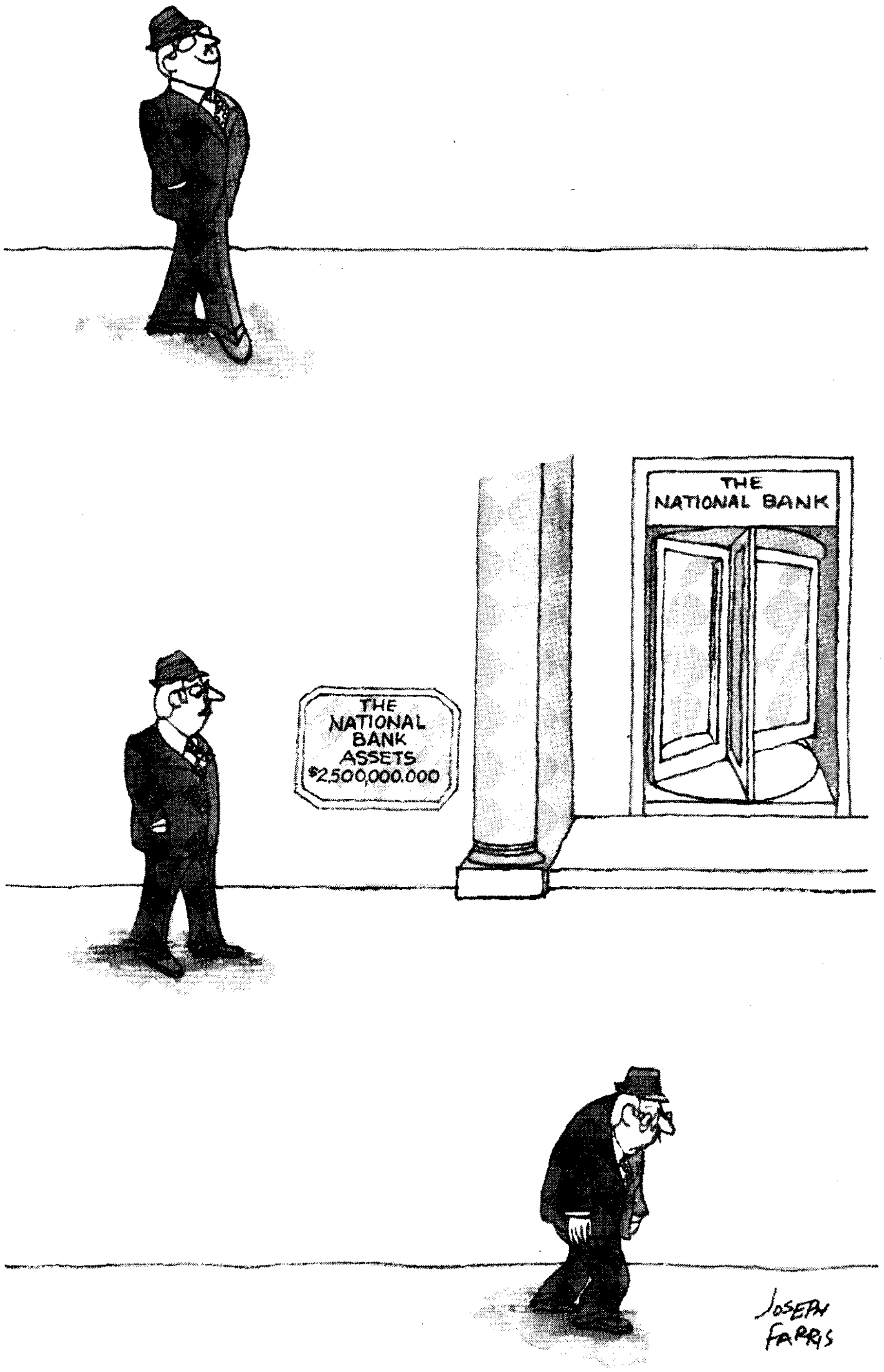
"Girlfriend my ass. Why don't you clear out of here before you get yourself into some real trouble? You're just about old enough to wear a jock, ain't you? How come they sent a kid like you?"

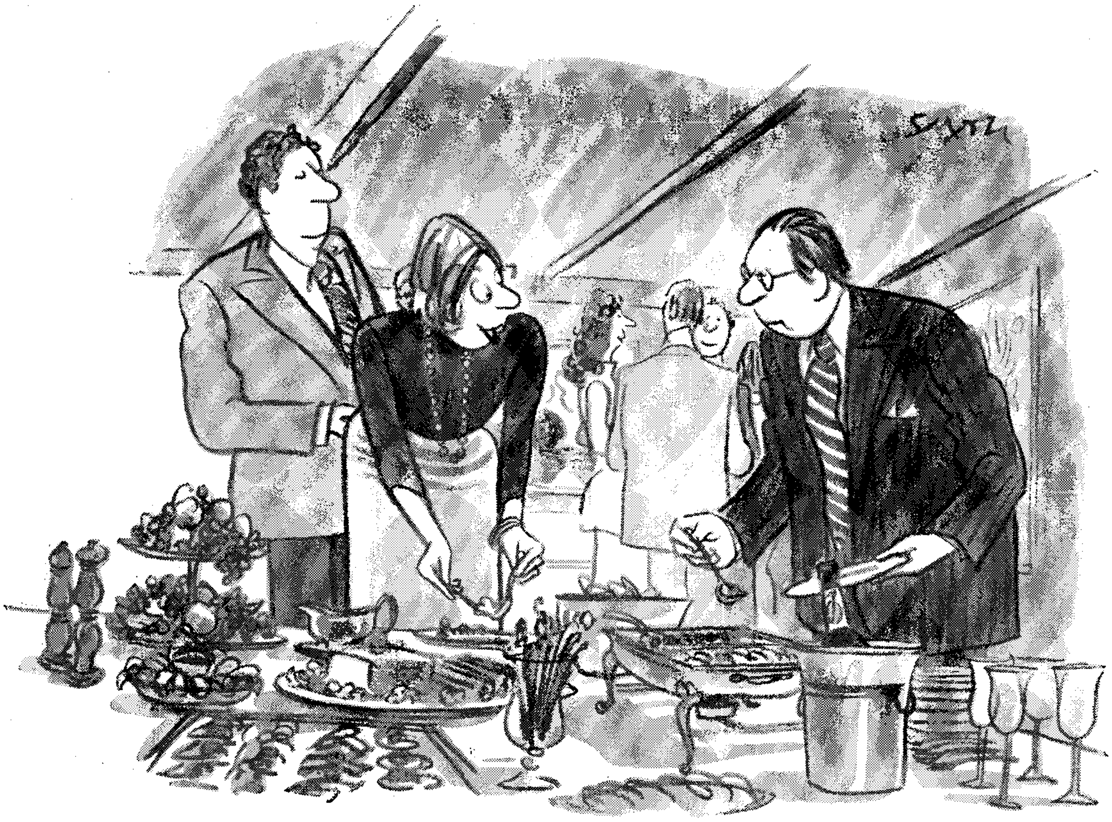
"It's the truth. Andy, Grady knows—"

"If you was just a little older, I'd call the cops."

"I haven't broken any laws," I said.

He pushed himself off the door and cuffed the side of my head so hard





"Richard was just saying it must be great to have a condominium like yours—watching the old equity build up."

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that tears came to my eyes. "Don't talk laws to me, boy. Just clear on out."

As I watched Johnston walk away, I had the most peculiar impulse to follow him. I wanted to apologize to him, to explain things to him, to have him put his arm around my shoulders and invite me home for a beer. I wanted to work at the factory, to put on those blue coveralls every morning, to live in that place, so that I would be able to look twice at strangers. I wanted to go over to the Cardinal at quitting time and complain about the niggers in Alabama. I wanted to consider with envy the rich men who lived in the fancy suburbs of St. Louis.

MY father has always known that I once did some work for Jim. That much I told him. Over the years, he has asked me from time to time exactly what the job was. When I wouldn't tell him, he would laugh as if we were partners in some hilarious crime, as if my not telling him told him something else about me—something he approved of. He's getting old now, though, and yesterday, when I was driving him up to Nyack after picking him up at the dentist's, on Seventy-second Street, we got stuck in a traffic jam on West End Avenue, and, looking for something to talk about, I finally spilled the beans. What harm could it do now, and anyway we've been telling each other a lot of secrets lately; I guess we both know that the time for secrets is growing shorter.

When I finished the story, he said, "I guessed it was something like that. Was the information you got of any use to Jim?"

"I don't know," I said. "I typed it all up and gave it to him on that Monday. He said it was a good job and that they might be able to get some kind of pattern from my notes. He also said that the men not talking and the stuff with Johnston probably meant something secret was going on. But I think he was disappointed. He couldn't blame me for leaving right away, but I could tell that he was hoping I'd get the goods on that plant. I thought he was more disappointed about *my* not getting the goods than about not getting the goods, if you know what I mean."

"Ouch!" my father said. "That bastard really did a job yanking my tooth out. The Novocain's beginning to wear off."

"I wasn't really cut out for that kind of work," I said. "The ironic thing is that Worldwide did get their tea on the market first but it wasn't as good as the Murchison stuff."

"I know," my father said. "I use the Murchison myself. But don't tell Jim."

Just then the traffic cleared a little, and we drove on. We hit a red light at 100th Street and stopped right beside the Strathmore, an old hotel that has just been renovated.

"My God, look at the Strathmore," my father said. "What a coincidence! That's where all the spies lived."

"Russian or American?" I said.

"A lot of times, you couldn't tell. Everybody was spying on everybody. Sometimes it got to be very funny. And, you know, that's where I first laid eyes on Jim McCray. I was visiting someone in the hotel, and when I came out, why, I caught sight of this tall fellow standing across the street, leaning against a car. He was trying to look nonchalant, but he was so obviously an F.B.I. man that it was ridiculous. He tailed me into the subway, but I lost him at Columbus Circle. It was an old trick. A few weeks later he came calling on us at Barrow Street."

"I never knew that," I said.

"It's a fact. Those days seem romantic to me now, but at the time it was boring and silly. And a lot more dangerous than I realized. I guess I wasn't very good at it, either."

"But if they were all spies, why did they all live together in the same hotel?" I asked as the light turned green.

"They were lonely," my father said.

—DANIEL MENAKER

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"Of course, all of the forecasts are dependent on avoiding a depression," Brown said. "I don't agree with the economic experts. I think we will have a recession, and that is why I think things could be a lot worse if Prop. 9 passes."

Brown told the group he'll be in his office now "burning the midnight oil from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m."—*San Bernardino (Calif.) Sun.*

That's California time.

THE SPORTING SCENE

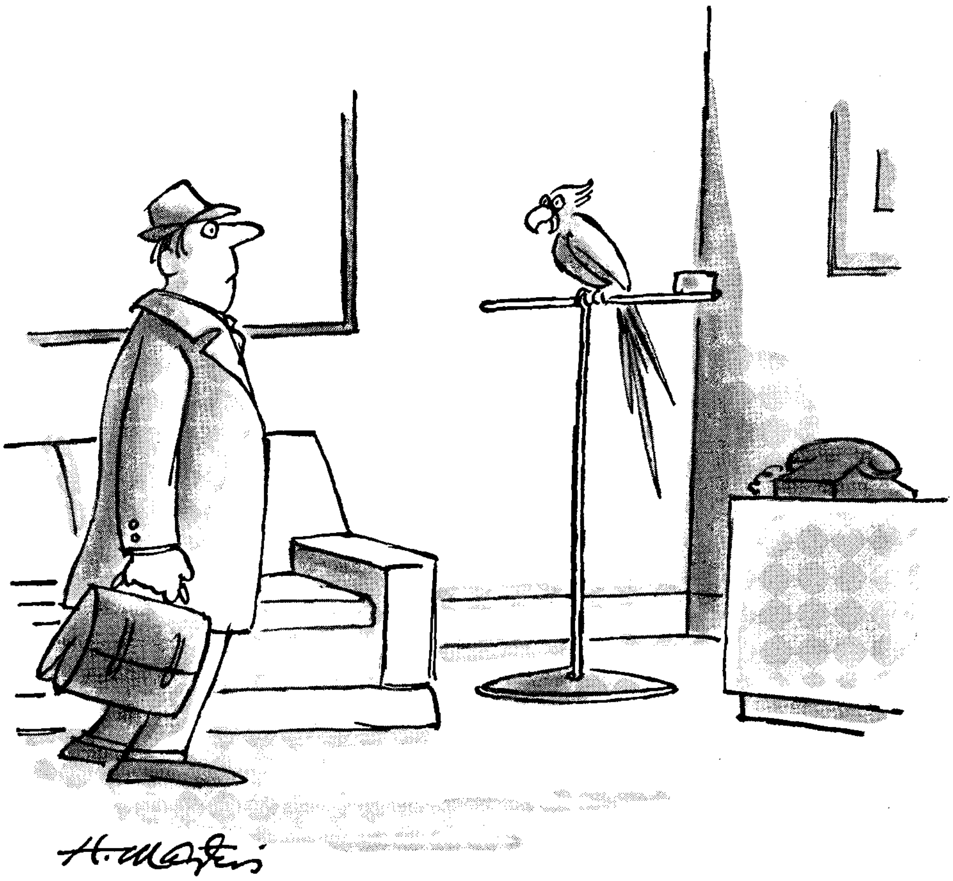
A LEARNING SPRING

LAST month, during the middle innings of a morning B-squad game between the California Angels and the Milwaukee Brewers, I joined sixty or seventy members of the Yankees, Phillies, Mets, Reds, Pirates, and other teams who were attending a baseball clinic in the right-field grandstand at Sun City Stadium, in Arizona. Their presence at the ballpark, it occurred to me, must have made for a sudden jolt in the actuarial tables of this year's spring baseball audiences at Sun City, which is a retirement community, for my fellow-students were all members of the West Side Little League teams, on a visit from Phoenix. A few of the boys had put on their full uniforms, but all of them were wearing their team caps, with various major-league insignia; the caps looked to be all the same size, with adjustable tabs and snaps behind, and if you sat behind one of the smaller ten-year-old players, whose cap seemed about to swallow his ears, you could see that the snaps had been taken up as far as they could go. All the players, from the smallest to the largest, were sitting motionless in the lower three or four rows of seats, riveted with interest. Our professor was Lary Sorensen, a bushy-haired, blond, six-foot-two right-handed pitcher, who won fifteen games and lost fourteen for the Brewers last year—a record he will have to improve on if the Milwaukee club is to realize its burning ambition for a pennant in the American League East this summer. He stood with his back to the field and with his hands in the pockets of his silky blue Milwaukee windbreaker (it was a chilly morning, with low, scudding clouds and occasional spatters of rain, and there was a smell of fresh wet turf everywhere) and talked about his trade. Keep your tail down when fielding the ball, he said, and try to keep the ball in front of you. Keep your eye on the ball. See the ball into your glove. Be comfortable up at the plate, and don't let anyone change your style there if it feels right to you. Make contact. If you're a pitcher, always try to throw with your arm above your shoulder, instead of going sidearm and across the body. Get the ball over the plate. "I strongly advise against throwing the breaking ball," he said. "There may be one or two future major-leaguers sitting right here today"—there was a stir in the grandstand and some exchanged glances at this news—"and you'd hate to think later that you'd ruined your chances by hurting your arm so early. Work on the fastball and a change-up. The whole theory of pitching is to keep the batter off balance. I throw my fastball at about ninety miles an hour"—"Yoww!" said a small Yankee sitting just to my left—"but all I'm after is to get the batter to hit the ball on the ground. Don't try to strike people out. Maybe some of you have heard of Nolan Ryan"—nods, sophisticated chuckles—"who is a great, great pitcher, but his lifetime record is only eight games above .500, because he tries to strike everybody out. *Work* on the batter. Think. Try to pitch up and in and then low and away." Sorensen paused. "Sometimes even that doesn't work," he said, smiling. "Two years ago, in a game against the Twins, I threw a perfect low outside fastball to Rod Carew—he bats left-handed, you know—and he hit it down the left-field line for a double. The next time he came up, I knew I wouldn't give him that pitch again, and I threw the ball up on his hands—a real good pitch—and he hit it down the *right*-field line for a double."

"Yoww!" said the Yankee again.

Sorensen took some questions from the audience ("Do you know the players on the other teams?" one youngster asked. "Are they friends of yours?"), now and then holding up both hands for attention. "One more thing," he said. "Stay in school. Work on your baseball, but work on your books, too. Somebody made a statistical study that showed that only one in every five hundred thousand Little Leaguers ever makes it to the major leagues. The average major-league career is less than two years. On the whole, I'd recommend becoming a doctor or a lawyer."

The lecture ended, and there was a rush down the aisles for autographs. I went back to my seat behind first base and watched the Angels-Brewers game for a couple of innings, but I kept thinking back to what we had just heard. One or two of the dozens of boys now clustering around Lary Sorensen might make it into baseball some-



"Won't you have a seat? The receptionist just stepped out for a second to fetch me a cracker."

JEAN RHYS

In their faint photographs
mottled with chemicals,
like the left hand of some spinster aunt,
they have drifted to the edge
of verandas in Whistlerian
white, their jungle turned tea-brown—
even its spiked palms—
their features pale,
to be pencilled in:
bone-collared gentlemen
with spiked mustaches
and their wives embayed in the wickerwork
armchairs, all looking colored
from the distance of a century
beginning to groan sideways from the axe stroke!

Their bay horses blacken
like spaniels, the front lawn a beige
carpet, brown moonlight and a moon
so sallow, so pharmaceutical
that her face is a feverish child's,
some malarial angel
whose grave still cowers
under a fury of bush,
a mania of wild yams
wrangling to hide her from ancestral churchyards.

And the sigh of that child
is white as an orchid
on a crusted log
in the bush of Dominica,
a V of Chinese white
meant for the beat of a seagull
over a sepia souvenir of Cornwall,
as the white hush between two sentences.

Sundays! Their furnace
of boredom after church.
A maiden aunt canoes through lilies of clouds
in a Carib hammock, to a hymn's metronome,
and the child on the varnished, lion-footed couch
sees the hills dip and straighten with each lurch.
The green-leaved uproar of the century
turns dim as the Atlantic, a rumorous haze
behind the lime trees, breakers
advancing in decorous, pleated lace;
the cement grindstone of the afternoon
turns slowly, sharpening her senses,
the bay below is green as calalu, stewing Sargasso.

In that fierce hush
between Dominican mountains
the child expects a sound
from a butterfly clipping itself to a bush
like a gold earring to a black maid's ear—
one who goes down to the village, visiting,
whose pink dress wilts like a flower between the limes.

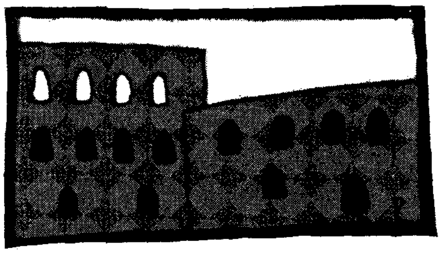
There are logs
wrinkled like the hand of an old woman
who wrote with a fine courtesy to that world
when grace was common as malaria,
when the gas lanterns' hiss on the veranda
drew the aunts out like moths
doomed to be pressed in a book, to fall
into the brown oblivion of an album,
embroiderers of silence
for whom the arches of the Thames,
Parliament's needles,
and the petit-point reflections of London Bridge
fade on the hammock cushions from the sun,
where one night
a child stares at the windless candle flame
from the corner of a lion-footed couch
at the erect white light,
her right hand married to "Jane Eyre,"
foreseeing that her own white wedding dress
will be white paper.

—Derek Walcott

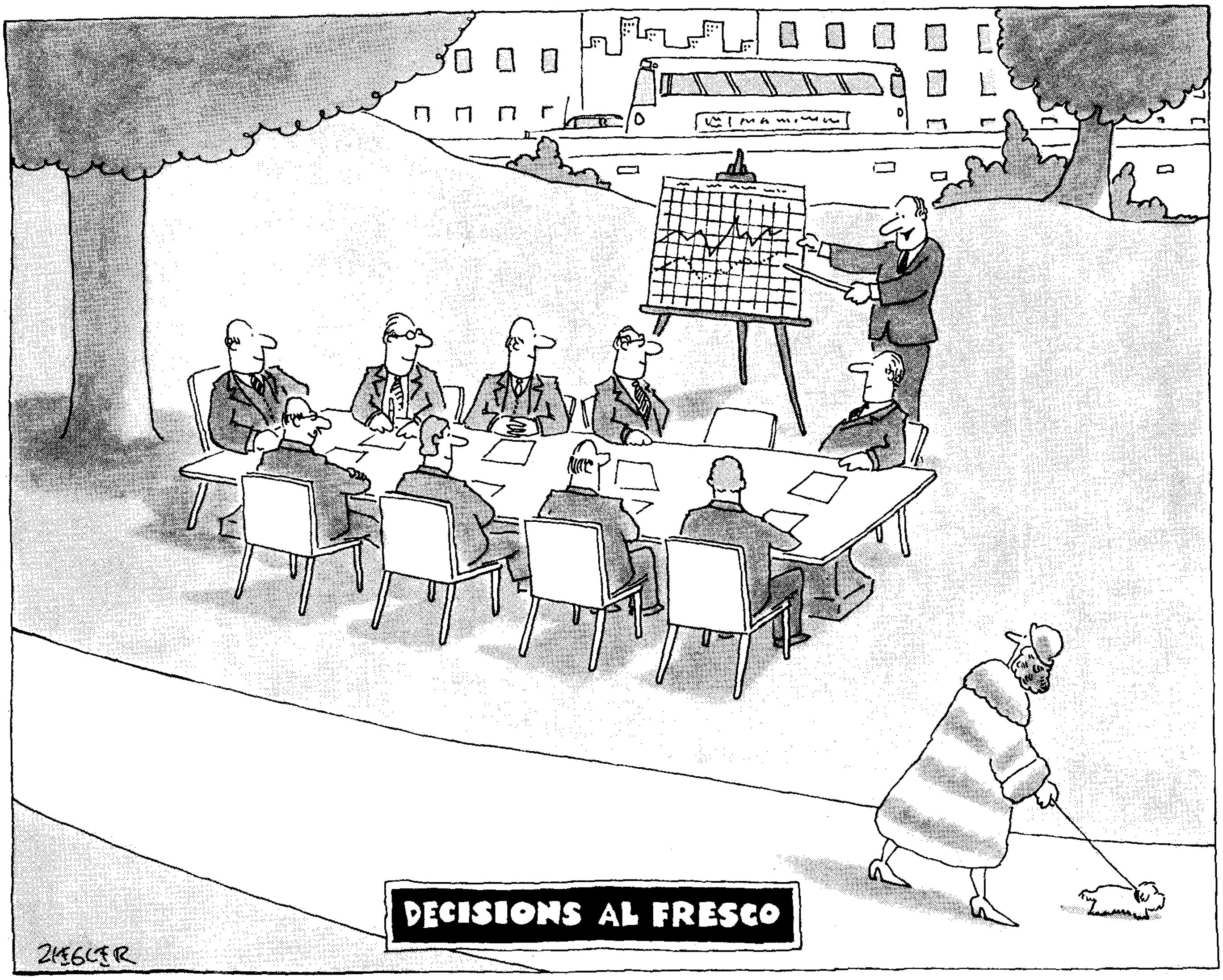
* * *

day, as Sorensen had said, but the odds, as he had also said, weren't so hot. Good, complicated advice: both things were true. Keep the ball low, but try never to have to pitch to Rod Carew.

Baseball is simple but never easy. Each year, just before spring comes, I begin to wonder if I shouldn't give up this game. Surely it must be time for me to cut short my abiding, summer-consuming preoccupation with scores and standings and averages, and to put an end to all those evening and weekend hours given to the tube and morning hours given to the sports pages. Is there no cure for this chronic vicariousness, which makes me a partner, however unwilling, in the blather of publicity, the demeaning emptiness of hero worship, and the inconceivably wasteful outpourings of money and energy that we give to professional sports now? I would happily avoid ever again having to watch the beery rage of a losing crowd in some dirty big-city stadium on a sweltering night in August, or—just as bad—suddenly noticing across the room the patronizing stare of some baseball hater, a certified adult, when he hears me mention Reggie or Yaz or Willie and watches me wave my *hands or take up a stance at a make-*believe plate while I tell some friends about what I have just seen or once saw, and how they should have been there, too. Every year, I think about such things, often in the middle of the night, and I groan and say to myself, "Yes, all right, this is the last year for me, no more baseball after this." But then, a few days or weeks later, back in the sun in Arizona or Florida in March, I change my mind. None of Lary Sorensen's talk to the West Side Little Leaguers at Sun City was exactly new to me, but it made me feel cheerful and instructed to hear it. I *think* I *am almost too old for* baseball, but every year I find that I need to go on learning it. Most of all, I think, baseball disarms us.



That afternoon, it rained off and on during the game between the Brewers' and the Angels' front-line teams, but in between the showers I kept coming back from my car in the parking lot to watch the action, because both of these clubs are stuffed with talent. It was the third time I had seen the Angels this spring, so the faces and mannerisms of their stars were pretty familiar to me—Carew and Joe Rudi and Bobby Grich; the massive, long-legged Don Baylor, who drove in a hundred and thirty-nine runs last year and was named the league's Most Valuable



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Player; catcher Brian Downing, who stands in the batter's box squarely facing the pitcher, like a man about to kick off at the beginning of a football game; and the lanky, remarkable twenty-three-year-old third baseman Carney Lansford, who, afield, almost touches the infield dirt with his glove and fingertips as he hovers with vampirelike attention over each pitch. Here Grich and Downing hit homers up into the damp, hurrying air, and Lansford had three ringing singles, and Freddie Patek, who came over from the Royals this year to help the Angels at shortstop, rapped out a pair of singles, as the visitors jumped all over a young Milwaukee left-hander named Dave LaPoint and his successors, racking up sixteen hits and eleven runs before another desert downpour mercifully put a stop to things at the end of the seventh. The Angels finally became nationally known during the American League playoffs last fall, which they lost in four games to the Orioles, but the Brewers, who won ninety-five games last year and may be an even better team, are semi-strangers to a lot of fans in their own division, because of the club's geographical isolation from the rest of the American League East and its extremely rare appearances on national television. For me, studying the Brewers' lineup and trying to commit their stars to memory is still a process of agreeable surprises—the slick, angular, left-handed first baseman Cecil Cooper, who has hit .300 or over for the last three seasons and won a Gold Glove at his position last year; Sixto Lezcano, a Gold Glove in right field, who batted .321 last year and hit twenty-eight homers; the brawny, hairy, mustachioed Gorman Thomas in center field, who led the league with forty-five homers in 1979 ("Who the hell is *Gorman Thomas*?" a lot of friends of mine exclaimed last September); and, far from the least, twenty-three-year-old Paul Molitor, a smooth, classically elegant second baseman, who batted .322 last summer, which was only his second season of professional baseball. The Brewers lost their chance at a pennant last year when their leader and prime slugger, Larry Hisle, tore a shoulder muscle—the "rotator cuff," which currently holds the No. 1 spot on the baseball Hurt Parade—while making a peg in late April, and was out for most of the rest of the campaign. (This spring, shortly before my visit to Sun City, the Brewers had suffered a shocking double blow: their batting instructor, Harvey Kuenn, lost a leg because of complications attending a blood clot, and their esteemed manager, George Bamberger, underwent open-heart surgery. Both are expected back before midseason, and the club is currently in the hands of another coach, Buck Rodgers.) Hisle, who will be limited to the designated hitter's spot this year, did not play in the game against the Angels, but in the clubhouse he told me that he was swinging without pain. "I try to block out what happened, but a thing like this really makes you begin to think," he said, in his soft, quiet voice. "I'm much more aware now of what the game means to me. I'm going to try to achieve more from now on, though they won't let me play defense again—and I love it out there. But even if I have the best year at the

"That I may come crawling back on my hands and knees is within the realm of possibility, so hang in there."

• •

plate of my entire career, I'll never get back all the games I missed last year. Every play and every at-bat you don't participate in seems so rare once they've gone by. They'll never come back."

I HAVE been thinking about Larry Hisle's sense of loss in the days since the last week of spring training was cancelled by a strike called by the Major League Baseball Players' Association. It also voted to walk out again on May 23rd, during the regular season, if its differences with the owners are not resolved. I cannot pretend to any mild neutrality about the issues involved; it has been perfectly plain to me from the start that the twenty-six owners and the league presidents and their advisers have determined that the basic structure of free agency, which has governed the movement of senior players (players with six years' service in the majors), must be radically altered or they will close down the game. They are serious about this; they have hired a new labor negotiator, Ray Grebey, to represent them, and they have put together a sizable war chest of funds and special insurance policies to sustain them within their fortification if a strike comes. There are several secondary matters, involving pensions and arbitration procedures, under negotiation, but free agency is at the center of everything. Heretofore, a player has been permitted to sell his services to the highest bidder after he has completed six years of play with a major-league club. (Achieving free agency can sometimes take a good deal longer than that—up to a dozen years, in fact—because the club owning a given player may choose to employ him in the minors for three years, and then shuttle him back and forth between the majors and the minors as an "option" player for another three years, before his qualifying six-year span begins.) A team losing a free agent to another team is currently recompensed by the award of that team's first pick in the next semiannual draft of young high-school and college players—not much of a reward, let it be said, for the loss of a Reggie Jackson or a Nolan Ryan. The owners propose that each club losing a prime free agent be permitted to replenish its lineup by selecting a player from the roster of the buying team, and that the buying team may protect only fifteen of its present first-line players. The Players' Association rejects the entire concept of further recompense for the owners, and now proposes that the qualifying period for free agency be lowered to five years. This is the hard nut at the center of the impasse.

The other ingredient in the dispute—and the true issue, I believe—is money. Major-league salaries and emoluments, of course, have ascended giddily since the players were freed from the shackles of the reserve clause by an arbitrator's decision in the winter of 1975. Since then, the average salary of major-league players has risen from forty-six thousand to a hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars as of last year, and is expected to go up to about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this season. The spectacular (or infamous—depends on how you look at it) contracts won by star performers and their agents have led the way; last winter, Nolan Ryan, departing the Angels, signed a three-year contract with the Houston Astros that will bring him one million dollars per year, with bonuses totalling five hundred thousand dollars more. Dave Parker, staying on with the Pirates, signed a five-year contract last year worth about the same sum yearly. Peter Gammons, the well-known baseball savant of the Boston *Globe*, recently published an All-Salary Team, on which the highest-paid starter was Ryan and lowest was Mike Schmidt, at third base, at five hundred and sixty thousand per annum; the average yearly recompense for the starting nine came to seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars apiece. Furthermore, a number of plainly middle-level, or even sub-average, players have signed free-agent contracts of astounding generosity. Rennie Stennett, a second baseman who batted .240 as a part-timer with the Pirates for the past two seasons, moved to the Giants last winter for a total of three million dollars over the next five years. John Curtis, a left-handed pitcher whose record in the majors since 1970 stands at sixty-seven wins and seventy-two losses, signed on with the Padres at one million eight hundred thousand dollars for five years. And so on.

Player salaries—and especially these inflated rewards for apparently every-

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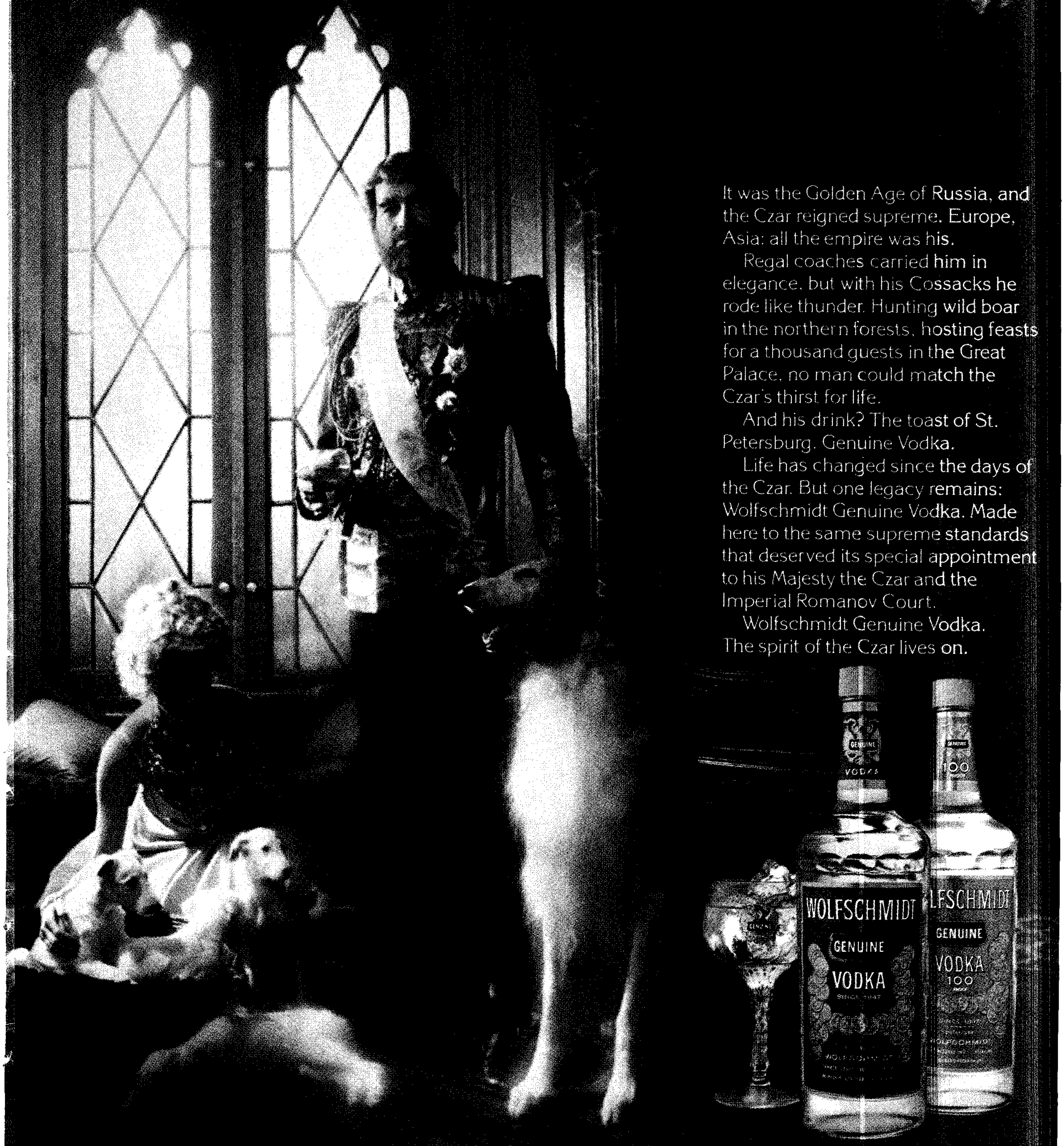

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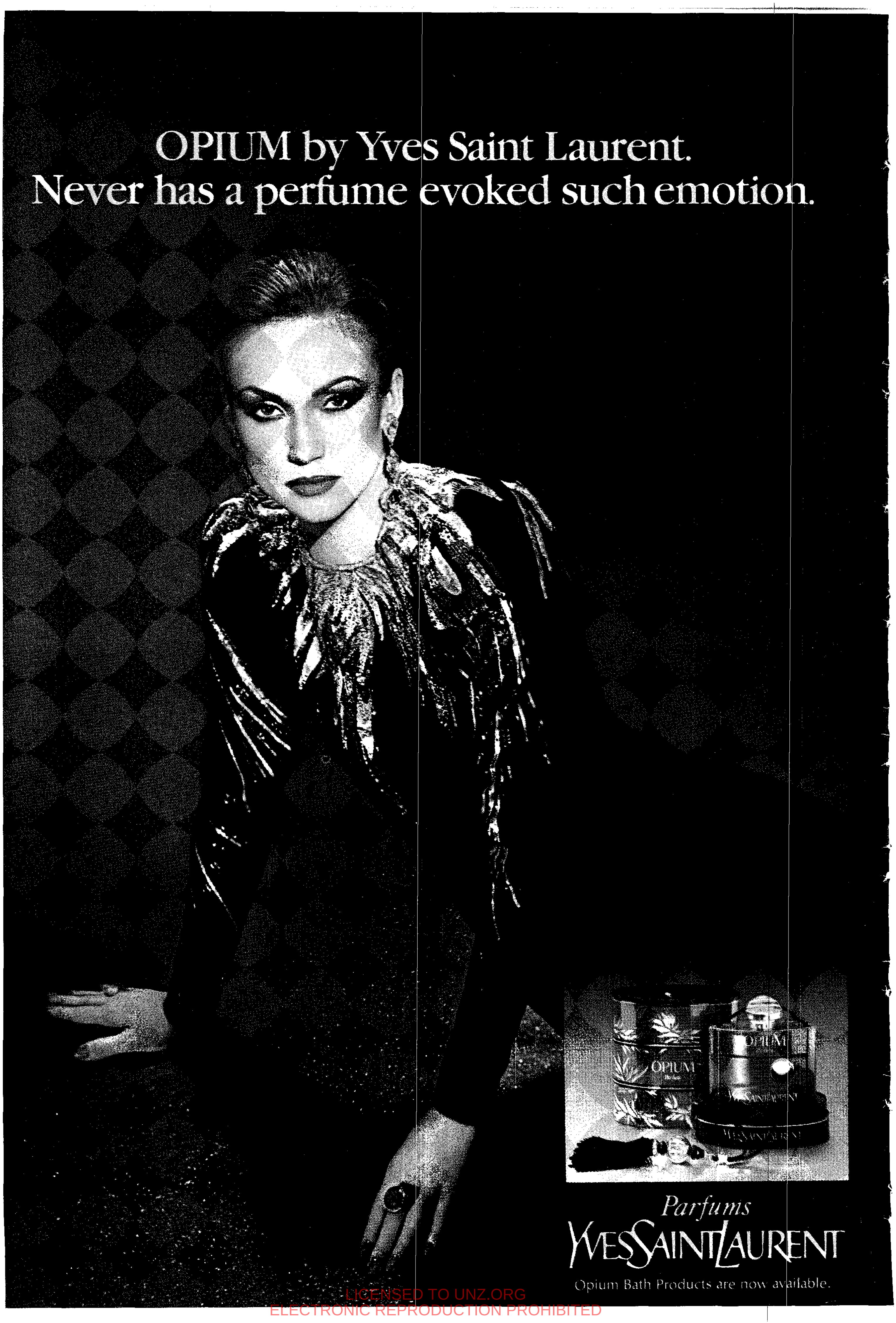
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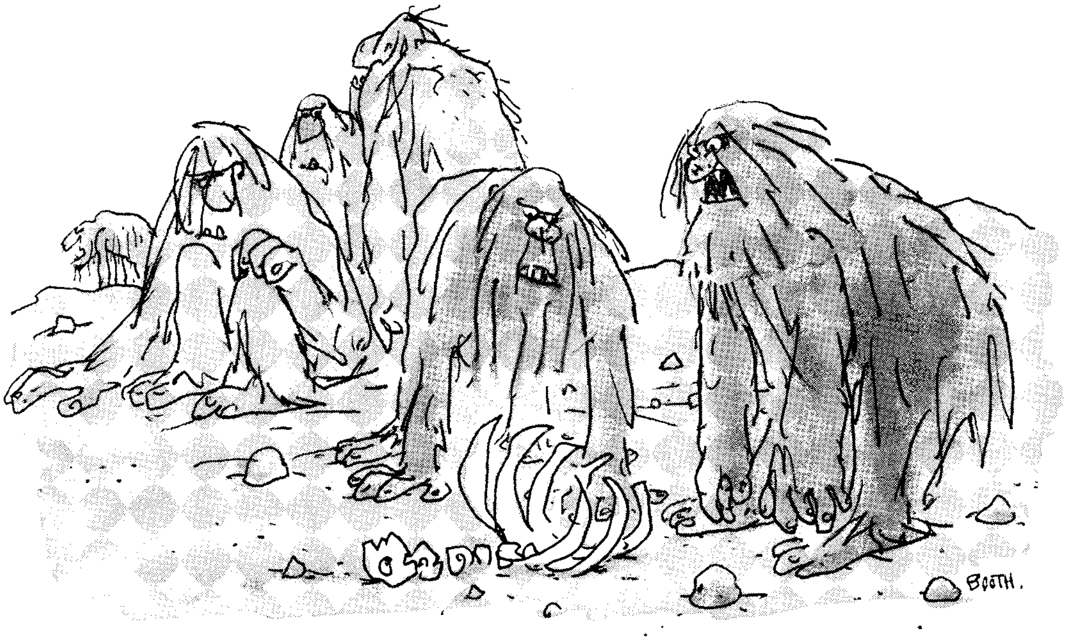
day players—are what the fans seem to fasten on just now, but there are other figures to be taken into account. Baseball is booming in dollars and attendance, and perhaps even in national regard. Last year's total attendance of forty-three and a half million fans was another record—the fourth record year in succession—and eight clubs have announced record advance ticket sales for the 1980 season. In the five years since the reserve clause was annulled (since free agency, that is), attendance has registered a forty-six-per-cent gain, while revenues from television have doubled. At the same time, it is refreshingly clear that competition has never been brisker or more invigorating than in the past few years, because of the wider distribution of talent that free agency has brought about. The owners' much publicized prediction that free agency would result in a cornering of all the best players by a handful of rich teams hasn't come to pass. Some owners have spent freely and wisely in the open market—George Steinbrenner, for example. Others have poured out as much or more money in search of instant pennants and have had no luck at all—perhaps because they didn't understand baseball very well, or perhaps because "buying a pennant" is much more difficult and chancy a process than it appears. Ray Kroc, of the Padres, and Brad Corbett, who sold his controlling interest in the Texas Rangers last winter, have each parted with millions for free agents since 1975 without ever mounting a real pennant contender. Some very successful clubs—the Reds, for instance—have remained in the thick of competition while passing up free agents almost entirely. On the other hand, the California Angels, who are owned by Gene Autry, spent several millions in the past half decade for free agents like Rod Carew, Bobby Grich, Joe Rudi, Don Baylor, and the late Lyman Bostock before finally capturing their flag last year. In the pennant races of 1979, the free-spending World Champion Yankees fell to fourth place in their division, which was won by Baltimore—a team that lost Reggie Jackson, Wayne Garland, Bobby Grich, and Ross Grimsley to free agency in recent years while adding one middle-price pitcher, Steve Stone, and a little-known infielder, Billy Smith, by the same process. In the National League, the Reds lost out to the Pirates, the eventual World Champions, who built their wonderful team from their farms and by astute trading, plus the addition of pitcher Jim Bibby and reserve outfielder Lee Lacy, who came aboard by the free-agent route. The Dodgers, who fell to third place in the National League West after playing in the World Series the two previous autumns, have only recently extended their rather limited previous forays into the free-agent market, with the acquisition of two expensive free-agent pitchers, Don Stanhouse and Dave Goltz, over the winter. The financial and competitive picture is clouded, then, but not all *that* clouded. Free agents have helped some clubs and not others, and the open market has raised players' salaries everywhere, sometimes by enormous margins. Business is terrific.



"This meeting was called in order to discuss the meat. It has been pointed out that there is no more meat. A motion has been made to fight over the bones."

• •

The owners disagree. It is their claim that very few teams among the twenty-six are making any money—or *enough* money—and that free agency has driven their salary levels to unconscionable heights and made it impossible for a poor or middling-poor club ever to build a contender. (Baltimore, as noted, is one of the awkward exceptions to this argument.) The owners produce no figures to back up these claims. Most clubs never open their books, which makes it difficult to assess or put much credence in their cries of poverty. Some of them belong to larger entities—the Cardinals to Anheuser-Busch, for instance, and the Braves to Turner Communications—and others have been purchased, or are controlled, by businessmen who have enjoyed great success in other lines of corporate or private endeavor: Mr. Kroc with McDonald's, Mr. Steinbrenner as a shipbuilder, Mr. Autry as Gene Autry, and so forth. In either case, it is hard not to believe that losses on the baseball side of a conglomerate ledger can make for handsome tax savings over on a different page. In addition, the value of a baseball franchise—the capital side of the business—goes up, too, no matter what a given team has done in recent years; the New York Mets, abysmal last-place finishers for the past three seasons, cost the Payson family less than two million dollars in 1962 and were sold to Doubleday & Co. for some twenty-one million dollars last winter.

Finally, it should be understood that in the opinion of a great many baseball people—including this sideline expert—the owners' idea of allowing a club that loses a free agent to tap the middle levels of the buying team's roster will effectively put an end to the entire free-agent process. Very few clubs—perhaps none—would risk adding a free-agent star if this meant losing a solid current pitcher or a great coming player from their farms, which is the kind of exchange this plan would come down to. Professional football has a similar *quid pro quo* built into its free-agent system, and the N.F.L. has had

"Here, without further ado . . ."

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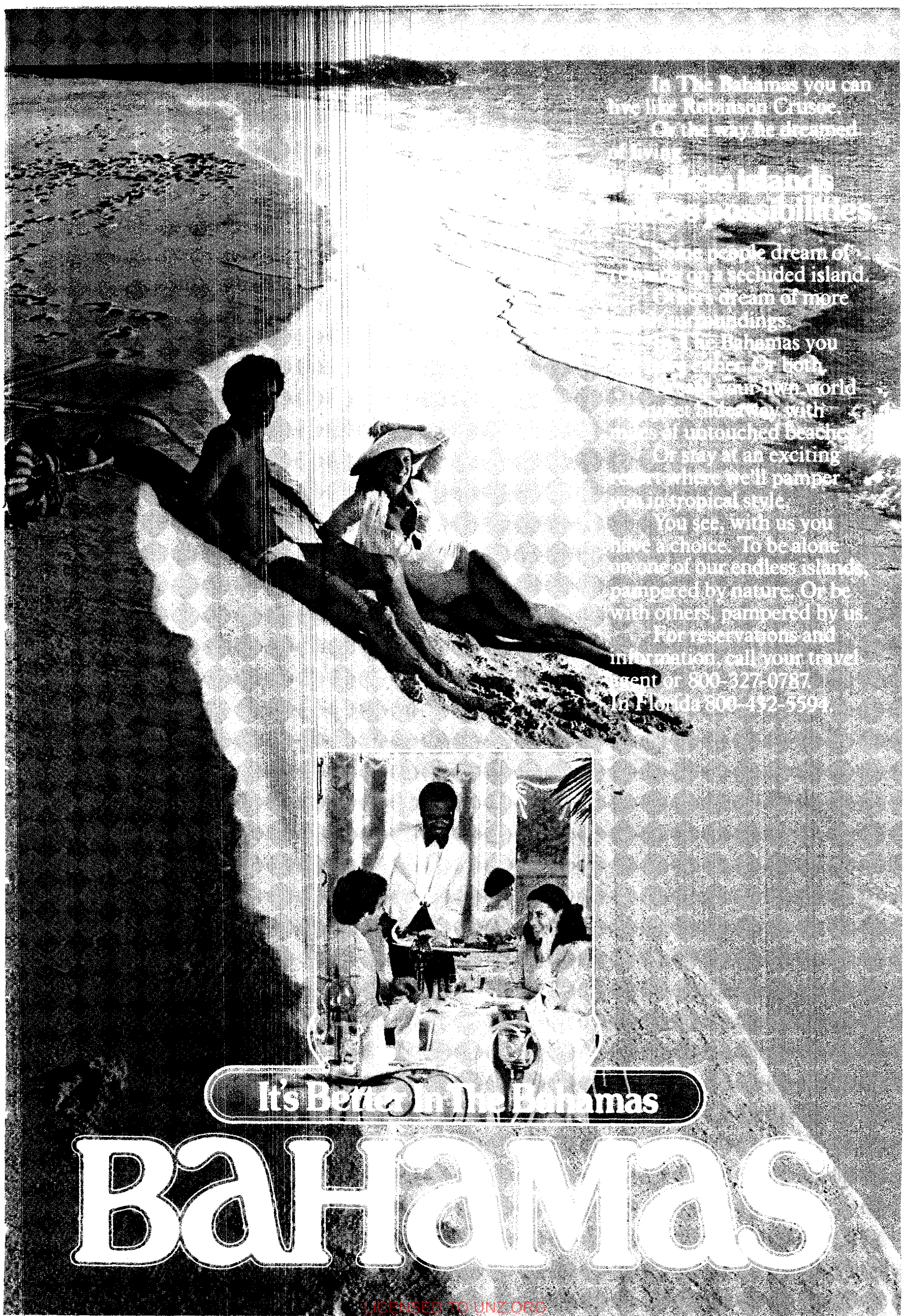
no significant signings of free agents since the rule went into effect. The baseball owners' offer does stipulate that only an owner who has lost a "prime" player—that is, a player for whom at least eight other clubs have said they intend to bid—can pick from the signing team's roster, but there is nothing in the proposal to prevent every club from making a token bid for each free agent from now on. The owners, it is plain, wish to turn back the clock. The players, for obvious reasons, refuse to give up the rights they have earned.

The emotions and hopes and darker reasonings that underlie all this are more interesting to think about, it seems to me, than the numbers and issues themselves. There has been a good deal of speculation in recent weeks that the owners now feel, publicly or privately, that they require some kind of "victory" over Marvin Miller, the quiet, efficient economist who has been the executive director of the Players' Association since 1966. Mr. Miller's understated manner and his signal achievements in court and at the bargaining table have sometimes appeared to offer an almost unfair contrast to the owners' blustery and perhaps obtuse approach to labor relations, but if a personal vendetta directed against him is their prime goad this time around, then they are even more masochistic than any of their critics have previously supposed. I believe, rather, that the owners have perceived a public state of mind that may permit them at last to close out the players as partners in and co-owners of their business (which is what free agency has come to); put some check on the uncontrolled bidding for free agents by a handful of irresponsible or greedy owners, which has knocked the salary structure askew; and restore baseball to the friendly, clublike enclave of sportsmen-nabobs that it remained throughout its first century. What the owners are counting on, I think, is a widespread public notion (one hears it every day on all sides: on the street and in bars-and-grills, in people's homes, in newspaper sports pages and letter columns, on radio and television) that baseball players—and other professional athletes—make too much money, that they are spoiled, greedy babies, and that the salary levels of their sport are wildly disproportionate to their skills. This attitude is so widely and vehemently expressed that it seems plain that the owners have already won the public-relations side of the struggle. It may even be that Mr. Grebey and some of the top executives of the game foresaw this as their prime weapon when they adopted their stiff-necked posture.

The idea that ballplayers earn too much money is not really an economic argument or a bargaining point, of course, but, rather, an emotional or ideological concept, and is thus fogged over with wishes and prejudices—the notion that too much money is bad for young people, that it sets a bad example for the rest of us, and, most of all, that there is something out of whack about giving all that loot to *athletes*. I agree utterly with the last point if it is in fact the owners' intention to take back Nolan Ryan's salary, along with that of his fellow boy capitalists, and give these millions of dollars to deserving schoolteachers, painters, philosophers, and medical students, and to the restoration of the old Pennsylvania Station and the preservation of the humpback whale. This is not their plan, alas; the "too much money" that the players have been earning is part of the owners' money, taken in at the gate and from the networks (which have just negotiated a new four-year, hundred-and-eighty-five-million-dollar contract with the clubs), and whatever the owners get back from the players they will keep for themselves or spend elsewhere, in baseball or in other enterprises. All this is ironic, and even entertaining, to think about (the greatest irony being that it is the spoiled, immature athletes who are being asked to agree to a plan that will rein in owners who are too improvident or impetuous to restrain themselves), but the damage that a long, angry strike could inflict on the game, and on the special feelings that so many of us hold about it, could be grievous indeed. It is the curious nature of this strange industry, or dream factory, that its laborers are not unseen riveters or fitters who piece together some shiny desirable item of merchandise. Rather, it is they themselves who are the product, and if that product is made to seem overpriced or of inferior quality, then the public may not always come back, money in hand, to buy these elusive and glittering wares once again.

Tom Seaver was talking about these issues and values not long ago in Tampa, a few days before the camps were shut down. "I don't understand the owners," he said. "Once again, I can't see what their motives are. If they can't make a profit with the baseball business the way it is, then when will they ever do it? I think they think they've been beaten. Baseball has come so far from the inequities of the old days that they can't help thinking they've lost, instead of thinking that it's someplace where we all *should* be. I believe they want this strike, but if the blame is put on us, the players—and we *are* being blamed—then the strike is going to cost us all a great deal of money and harm, maybe more than anybody can imagine now."

ONE day in Arizona, before an Indians-Cubs game at Mesa, I talked with Dave Garcia, the Cleveland manager, about the unusual number of wonderfully talented younger players I had begun to notice this spring—and, for that matter, over the last couple of seasons. Garcia, who for more



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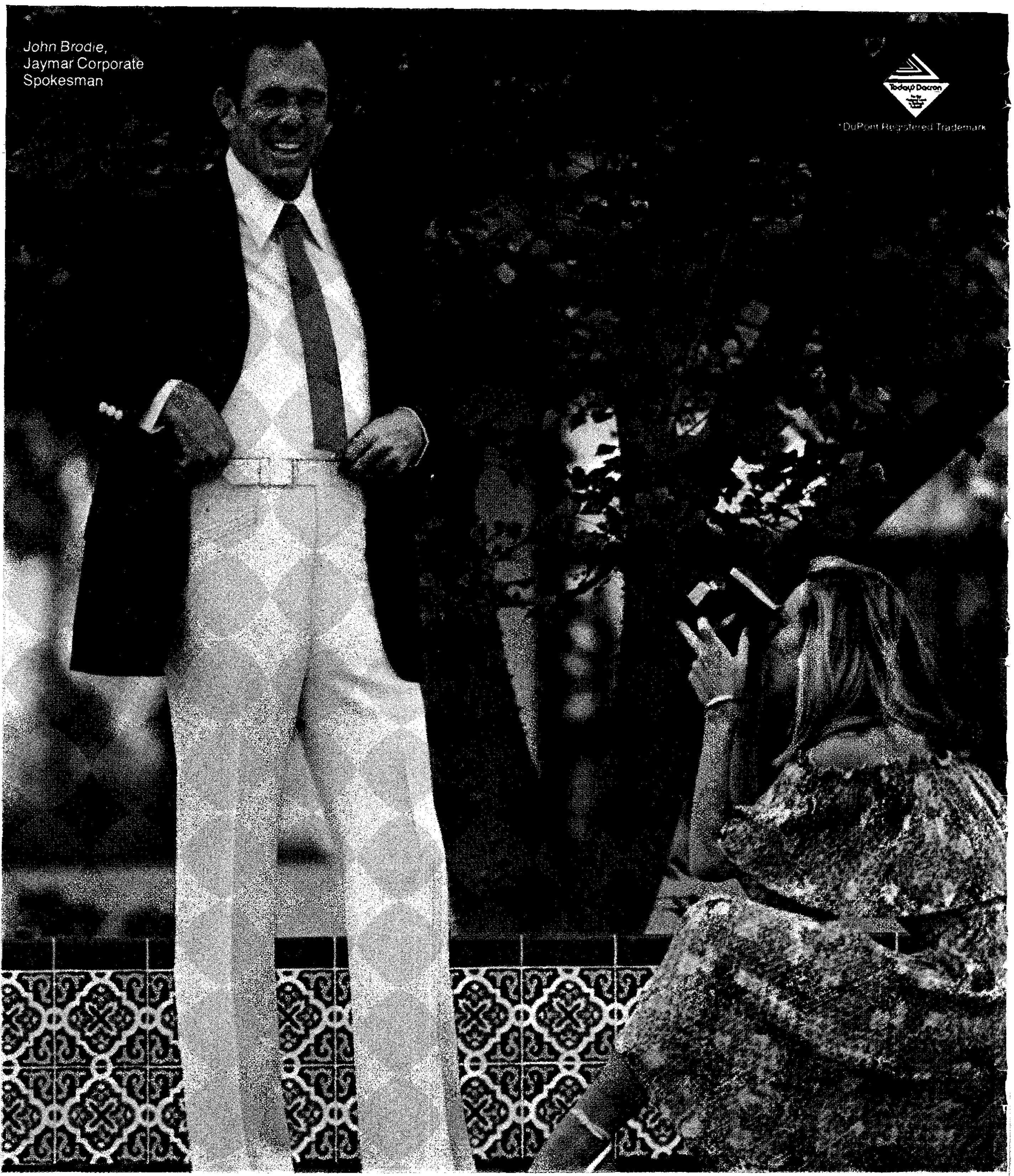
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ALASKA

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ARIZONA

All Stores — **Diamond's**

Mesa	**Broadway**
Mesa	**Camelot Sport Shop**
Mesa	**Goldwaters**
Mesa	**Hanny's**
Mesa	**Jalen's Big & Tall**
Mesa	**Le Sueurs**
Mesa	**Pomeroy's**
Nogales	**Bracker's**
Phoenix	**Broadway**
Phoenix	**Gentry**
Phoenix	**Goldwaters**
Phoenix	**Hanny's**
Phoenix	**Jalen's Big & Tall**
Phoenix	**J. Murphree Haberdashery**
Scottsdale	**Broadway**
Scottsdale	**Goldwaters**
Scottsdale	**Hanny's**
Scottsdale	**Lavin's**
Sun City	**Pomeroy's**
Sun City	**Quinn & Loe**
Tucson	**Dave Bloom & Sons**
Tucson	**Broadway**
Tucson	**Elliott's Big & Tall**
Tucson	**Goldwaters**
Tucson	**Jacomes**
Tucson	**Levy's**

ARKANSAS

All Stores — **Dillard's**

Blytheville	**Day's**
Clarksville	**Hall's Men's Wear**
Conway	**Ed Camps**
Fayetteville	**Boston Store**
Fayetteville	**Campbell-Bell**
Fayetteville	**The Mansize Shop**
Fayetteville	**Trumbo's**
Fayetteville	**Village Gap**
Forrest City	**Taylor Casbeer**
Ft. Smith	**Boston Store**
Ft. Smith	**The Mansize Shop**
Harrison	**Harrison House**
Hot Springs	**Schrader's**
Jonesboro	**Grisham's**
Little Rock	**Paul Bunyan**
Little Rock	**Philip's Men's Store**
Little Rock	**Rhynecliffe Men's Wear**
Magnolia	**Suit Shop**
Magnolia	**Talbot's**
Pine Bluff	**Campbell-Bell**
Rogers	**Campbell-Bell**
Rogers	**Dean's Men's Wear**
Russellville	**Cowan-Goodwin**
Texarkana	**Belk Jones**
Texarkana	**Collins & Williams**
West Memphis	**Saig's**

CALIFORNIA

All Stores — **Buffum's**
All Stores — **Bullock's**
All Stores — **Eagleson's**
All Stores — **Grodin's**
All Stores — **Harris & Frank**
All Stores — **Hastings**
All Stores — **Kauffman's**
All Stores — **Rochester Big & Tall**
All Stores — **Roos/Atkins**
All Stores — **Silverwoods**

Arcadia	**Bruno's**
Bakersfield	**Brock's Dept. Store**
Bakersfield	**Coffee's**
Buena Park	**Bob's Men's Shop**
Buena Park	**Slomann's Ltd.**
Calexico	**Casa Montano**
Campbell	**Berg's Private Stock**
Cerritos	**Mr. Big**
Concord	**Daskalos Bros.**
Concord	**Lion's Den for Big & Tall**
Danville	**Cambridge Shop**
El Centro	**Geo. Harris, Inc.**
El Centro	**Samaha's**
Escondido	**Ken Roberts**
Fresno	**Atlas Big & Tall**
Fresno	**Coffee's**
Fresno	**Ralph Cross**
Fresno	**Gottschalk's**
Fresno	**Walter Smith**
Glendale	**Bruno's**
Hemet	**Dattilo From Italy**
Hollywood	**Mr. Big**
Indio	**Bob Williams**
Laguna Hills	**Kings For Men**
Lodi	**The Toggery**
Los Altos	**Lion's Den For Big & Tall**
Los Angeles	**The Sport Shop**
Merced	**Steven's Men's Wear**
Modesto	**Walter Smith**
Monterey	**Charmak & Chandler**
Mountain View	**Palm Plaza Yorkshire**
Oakdale	**Abrusley's**
Oakland	**Alder's**
Oakland	**Lion's Den For Big & Tall**
Oxnard	**Singer's Big & Tall**
Palm Desert	**Desert Golf Wear**
Palm Desert	**Hales**
Palm Desert	**Al Stutz**
Palm Springs	**Gerry Maloof's**
Palm Springs	**Nelson Oasis**
Palm Springs	**Robert, Ltd.**
Roseville	**Paul Wagner**
Sacramento	**Bonney & Gordon**
San Bernardino	**Big Guys**
San Diego	**Jacobson's**
San Diego	**Laufer's Big & Tall**
San Diego	**Lion Clothing Co.**
San Diego	**Mr. Big**
San Diego	**Rancho Bernardo**
San Francisco	**Lion's Den For Big & Tall**
San Jose	**Berg's Private Stock**
San Jose	**Eli Thomas**
San Leandro	**Josef Duran Ltd.**
Santa Ana	**King's King Size**
Santa Ana	**Sussman Bros.**
Santa Barbara	**The Big & Tall Gent**
Santa Barbara	**Singer's Big & Tall**
Santa Monica	**Campbell's**
Santa Rosa	**Lion's Lair**
Santa Rosa	**Rosenberg's**
Sherman Oaks	**Mr. Big**
South Lake Tahoe	**The Outdoorsman**
Thousand Oaks	**Singer's Big & Tall**
Tulare	**Safarjan's**
Vallejo	**Raymond's**
Visalia	**Coffee's**
Woodland	**Charlie's The Men's Store**

COLORADO

All Stores — **Jerry Leonard**

Colorado Springs	**Broadmoor Men's Shop**
Colorado Springs	**Gentlemen's Quarter**
Colorado Springs	**The Regiment**
Denver	**Cottrell's**
Denver	**Joslin's**
Denver	**Kaufman's**
Englewood	**K-G Men's**

HAWAII

Honolulu	**Andrade**
Honolulu	**Kramer's Big N Tall**
Honolulu	**McInerny**
Honolulu	**R. Sutherland**
Maui	**Kramer's Big N Tall**

IDAHO

Boise	**Alexander's**
Boise	**Riley's**
Nampa	**Howard Nafziger's**

IOWA

Ankeny	**Dave's Apparel**
Bettendorf	**Lord Cumberland's Clothiers**
Burlington	**Palace Clothiers**
Cedar Falls	**Palace Clothiers**
Cedar Rapids	**Armstrongs**
Cedar Rapids	**Holley's**
Cedar Rapids	**Younkers**
Clarinda	**Livingston Clo.**
Council Bluffs	**Iowa Clothes Shop**
Davenport	**Mosenfelder's**
Davenport	**Younkers**
Des Moines	**Brandeis**
Des Moines	**Dave's Apparel**
Des Moines	**Frankel's**
Des Moines	**Kucharos**
Des Moines	**Younkers**
Ft. Dodge	**Charles A. Brown**
Keokuk	**Palace Clothiers**
Knoxville	**Weaver's Men's Wear**
Mason City	**St. Clair Starks**
Muscatine	**Mosenfelder's**
Okoboji	**Green's**
Ottumwa	**Weaver's Men's Wear**
Sioux City	**The Black Knight**
Sioux City	**Moreys-Raymonds**
Sioux City	**Rehan's Big & Tall**
Sioux City	**Younkers**
Waterloo	**Palace Clothiers**

KANSAS

All Stores — **Calhoun's**

Belleville	**Troman's**
Beloit	**James Clo.**
Cimarron	**Nicolet's**
Coffeyville	**Weinberg's Western Wear**
Colby	**His Shop**
Dodge City	**Burke's Country Squire**
Dodge City	**Long's**
Dodge City	**Ruby's For Kingly Men**
Dodge City	**Turners**
El Dorado	**Lasaters**
Emporia	**Harry Ropfogel's**
Garden City	**Ray Mayo's Men's Wear**
Goodland	**Mr. Jim's-His Shop**
Great Bend	**Brentwood Ltd.**
Great Bend	**West Ltd.**
Hays	**The Village Shop**
Henton	**Toev's**
Kansas City	**Sheperd's**
Leavenworth	**Toffler's**
Liberal	**Kelly's Men's Wear**
Manhattan	**Borck Bros.**
Manhattan	**West Ltd.**
McPherson	**Morris & Son**
Norton	**Browne's**
Oakley	**Curiosity Shop "His"**
Olathe	**Gentlemen's Quarter**
Overland Park	**Louis Barry**
Overland Park	**Mailliards**
Overland Park	**J.P. Todds**
Prairie Village	**Keleher Ltd.**
Pratt	**Bolen's Men's Wear**
Salina	**Smith's Clothing Co.**
Salina	**West Ltd.**
Scott City	**Scott City His Shop**
Smith Center	**The Other Place**
Topeka	**Ray Beers**
Topeka	**Cunningham-Shields**
Topeka	**Spencers**
Wichita	**Beuttel's**
Wichita	**Dillard's**
Wichita	**Jerry Leonard**

LOUISIANA

Alexandria	**Caplan's**
Bastrop	**Larry's**
Baton Rouge	**Arthur's**
Baton Rouge	**Cohn-Turner Co.**
Baton Rouge	**Four Corners**
Baton Rouge	**Todd Garland & Co.**
Baton Rouge	**Goudchaux's**
Baton Rouge	**McLavy & Easterly**
Baton Rouge	**The Varsity Shop**
Bogalusa	**Berenson's**
Bossier City	**Pope's**
De Ridder	**Standard Mercantile**
Houma	**Gentlemen's Corner**
Houma	**Godchaux's**
Houma	**Earl Williams**
Jennings	**Granger's**
Jennings	**Ivan's**
Lafayette	**Abdalla's**
Lafayette	**Gaidry's**
Lafayette	**Goudchaux's**
Lafayette	**Emile Joseph's**
Lafayette	**Selber Bros.**
Lake Charles	**Gaidry's**
Lake Charles	**Love's**
Luling	**Mr. G's Gentlemen's Fashions**
Monroe	**Haddad's**
Monroe	**Selber Bros.**
Monroe	**The Toggery**
Morgan City	**Du Ral's**
Natchitoches	**Caplan's**
New Iberia	**Abdalla's**
New Iberia	**Broussard's**
New Orleans	**D'Avanti**
New Orleans	**Gemelli's**
New Orleans	**Godchaux's**
New Orleans	**Hesse's Sportswear**
New Orleans	**D. H. Holmes Ltd.**
New Orleans	**Krauss Co. Ltd.**
New Orleans	**M. Ponce Inc.**
New Orleans	**Rubenstein Bros.**
New Orleans	**Zoller's**
Opelousas	**Abdalla's**
Ruston	**Lewis & Co.**
Shreveport	**Jordan & Booth**
Shreveport	**Male Shop**
Shreveport	**Selber Bros.**
Sidell	**Beall's**
Sulphur	**John's & Jerree's**
Thibodaux	**Johnny's**

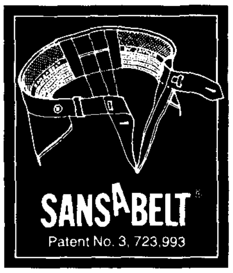
MINNESOTA

All Stores — **Jerry Leonard**

Duluth	**M & K**
Hibbing	**M & K**
Minneapolis	**Brown Clo.**
Minneapolis	**Cy's Men's Wear**
Minneapolis	**Eklund Clo.**
Minneapolis	**Liemandt's**
Minneapolis	**Young Quinlin**
Moorhead	**Northport Clo.**
Rochester	**Hanny's**
St. Paul	**Liemandt's**
Virginia	**M & K**
Worthington	**Leutholds**

MISSOURI

Blue Springs	**Davison's**
Branson	**Mans Land**
Camdenton	**Spence Clothing**
Cape Girardeau	**Howard's**
Chillicothe	**Livingston Clo.**
Independence	**Jerry Leonard**
Independence	**Peter's Custom Tailoring**
Jefferson City	**Thomas Jefferson's**
Joplin	**Clarke's**
Joplin	**The Closet**
Joplin	**Newman's**
Joplin	**Rice's**
Kansas City	**Mailliards**
Kansas City	**Michaels**
Kansas City	**President Shop**
Kansas City	**Stix, Baer & Fuller**
Kansas City	**J.P. Todds**
Kennett	**James Kahn Dept. Store**
Kirksville	**Mister Jim's**
Lebanon	**Clark's Men's Wear**
Lees Summit	**Browning Bros.**
Maryville	**Livingston Clo.**
Nevada	**Edmiston's**
Sedalia	**Weller's Men's Wear**
St. Louis	**Aronson's**
St. Louis	**Big Men's Shops**
St. Louis	**Boyd's**
St. Louis	**Famous-Barr**
St. Louis	**Napoli Men's Wear**
St. Louis	**Stix, Baer & Fuller**
St. Louis	**Wolff's Clothiers**
Springfield	**Bus's Inc.**
Springfield	**Cole's**
Springfield	**Dillard's**
Springfield	**Freeman's**
Springfield	**Heer's**
Springfield	**Marx Clo. Co.**
Springfield	**Newman's**
Springfield	**Ed V. Williams**



MONTANA

Butte	**Thomas' Inc.**
Great Falls	**Kaufman's**
Missoula	**Kaufman's**

NEBRASKA

Grand Island	**Brandeis**
Grand Island	**Greenbergers**
Hastings	**Magee's**
Lincoln	**Magee's**
Lincoln	**Ben Simon's**
Norfolk	**The Man's Place**
Omaha	**Brandeis**
Omaha	**Landon's**
Omaha	**Jerry Leonard**
Omaha	**Magee's**
Omaha	**Ben Simon's**
Omaha	**Younkers**

NEVADA

Las Vegas	**Broadway**
Las Vegas	**Diamond's**
Las Vegas	**Grodin's**
Las Vegas	**Harris & Frank**
Las Vegas	**Schwartz Bros. Big & Tall**
Las Vegas	**Silverwoods**
Las Vegas	**Stan's**
Reno	**Ace's Big & Tall**
Reno	**Grodin's**
Reno	**Kauffman's**
Reno	**Roos/Atkins**

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque	**Goldwaters**
Albuquerque	**Henry's**
Albuquerque	**Jalen's Big & Tall**
Albuquerque	**Mr. Casual**
Albuquerque	**Stromberg's**
Artesia	**Collin Gerrells**
Carlsbad	**Collin Gerrells**
Clovis	**Town & Country**
Farmington	**Nygren's**
Hobbs	**B & J Clothiers**

NORTH DAKOTA

All Stores — **Straus Co.**

Fargo	**Northport Clo.**

OKLAHOMA

All Stores — **Dillard's**
All Stores — **Napoleon Nash's**

Ada	**Black's Men's & Boys' Wear**
Altus	**Surrey Shop**
Ardmore	**Agnew & Smartt**
Ardmore	**Harper's Men's Wear**
Bartlesville	**Dan's Men's & Boys' Shop**
Blackwell	**Gary Hulse Men's Wear**
Chickasha	**Hicks-Crutcher**
Duncan	**Ben & Ray's**
Edmond	**S. K. McCall Co.**
Frederick	**Johnny's Men's Wear**
Guymon	**D & J Store**
Norman	**Harry Hoelscher**
Oklahoma City	**J. A. Brown**
Oklahoma City	**Clarke's**
Oklahoma City	**Cutchalls**
Oklahoma City	**Hyroop's**
Oklahoma City	**Man's Worlds-J.R. Dickey's**
Oklahoma City	**Mr. Dales**
Oklahoma City	**Newman's**
Oklahoma City	**Pierce's Men's Fashions**
Oklahoma City	**Rothschilds**
Purcell	**Hicks-Crutcher**
Stillwater	**Bates Bros.**
Stillwater	**Gary Hulse Men's Wear**
Tulsa	**J. A. Brown**
Tulsa	**Clarke's**
Tulsa	**Harrington's**
Tulsa	**Hyroop's**
Tulsa	**Read's Dept. Store**
Tulsa	**Topper's**
Weatherford	**Hutto's**
Wewoka	**Norman's**
Woodward	**Ken's Haberdashery**
Woodward	**Star Model, Inc.**

OREGON

Eugene	**Baxter & Henning**
Eugene	**Prager's/High & Mighty**
Grants Pass	**Kauffman's**
Portland	**Prager's/High & Mighty**
Portland	**Sizes Unlimited**

SOUTH DAKOTA

Huron	**Hedblom's**
Rapid City	**Seeley's**
Sioux Falls	**Norman's**
Sioux Falls	**Weatherwax**
Sioux Falls	**Younkers**

TEXAS

All Stores — **Dillard's**
All Stores — **Frank's Kingsize Clo.**

Abilene	**Big & Tall Men's Shop**
Abilene	**F & S Clothiers**
Abilene	**Grissom's**
Abilene	**The Man's Shop**
Abilene	**S & Q Clothiers**
Alice	**Stickler's**
Amarillo	**The Brogue**
Amarillo	**Canterfield Shop**
Amarillo	**Coat Clothiers**
Amarillo	**Colbert's-Harry Holland**
Amarillo	**Kevin Francis Clothier**
Amarillo	**His & Hers Accessories**
Andrews	**Parker's Menswear**
Arlington	**Monnig's Dept. Store**
Arlington	**Watson's Dept. Store**
Arlington	**Eddie William's**
Austin	**Clyde Campbell's**
Austin	**Clift's**
Austin	**Foley's**
Austin	**Joske's**
Austin	**MacDougal's**
Austin	**Slax**
Bay City	**Sir's**
Baytown	**Mister B's**
Beaumont	**Hoffer's**
Beaumont	**Butch Hoffer**
Beaumont	**Joske's**
Beaumont	**The White House**
Beaumont	**George Wilsons**
Beeville	**H & S Clothiers**
Beeville	**Hall's**
Bellaire	**Benjamin's**
Big Spring	**Gibbs & Weeks**
Borger	**The Hub Clothiers**
Bowie	**Jim's Men's Specialty Shop**
Brownfield	**Collin's Dept. Store**
Brownsville	**Europa Men's Fashions**
Brownsville	**J & O Men's Wear**
Brownsville	**Le Baron's**
Brownsville	**Mr. John's**
Brownsville	**Perl Bros.**
Brownsville	**Topsi's**
Brownwood	**Ernest Morris**
Bryan	**The Gentleman's Quarters**
Canyon	**The Cart Wheel**
Cleburne	**Twaddell's**
Coleman	**Ray Don's Man's Shop**
Conroe	**Cochran's Man's Shop**
Corpus Christi	**S & Q Clothier**
Corpus Christi	**Sarman's**
Corpus Christi	**The Sportsman Center**
Corpus Christi	**Winsteads'**
Corsicana	**Harris & Jacobs**
Corsicana	**Morgan-Jones**
Dalhart	**Choice's Men's Wear**
Dallas	**Clyde Campbell's**
Dallas	**Dad & Lad's**
Dallas	**L. O. Hammons**
Dallas	**Hyroop's**
Dallas	**Irby-Mayes**
Dallas	**Joske's**
Dallas	**Murray's**
Dallas	**Sanger-Harris**
Dallas	**Tall-E-Ho**
Dallas	**Topper's**
Dallas	**James K. Wilson**
Denison	**L. O. Hammons**
Denison	**Lilley's**
Denison	**Brian Powell**
Denton	**Bomar's**
Dimmitt	**Cobb-Rice, Inc.**
Dumas	**Aldrich's**
Edinburg	**Brumley's Store For Men**
El Campo	**R. B. Dept. Store**
El Paso	**Union Fashion**
Ft. Worth	**Clyde Campbell's**
Ft. Worth	**R. E. Cox & Co.**
Ft. Worth	**Craig's King Size**
Ft. Worth	**David's Kingsize Clothes**
Ft. Worth	**A. Davis & Co.**
Ft. Worth	**L.O. Hammons**
Ft. Worth	**Jack Howard Men's Wear**
Ft. Worth	**Monnig's Dept. Store**
Ft. Worth	**The Stag Shop**
Ft. Worth	**Striplings**
Ft. Worth	**Tall-E-Ho**
Gainesville	**Manhattan Clothiers**
Galveston	**Schwartz's**
Gatesville	**Leaird's Dept. Store**
Graham	**Morrison's Men's & Boys'**
Grand Prairie	**Watson's**
Greenville	**L. O. Hammons, Inc.**
Groves	**Dryden's**
Harlingen	**The Man's Shop**
Harlingen	**The Sportsman**
Henderson	**Earl's Men's Shop**
Hereford	**The Brogue**
Hereford	**Gaston's**
Houston	**Bilao's**
Houston	**Craig's**
Houston	**Dudley's Men's Wear**
Houston	**Floyd's**
Houston	**Foley's**
Houston	**Fulmer-Fritsche**
Houston	**Harold's**
Houston	**Hyroop's**
Houston	**Joske's**
Houston	**Kasper's Men's Wear**
Houston	**Norton Ditto**
Houston	**Walter Pye's**
Houston	**Rodney's**
Houston	**Rountree-Williams**
Houston	**Zindler's**
Humble	**Priddy's Men's Wear**
Huntsville	**The Collegiate Corner**
Hurst	**Watson's**
Irving	**Paul's Clothing**
Jacksboro	**Ed's Clothes Shop**
Jacksonville	**Ron Moore's Man's Shop**
Kerrville	**Wolfmueller's**
Kilgore	**Hurwitz Man's Shop**
Lake Jackson	**Joske's**
Lamesa	**Collin's Dept. Store**
Laredo	**Joe Brand**
Levelland	**Tipp's**
Littlefield	**Ware's Inc.**
Longview	**Hurwitz Man's Shop**
Longview	**Selber Bros.**
Longview	**The Sport**
Longview	**Terrie's Timeless Fashions**
Longview	**Turpie Slade Men's Wear**
Lubbock	**Dunlap's**
Lubbock	**Hemphill-Wells**
Lubbock	**Latham's**
Lubbock	**Reed's**
Lubbock	**S & Q Clothiers**
Lufkin	**Blackstock's**
McAllen	**Baum's Men's Wear**
McAllen	**Joe Brand**
McAllen	**Christopher's**
McAllen	**Ken's Shop For Men**
McAllen	**Le Baron's**
McAllen	**The Man's Shop**
McAllen	**Mike's Man Shop**
McAllen	**The Squire Shop**
McAllen	**Valley Mercantile**
Mesquite	**Bill Wolfgang Sr.**
Mexia	**Stagg Shop**
Midland	**Grammer-Murphey**
Midland	**Ray's Big & Tall**
Midland	**S & Q Clothiers**
Mineola	**Collin's**
Monahans	**Benham's**
Muleshoe	**St. Clair's**
Nacogdoches	**Jimmie Simms**
Odessa	**Dunlap's**
Odessa	**English Tweeds**
Odessa	**Jim's Tall & Big Man's Shop**
Odessa	**Melvin's Clothiers**
Odessa	**The Model Shop**
Odessa	**Quicksilver Co.**
Orange	**Griffin's**
Overton	**Hodge's Man's Shop**
Pampa	**Brown-Freeman**
Pampa	**Kevin Francis Clothier**
Pampa	**Saied's**
Paris	**L. O. Hammons**
Pasadena	**Bernard's Men's World**
Pasadena	**Nolan's Men's Wear**
Pecos	**William's Dept. Store**
Perryton	**Saied's**
Plainview	**Gabriel's**
Plainview	**Ken's Man's Shop**
Plainview	**Marse & Son**
Richardson	**Dad & Lad's**
Robstown	**Lieberman's**
Rockport	**The Sea Chest**
Rosenberg	**His Closet**
San Angelo	**Beall's Dept. Store**
San Angelo	**Crowder's Men's Wear**
San Angelo	**Gabriel's**
San Angelo	**Hemphill-Wells**
San Angelo	**Mr. Sam's**
San Angelo	**Tindall's**
San Antonio	**Paul Bruner's**
San Antonio	**Duffy T's King Size**
San Antonio	**Frank Bros.**
San Antonio	**Joseph's**
San Antonio	**Joske's**
San Antonio	**Penner's**
San Antonio	**Pate's Men's Wear**
San Antonio	**Pincus Company**
San Antonio	**Sid Robbins**
San Antonio	**Satel's**
San Antonio	**Todd's**
Sherman	**The Gentry**
Sherman	**Jaco's**
Sherman	**Lilley's**
Temple	**Daniel's**
Texarkana	**Belk Jones**
Texarkana	**Collins & Williams**
Texas City	**Phelp's Men's Shop**
Tyler	**Hurwitz Man's Shop**
Tyler	**J. Massad's**
Tyler	**Selber Bros.**
Vernon	**Clayton's**
Victoria	**Melvin's**
Waco	**Cox's**
Waco	**Goldstein-Migel**
Waco	**Holt's**
Waco	**MacDougal's**
Weatherford	**George's**
Weatherford	**George's Man's Shop**
Wichita Falls	**McClurkan's Inc.**
Wichita Falls	**Muehlberger's**
Wichita Falls	**S & Q Clothiers**
Woodlands	**The Man's Shop**

UTAH

Salt Lake City	**Castleton's**
Salt Lake City	**Dahle's Big & Tall**
Salt Lake City	**Arthur Frank**

WASHINGTON

Aberdeen	**Waugh's**
Burien	**Continental Tailoring**
Lynnwood	**Prager's/High & Mighty**
Seattle	**Prager's/High & Mighty**
Seattle	**Pacific's Big & Tall**
Tri Cities	**S.L. Sterling**
Vancouver	**Prager's/High & Mighty**
Yakima	**Lee Semon**

WYOMING

Casper	**Rich's**
Casper	**Ruckman's**
Casper	**Woods For Men**

MEXICO

Mexico City	**Camiseria Todo**

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Where fashion and comfort is always in style.

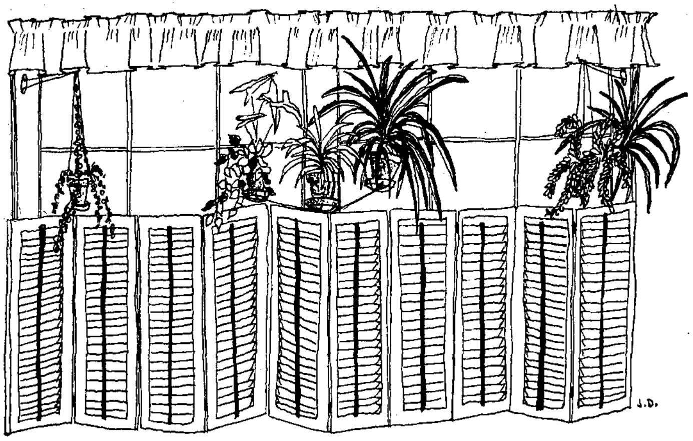
than twenty years was an infielder and then a manager in baseball outposts like Oshkosh, Sioux City, and Danville, later coached for the Padres and the Angels, and then managed the Angels in 1977 and 1978. Last year, he brought the Indians home one game over the .500 level—something of a feat for a sixth-place club. He is cheerful and garrulous, with twinkling eyes, a hooked nose, and a large Adam's apple, somehow suggesting a New England grocer in looks and manner.

"I went about five years without seeing any American League games, but when I joined the Angels I began to notice that a change had come over the two leagues," he said. "The National League had all the best of it for a long time, you know—maybe because they signed so many of the great black ballplayers when they first came into the game—but I think more of the real good young players have been coming into the American League in the past five years. I'm not saying they don't play good ball over there, and we all know who won that World Series last fall, but *we* have the Rices and the Lynns and Ken Singleton and that young Eddie Murray. The Tigers' double-play combination of Whitaker and Trammell is *outstanding*, and I don't think anybody has a better defensive outfielder than our Rick Manning. Then there's the Brewers' Paul Molitor, who reminds me of a young Alvin Dark or a Dick Groat—that kind of infielder. He isn't a great infielder yet, but don't forget he's just beginning, and he's an aggressive sort of hitter, and he runs well, and he knows this game. And that Carney Lansford, with the Angels—well, he's going to be a superstar, that's all. George Brett, Gorman Thomas, Steve Kemp—those are pretty good ballplayers, it seems to me. Everybody puts too much emphasis on the All-Star Game"—the National League has won the last eight All-Star Games—"but that's just an exhibition, just one game, and quality takes longer than that to show itself. It may be dumb of me to say so, but I think this American League East division is the toughest bunch of teams we've had in one league in a long time. Two years ago, I thought there were four teams who could have beaten the Dodgers in the World Series. The Yankees got to do it, but the Red Sox or the Orioles or the Brewers could have got the job done, too."

Garcia and I were sitting on folding chairs beside the Indians' dugout, and a terrific noonday Arizona sun was slowly frying us, like a side order of tortillas. Garcia got rid of a little tobacco juice and recocked his cap over his eyes. "The great thing about baseball," he went on, "is that so much of winning is your state of mind and your pitching. I remember when I was with the Padres back there, and we'd go to play the Cincinnati Reds, who were league champions, you know, and a great team. You'd look down their lineup and figure there was just no *way* we could take a game from them. But if Clay Kirby was in form for us, we'd go in and win a series from them, as often as not. If a couple of your pitchers are going good, you can have the worst team in baseball and still go in and beat the best. That doesn't happen in any other sport. People are always talking about the special things in this game—no clock on the field, and all that—but what makes it really special is that there's always somebody out there, the pitcher or somebody else, who's trying to keep you from doing something in the game. He's trying to keep you from getting on base, or from hitting the ball, or from moving up a runner—and it's always happening right in plain sight. They don't let you get started, and you're going crazy trying to plan how to make it happen. It's all visible, every part of it. Which makes it nothing like football, for one thing."

Garcia said that he had once attended a National Football League exhibition game in San Diego with his friend Don Zimmer, who manages the Red Sox. "Zim *loves* football," Garcia said, giving me his crinkly, V-shaped smile, "and before the game started—it was the Chargers and the Cardinals, I think—I said, 'Zim, I'll tell you what. I got this piece of paper here, and I'm going to keep score.' He said, 'Hell, Dave, there ain't no way to keep score in football,' and I said, 'Well, if a wide receiver is out in the open on the field, and the passer hits him on the hands with the ball and he drops it, isn't that an error?' Zim said yes, he guessed so, and I said, 'All right, now it's the same thing, only this time the passer throws the ball five yards over his head. Isn't *that* an error?' And Zim said sure it was. So I said, 'What about missed open-field tackles, and what about the blockers opening a big hole in the line and the runner running someplace else and getting nailed for a loss?' And Zim said, 'Hell, yes—all errors.' Well, sir, I watched and kept score, and when the game was over I counted up, and there was *twenty-eight* clear errors on my piece of paper. I showed it to Zim, and he said, 'God *damn!* And that doesn't even count all the errors they made there in the line, where you can't see what's happening.' So don't anybody try to tell *me* which is the harder game to play."

OVER the winter, I almost managed to forget about the abominable plague of man-size leaping chickens, clownish parrots, waltzing orioles, animated baseballs, and other, less identifiable cuddly or comical creatures with protruding tongues or fuzzy feelers that cavorted in the aisles and on dugout roofs or sometimes out on the field at so many ballparks last year, supposedly diverting us all from the horrid possibility of experiencing a moment of boredom or lassitude during the pauses of baseball, which once seemed to constitute the musical rests in the symphony of the game. I was jolted out of my amnesia at Municipal Stadium in Phoenix one afternoon by a depressing bush-league apparition dressed in green-and-yellow velours or cheesecloth who held up a sign plugging a local radio station and then postured briefly in the front row while depicting, in vivid mime, either a cricket or a carrot. The sounds and sights of big-city baseball are beginning to suburbanize the rural charms of spring training, especially in Florida, where teams like the Tigers now play country music over their loudspeakers between innings. One warm afternoon at Tempe Diablo Stadium, in Arizona, where the Mariners play in the spring, I suddenly looked up from my score-



The diamond solitaire.

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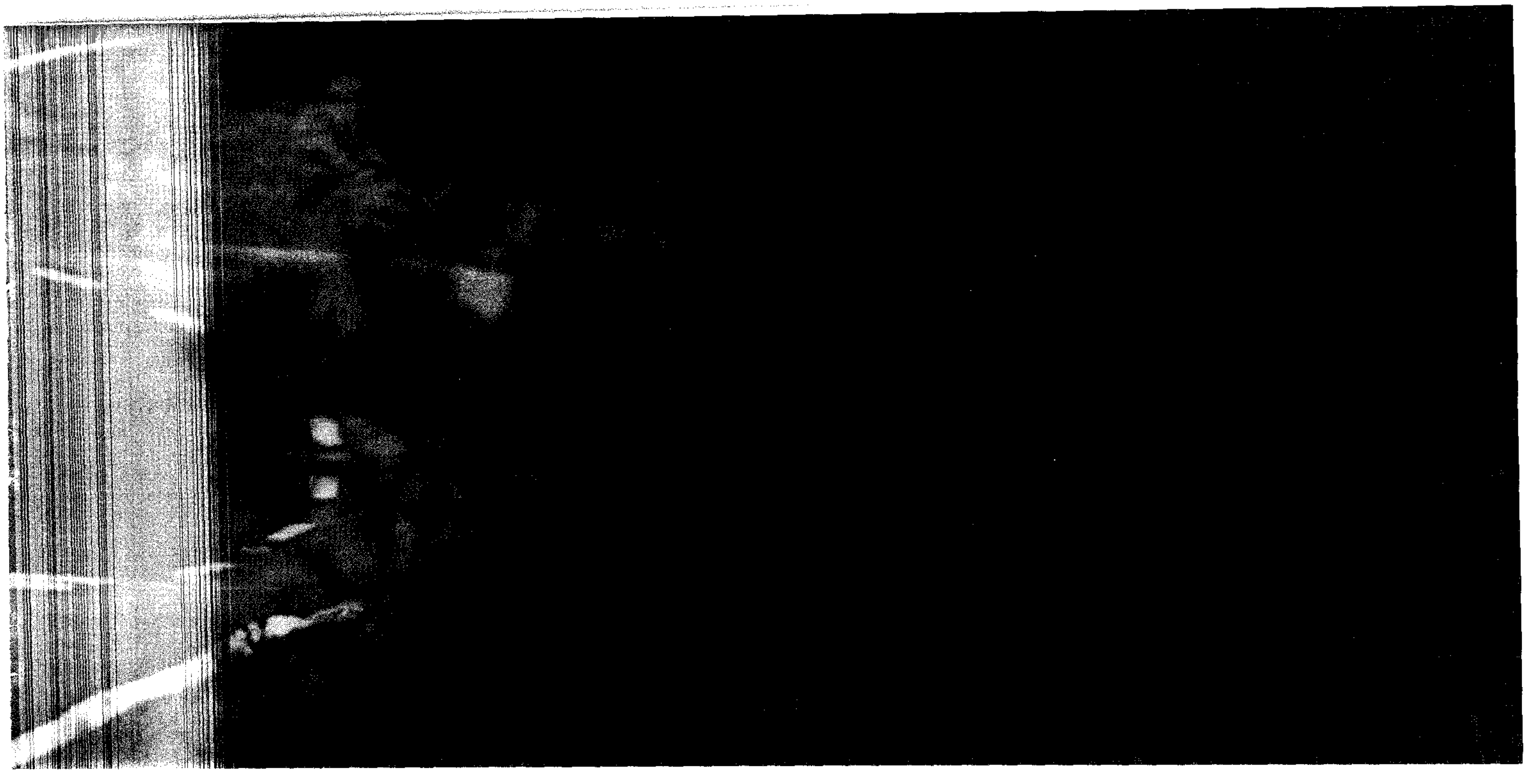
One single diamond.
Set simply and elegantly, to sparkle on its own.
The diamond solitaire.
A jewel that becomes more precious with
every passing year.
The gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The 1¼ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. De Beers.

MEETING THE DEMANDS OF SOCIETY IS NO EXCUSE FOR BUILDING A BORING CAR.



[illegible] ccepts the dismal prophe[illegible] manating from the autom[illegible] mmunity, it appears we are [illegible] ed to suffer a generation o[illegible] ughly boring automobiles.

Cars so utterly debilitated by societal necessities, safety regulations and anti-pollution paraphernalia that they no longer will be the least bit interesting to drive.

There is, however, one rather encouraging note of optimism.

All this doomsaying neglects to take into account the obsessive determination of the engineers at BMW in Munich, Germany to build extraordinary automobiles.

Against all odds, the BMW 528i not only satisfies the laws of the land and the demands of the gas tank, it does so without ever once violating our conviction that extraordinary performance is the one rational justification for owning an expensive car.

FEW CARS PERFORMED THIS WELL BEFORE POLLUTION CONTROLS.

Expensive luxury sedans have never received great kudos for their capacity to perform with efficiency and agility.

Quite the contrary. "Expensive sedans," writes Car and Driver magazine, "tend to ride like pillows when you cruise them and squeal like pigs when you push them."

A bit caustic perhaps. But, an analysis that makes the performance statistics of the BMW 528i seem all the more remarkable.

Round a particularly hair-raising curve and the legendary BMW suspension system—independent on all four wheels—flexes with a resiliency that makes one feel as if the car were built into the roadway. A sensation that results from highly advanced suspension technology and the virtually perfect integration of man and machine.

Press the accelerator and the 528i's fuel-injected, 2.8-liter, overhead cam engine responds in a manner that can only be described as exhilarating—even by pre-pollution control standards.

Yet, the 528i (with standard transmission) delivers ☐18☐ EPA estimated mpg, 30 estimated highway mileage and, based on these figures, an estimated mpg range of ☐295☐ miles and a highway range of 492 miles.

(Naturally, our fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage and range may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage and highway range will most likely be lower.)

And, curious as it may seem, the BMW 528i is the only luxury "sports" sedan in its price class that offers a surgically precise five-speed manual gearbox as standard equipment (automatic is available of course).

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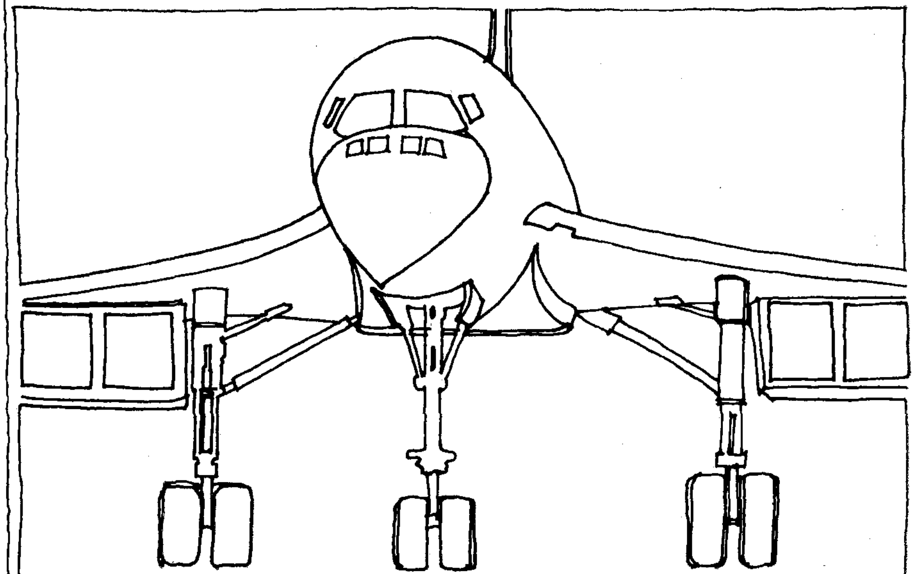
card and notebook and began searching the field and the bullpens and the dugouts with some anxiety, stricken with the notion that I had just missed something. I couldn't figure it out. Then it came to me: nothing was happening. The action on the field had halted—a change of innings or a change of pitchers, I forget which—and for a moment there was no shouting or clapping in the stands. No organ played, and no Dixieland band. No dancing chickens, no commercials on the scoreboard. In the distance, beyond the left-field fence, three or four young couples were lying out on blankets, motionless on the side of a mesa, catching the sun, and off to my right, too far away to be heard, some big cross-country rigs slid silently across the landscape on the Interstate, on their way to Phoenix or Tucson. Now and then, you could hear the flap and stir of the flags moving in the breeze above the scoreboard in right field; the only other noise was the sound of people talking and laughing quietly in the stands, taking in a ballgame in the sun. It startled me there for a second.

Players are what you go to watch in the spring; teams don't begin to emerge until summer. Still, the sense of a team rising or, more often, slipping sometimes breaks through the exuberance and wishful optimism of the training camps, and you get a glimmering of what the coming season is going to be like for it. The Giants, for instance, looked dour and flat in Phoenix last month, in sharp contrast to their demeanor last spring, when they were coming off a strong third-place finish in their division and everyone was talking pennant. But last year the Giants went bad almost from the start—most of all their pitching staff, whose earned-run average skidded from third-best in the league to eleventh (from 3.30 to 4.16 runs per game)—and the team finished fourth in the National League West, nineteen and a half games behind the division-winning Reds. The various causes of the collapse—the painful proud silence of Willie McCovey, sadly but inevitably benched at last by age; the stubbornness of Vida Blue, the club's ace left-handed fireballer, who persisted in tinkering with off-speed pitches while his E.R.A. ballooned to five runs per game; the disgruntlement of second baseman Bill Madlock, who complained so persistently and vehemently about the team's management and morale that he was traded off to the Pirates, where he helped win a pennant—were still being murmured about this year. "Vida got off his pattern, and then we



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kind of drifted apart," a member of the team told me. "It was awful. *We* were awful. We took turns blaming the manager"—Joe Altobelli, who was replaced in September by Dave Bristol—"and the pitching coach and the ownership, but when this sort of thing happens there's never anybody to blame but the players themselves. As you may have heard, we ended up blaming the press. There were guys on the team last summer who actually believed that the writers were rooting against us."

I *had* heard this, and I was depressed to discover in Phoenix that Vida Blue and John Montefusco, a right-handed starter, had already announced that they would not speak to the team's reporters this season (Blue subsequently relented a bit, making it known that he proposed to snub only one San Francisco journalist—a reporter whom he once threatened to "blow away" last summer.) I saw Montefusco and Blue work a few innings each in a game against the Mariners, in which they both pitched well; Art Spander, a columnist for the San Francisco *Examiner*, writing about the game the next day, referred to the two pitchers only as "the right-hander" and "the left-hander." Paranoia about sportswriters is on the rise in several major-league clubhouses, and Phillies pitcher Steve Carlton, the Cubs' slugger Dave Kingman, and outfielder George Hendrick, of the Cardinals, are stars who have more or less permanently broken off diplomatic relations with the press. Such churlishness brings to mind the bad-tempered Jerry Grote, an excellent catcher with the Mets for many years (he retired in the fall of 1978, after two closing seasons with the Dodgers), who habitually sneered at and foully reviled members of the New York press who had written less than rave notices of his work in a given game. Then, early in a season near the end of his tenure, it was observed that Grote was trying to be a tad more lovable and sweetly forgiving in his demeanor toward the same writers, at least to the point of no longer addressing them with homosexual or incestuous epithets. One columnist, making note of this unexpected sociability, wrote, "Why is Jerry Grote saying hello when it's time to say goodbye?"—a line first coined, about another player in another time, by the late Frank Graham.

The Mariners, on the other hand, looked better. The Seattle expansion club, which has suffered a drop in attendance every year in its three-year history and has never lost fewer than ninety-five games, is said to be experi-

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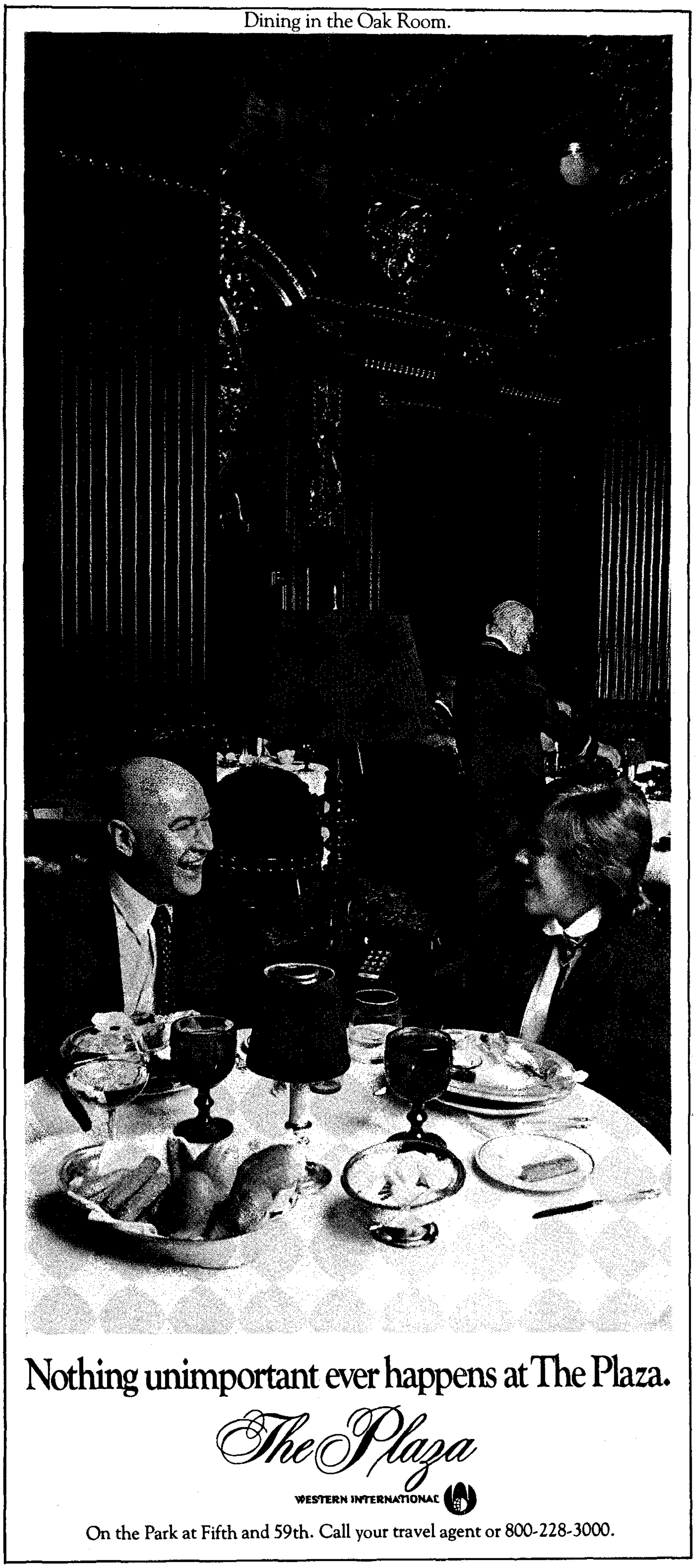
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encing some financial strain, but better times are clearly on the way. This summer, the club will play in the outfield a twenty-two-year-old switch-hitting phenom named Rodney Craig, who is the first home-grown product of the Mariners' farm system to make it to the majors—where he will be at home for years, by the look of him. Another, and perhaps even better, prospect is Dave Henderson, an outfielder said to have formidable power and a wonderful arm, who is still perhaps a year away. And in 1982, according to the present reckoning of the Mariner coaches, fans in the Kingdome should get their first long look at a catcher named Orlando Mercado, who, at eighteen, is already being fervently described as the next Johnny Bench. Young teams are fun to watch, but no one on the Mariners is more entertaining than Willie Horton, the club's designated hitter and senior statesman. Horton is thirty-six now, and his increasingly senatorial embonpoint, when viewed—as I have viewed it—at widely spaced intervals, gives the curious impression that his head is shrinking. Lately, he has adopted a unique, forward-toppling, Leaning Tower of Pisa batting stance, which he checks, just short of demolition, as the pitch is delivered. Last year, Willie whacked twenty-nine homers and drove in a hundred and six runs—pretty good work for a monument. (Horton, by the way, has seven children, and two of his sons have the same name—Darryl I and Darryl II. Trivia fans would love to see them in the same starting lineup someday.)

In a game against the Angels at Tempe Diablo, Seattle's best young right-hander, Mike Parrott, was gruesomely shelled in a three-inning outing, giving up eight hits and five runs and some scary line-drive outs, but the Mariners, with two out in the ninth, suddenly rallied for a pair of runs, and won it by 6–5. The play of the day was by Julio Cruz, the Seattle second baseman, who in the fourth fielded a ground ball hit far to his right, became airborne just beyond second base, and, whirling and throwing in a single motion, dispatched the batter at first. Cruz, I have begun to notice, often makes the play of the day.

The most intently watched club in Arizona this year was the worst—Charlie Finley's threadbare Oakland A's, who finished last in the American League West and attracted only 306,763 customers all season. (Six hundred and fifty-three patrons came through the turnstiles to watch them play a game against the Mariners last April.) The 1980 A's don't look much better than the 1979 A's, but their new manager is Billy Martin, the twice-removed Yankee skipper, who was asked to turn in his pinstripes (for good, one may assume) by Yankee owner George Steinbrenner during the off-season, after becoming embroiled in a barroom fistfight with a marshmallow salesman. Billy *redivivus*, in green-and-gold habiliments, attracted swarms of reporters to the A's field at Scottsdale every day, and, as I quickly discovered during some conversations with his players, he had instantly infused the tatterdemalion A's with an almost unrecognizable emotion: hope. "He's not projecting a winner two or three years from now," infielder Wayne Gross said, in awe-struck tones. "He wants it now." A couple of young outfielders told me that they had learned more about baseball from Billy in the past four weeks than they had previously picked up in their entire professional careers. Matt Keough, a handsome, thoughtful young pitcher who somehow lost fourteen games in a row for the A's last summer, explained why he believed the new manager would make such a difference. "We're going to be a reflection of Billy Martin a little," he said. "We're going to have more class and a little more fighter to us. He's created an intensity here we've never had. That can change everything, if you think about it. If you can get rid of the first mistake that leads to the second mistake, then you've broken the whole chain of bad baseball. A pitcher walks a guy, let's say, because he's being too fine—he's had some errors behind him, and he isn't confident about what will happen if somebody hits the ball. There's the first mistake. Now you have a situation where the infielders are tucked around second base, and then there's a hit-and-run and somebody doesn't hold his position, so the ball goes through, and then you've got first and third, instead of what should have been the second out of the inning. Then there's a base hit, and it's a rally. You can't give big-league teams many runs that way and hope to win. We've been last in fielding ever since I've been here, and other teams play against us figuring that we're going to make some kind of mistake in the seventh or eighth inning, letting them back into the ballgame. But now it's going to be the other way around. If we're ahead, or even close, late in the game, the other teams are going to feel the pressure, because of Billy and his strategy. If we can hold them until

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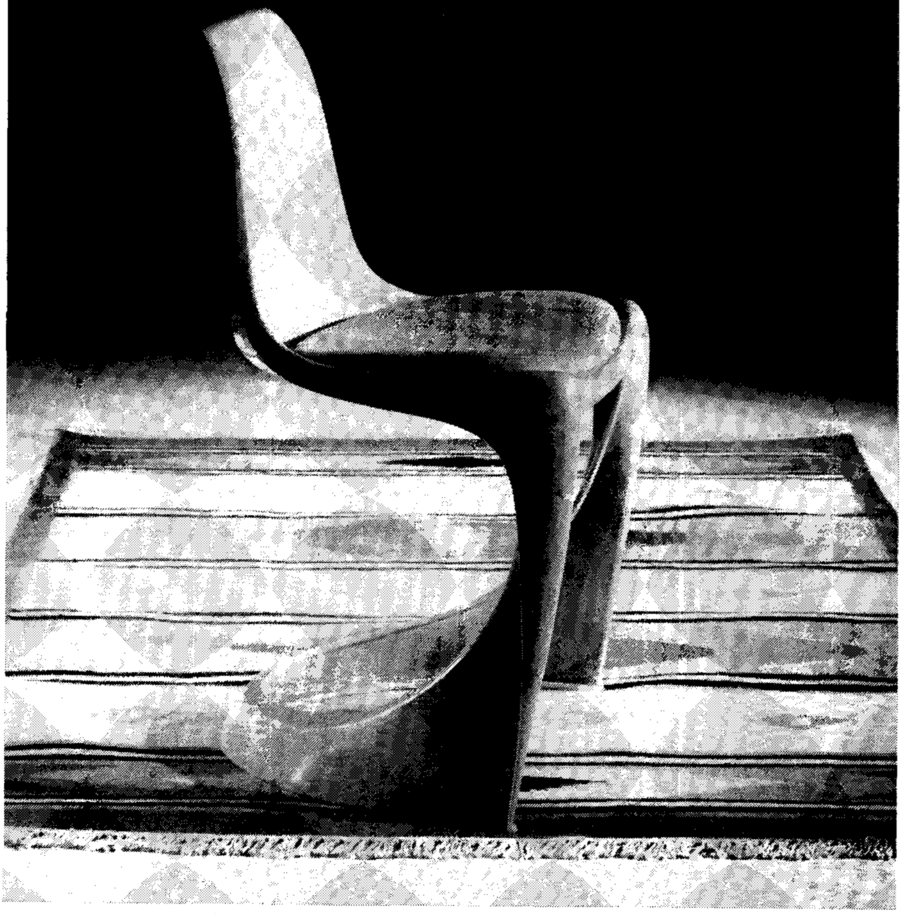

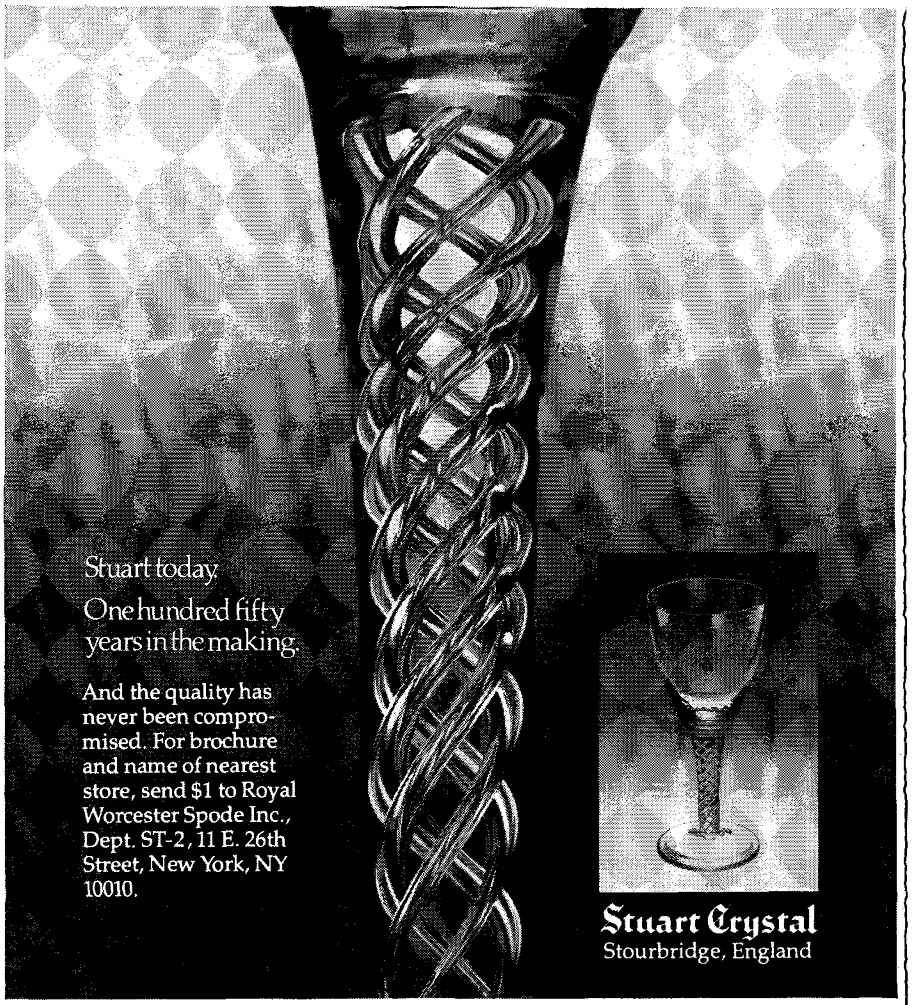

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the eighth, Billy will think of something. Wait and see."

Billy, in his office, looked unchanged—the same cold eyes, hollow cheeks, and thin, apache-dancer's mustache. He is fifty-one years old, but he still has an infielder's body; his hands are large, with long fingers. He often bites the corners of his fingernails as he talks. He speaks in a quiet, low voice, almost a monotone.

"Managing takes a lot out of you," he said during one of his morning levees. "You can be so high one day, and so down the next that you don't want to eat. There's so much to explain, and it's hard to get things across. I go over something in my mind before I talk to a player—I'll go over it twenty or thirty times, rehearsing it, so I'll do it the right way when I talk to that player. You don't want to hurt his feelings or his pride. You don't want to show him up, so you wait until later and then tell him what went wrong. Players are different now from when I came up. Back then, nobody challenged authority or asked questions. Now they all want to know why, and I like that. Every young player wants to learn. 'Show me.' 'Teach me.'

"We've been working a lot on our defense, in order to help our young pitchers. We've made a lot of mistakes—you wouldn't *believe* the things we've done wrong: missing signals, everything. But we're working on things—relays and pickoffs, bunts, hit-and-runs, the suicide squeeze. Hitting the cutoff man, backing up throws in different situations—all the fundamentals. It's all got to be automatic by the time the season starts."

Somebody asked Martin the obligatory question: How did it feel to be managing the A's instead of the Yankees?

"With each club, you have to figure your personnel, and you manage at that level," he said. "Each club you go to, you change your style. Here I'm molding. When I managed at Detroit, there was a lot of ability and some good older players, and I had to break up cliques. In Minnesota, they had great talent, so it was more a question of working on finesse. Texas was like this club, with a lot of young arms and inexperience. When I went to the Yankees, I had to throw the freeloaders out of the clubhouse and stop the country-club atmosphere."

But what about the fame and attention that come to anyone managing the Yankees, another writer asked. What about his pride in that job? Didn't he miss it all?

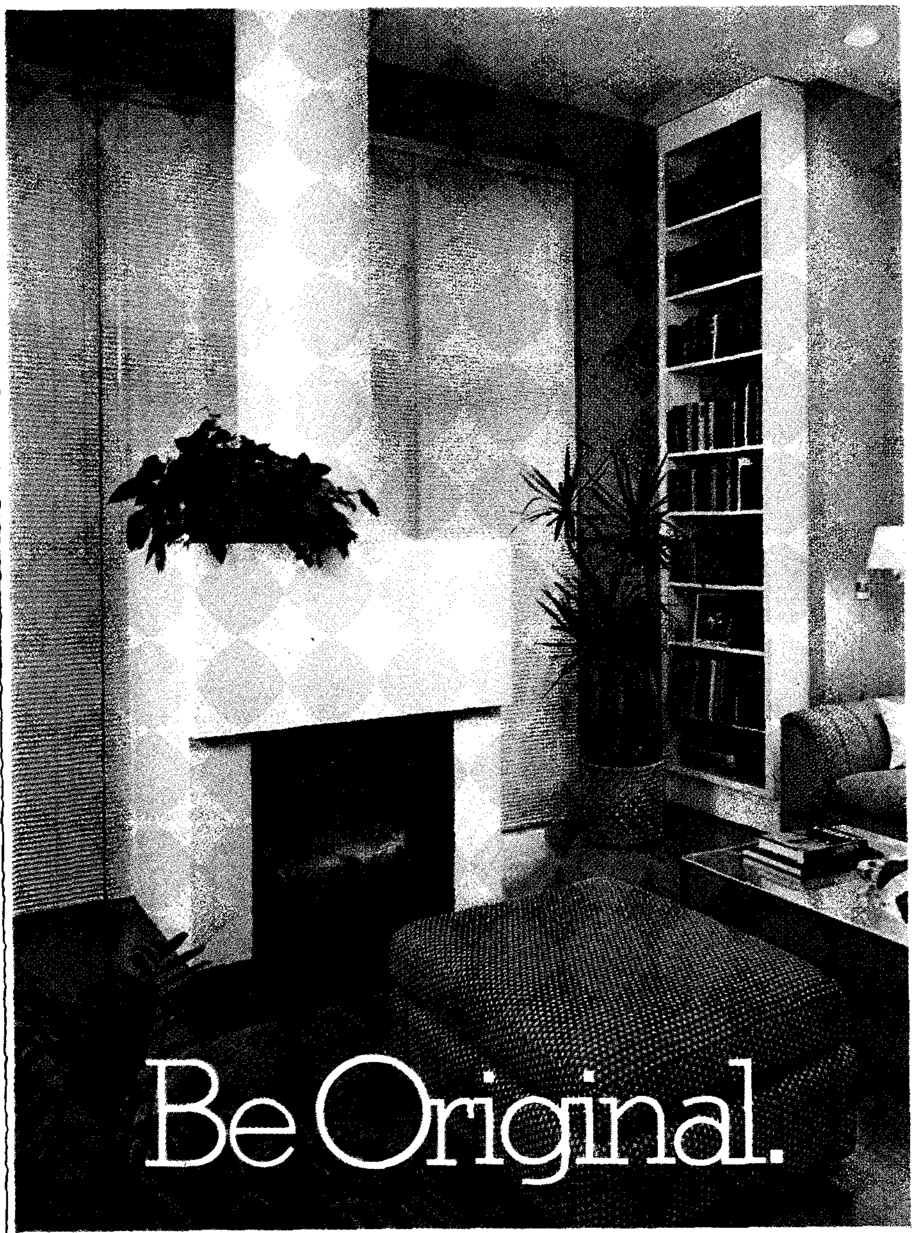
"I don't care about the credit," Martin said. "I never cared about that." His voice was lower and flatter, and there was a whispery tone to it. "I don't care about being fired. I've been fired when I was winning, so I got nothing to lose here. I don't worry about that. There's something called petty jealousy. If you start to win, there can be people above you sometimes who want to take credit for what you've done, so they begin to step in and interfere."

Did he mean George Steinbrenner?

"No, not him," Martin said. "George and I get along fine. We're friends. Not George—other people. Figure it out for yourself. I don't want to talk about it."

Figuring out Billy Martin is a little beyond me. I think he is a great manager at times, but managing doesn't always seem to satisfy him. Perhaps nothing satisfies him. This spring in Scottsdale, he looked gaunt with hunger, or something like hunger. He looked like a man with a fever. I hope he lasts out the season—Charlie Finley is a notoriously impatient employer. I hope it for Billy's sake, but even more for his young ballplayers'. If they lose Billy Martin, or lose faith in him, it will be a very long summer out there by the Bay.

EVERY newly appointed manager of a struggling ball team announces, "We're going back to fundamentals," while players on fallen championship teams or disappointed contenders often confess, "We forgot our fundamentals." Brushing up on the basic techniques and tactics of the game is part of what spring training is all about, of course, but anyone who has watched practice at most spring parks becomes aware of an inordinate number of players who appear to be lounging around the batting cage while they await their turn to hit, or standing in cheerful, neighborly clusters in the outfield while they shag flies. In truth, the "training" at many spring-training camps is largely confined to batting practice and getting the pitchers' arms ready, and any further instruction that is offered is conducted in casual, almost slovenly fashion. "I've always been amazed by this," a ten-year veteran pitcher, with service in both leagues, said to me. "I've never seen any signs of a unified system of baseball in any club I've been with. On most teams, there's sort of a religious hierarchy that keeps a big-league manager or a big-league player from ever saying anything to a minor-league player. What-



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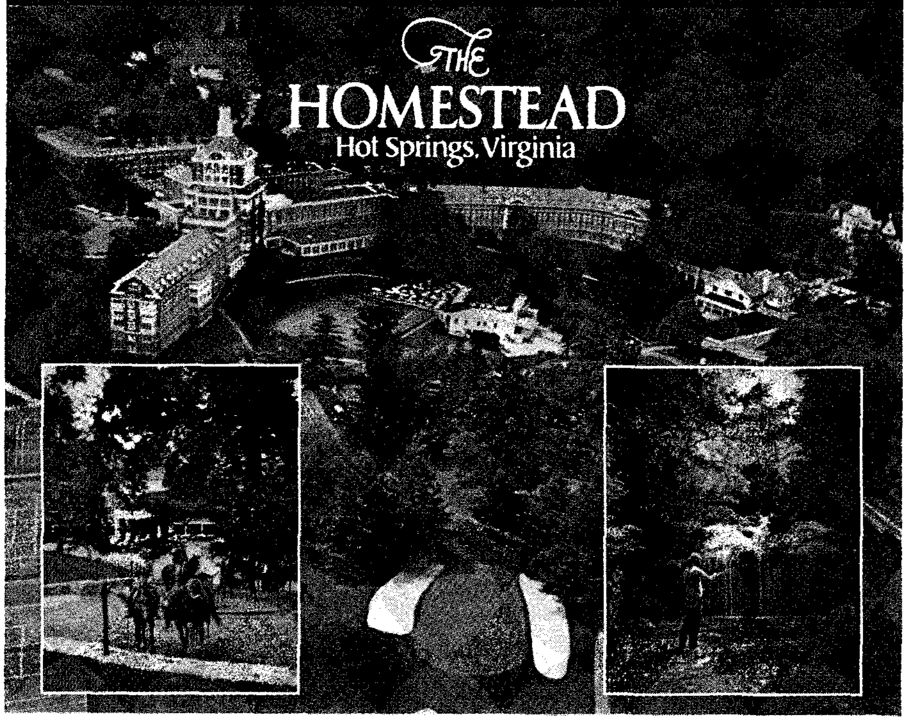

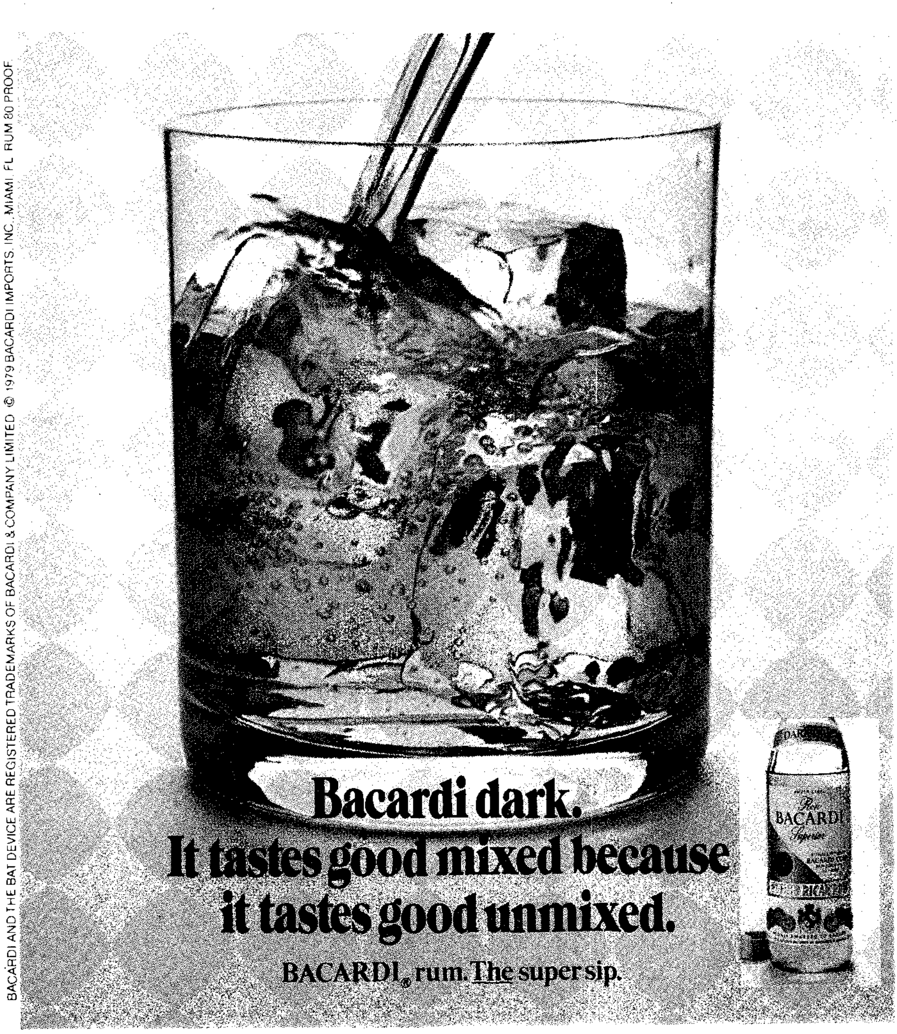
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ever a rookie is meant to learn is taught like tribal wisdom, which can only be handed along by word of mouth. What happens is that the manager talks to the coaches, and then they pass the word along, like disciples. It's discouraging."

This player, I should add, never saw service with the Baltimore Orioles, an organization that for more than a decade has seen to it that every technique and tactic of the game is taught and pursued in exactly the same fashion at every level of its structure. The Orioles' emphasis on correct baseball—never missing a cutoff man, never giving the other team an undeserved base or an extra out, and so forth—is taught at the infamously repetitious and wearisome (to players) early-spring drills at the Baltimore camp. ("So dull, so dull!" cried Jim Palmer, quoted in an excellent story by Thomas Boswell in the Washington *Post.* "I hate the cursed Oriole fundamentals. . . . I've been doing them since 1964. I do them in my sleep. I *hate* spring training.") The Oriole system accounts for the team's visibly sparkling, heads-up style of daily play and, to a large degree, for its great success since the mid-sixties, during which span the Orioles have won more games than any other team in the majors, usually while fielding players who are less celebrated and perhaps less talented than those of most of their prime rivals. The Orioles' consistency and zeal are also attributable to the longevity of their coaching personnel—their manager, Earl Weaver, has held the post for a dozen seasons, longer than any other contemporary skipper—and to a famous instruction manual that is distributed to and presumably memorized by every coach and player in the Baltimore organization.

A club now pursuing a similar tradition of precise baseball pedagogy is the Milwaukee Brewers, whose techniques and philosophy are contained in a thickly packed hundred-and-ten-page manual. This volume—I have a copy—begins with a brief hortatory preface by Ray Poitevint, the Brewers' director of scouting and player development, who was once a scout with the Orioles, and its publisher, in effect, is Harry Dalton, the Brewers' executive vice-president and general manager, who was vice-president in charge of player personnel with the Orioles in the late nineteen-sixties and early nineteen-seventies. A third imprimatur on the volume is probably that of the Brewers' manager, George Bamberger, who was formerly the Orioles' pitching coach. The Brewers' manual, it is my conviction, is a legitimate variant edition or adaptation of the Orioles' textbook, which means only that common sense and good baseball are on the rise in some corners of the game.

The manual makes vivid and absorbing reading, for it breaks down and explicates almost all the broad physical movements, the minute technical adjustments, the offensive and defensive patterns, and the easy or convoluted strategies of the sport. It contains lists of players' responsibilities categorized by position; reminders about the basics of the game; corrective drills; dos and don'ts of running and throwing and hitting; and mottoes, essays, photographs, and tactical diagrams. I think that a major-league player looking through the book for the first time might be startled at the variety and number of difficult and subtle maneuvers that he has somehow mastered in his lifetime in the game, while a fan—*this* fan, at least—is alternately flattered to find how much baseball he knows already and embarrassed about how much he has overlooked or never understood. The book includes some of Lary Sorensen's tips to the West Side Little Leaguers ("Keep your tail low at all times" is Instruction No. 13 of "Starting Points for Proper Fielding"), but it goes on a bit from there. On page 14, we learn (and somehow understand at once) that pressure on the middle finger will help a pitcher's curveball, and that "pitchers having curveball trouble should throw to hitters having trouble hitting curveballs" in batting practice. Among thirty-six basic hitting fundamentals, on page 33, we might note No. 17: "Don't stand in someone else's footmarks"—in the batter's box, that is. And also No. 28: "When hitting the ball to the opposite field, hit down on the ball," and No. 34: "Hit with top hand and roll wrist." With the aid of such tips, we should get on base in no time, where we will make use of the eighteen numbered items governing our lead off first base (page 39), and later—with a little help from the next batters—of the seven pointers on leading off second base and the five pointers on tagging up after a fly ball. We should stay on our toes out there on the base paths, however, because page 36 lists, in three long, extremely detailed paragraphs, the three basic pickoff plays, including the play called by the catcher which is signalled first by an infielder to the catcher (telling him that a man is taking an excessive lead out there) and then by the catcher to the pitcher (us-

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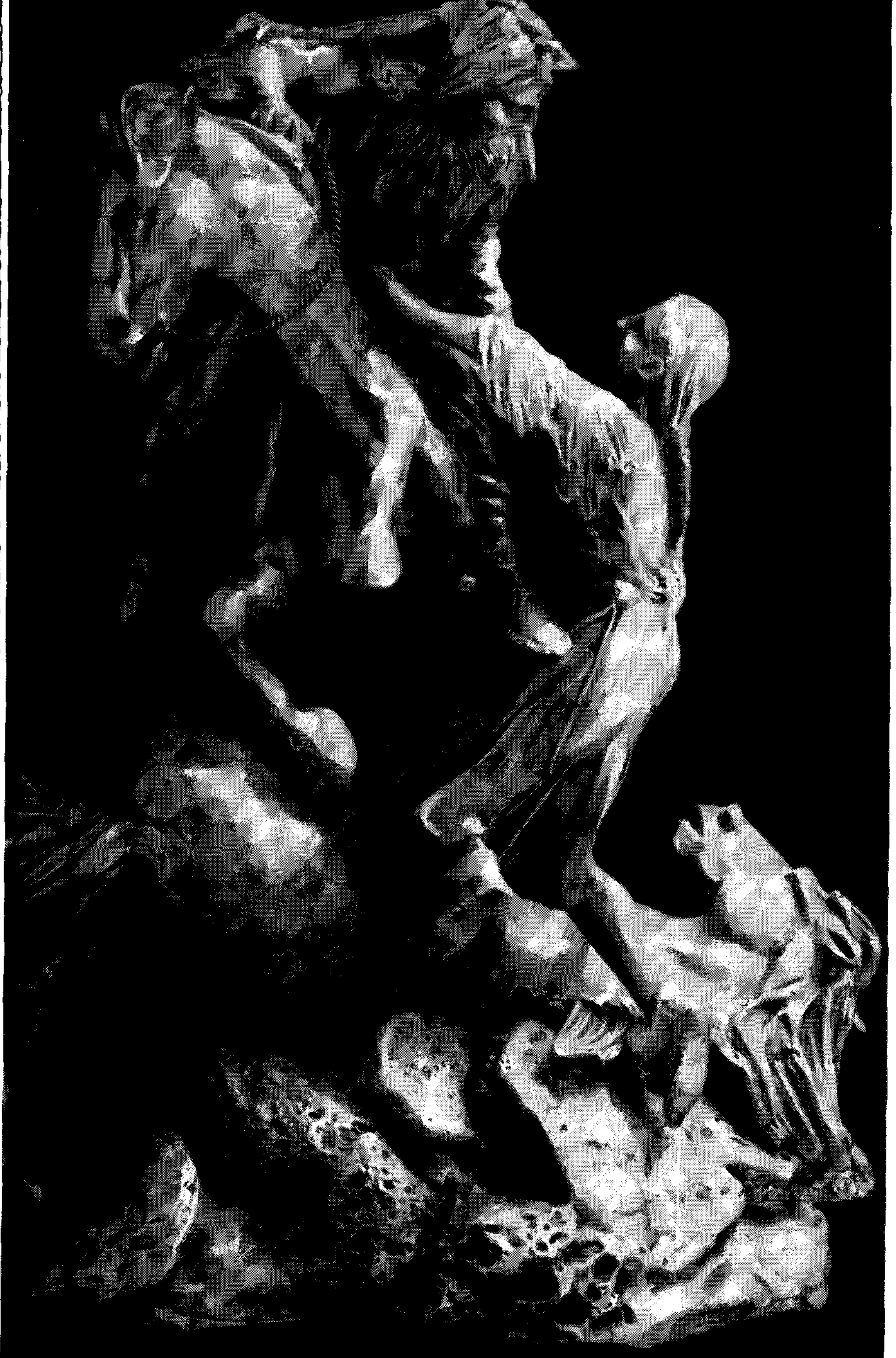

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ing fingers to indicate which base the play is to go to and which infielder is going to cover second), and is begun at the instant that the pitcher and the infielders see the catcher unclench his right fist, which is resting on his right knee.

Knowledgeable fans groan when somebody misses the cutoff man in the infield with a peg from the outfield, but perhaps not every one of them has wondered how many different cutoff situations can occur in a game; the book diagrams twenty-three of them, and adds three further alignments of infielders, covering pop fouls to the catcher, short flies hit behind first base, and passed balls and wild pitches. Cutoff assignments are listed for each position. For the first baseman, for instance, we find:

> *On all base hits and fly-ball scoring* situations to right and centerfield, you are the cutoff man, except for three situations:
>
> a. Situation #17—Single to right field between 1st and 2nd basemen with runner on 2nd base.
>
> b. Situation #19—Single to right field between 1st and 2nd basemen with runners on 1st and 2nd.
>
> c. Situation #23—Double, possible triple, down right-field line with runner on 1st base.
>
> When 1st base is occupied, you are the cutoff man on *all extra-base hits* except Situation #23, when you are a trailer.
>
> When the 3rd baseman dives for the ball and cannot receive to be the cutoff man, you become the cutoff man—Situation #4.

The "situations" are delineated in field diagrams, showing the flight of the ball and the responsive movements of the runners and fielders. Situation #18—a single to right, with men on first or second, or on first, second, and third—offers strategic as well as tactical advice: "ALWAYS keep tying or winning run from going to 3rd with less than two out. Give the opposing team two runs to keep the tying run at 2nd base in this situation."

Like most worthwhile advice, all this looks simple and self-explanatory once it has been laid out. This is also the case with the manual's remarkable extended essay on catching, written by a coach named Jerry Weinstein:

> The ball must be met in the strike zone, not received and taken away from the plate. The pitch is more of a strike the closer it is caught to the plate; it is less of a strike the farther away it is caught. In catching the ball, the glove frames the perimeter of the strike zone on close pitches. The ball on the inside corner to a right-handed hitter should be caught with the glove facing into the plate, as opposed to . . . facing the pitcher. If the inside pitch is caught with the glove facing the pitcher, the umpire views the majority of the glove outside the strike zone, whereas if on the inside-corner pitch the glove is facing into the plate, the umpire can see the ball and see that the ball is on the corner.

There is much more of this—how to position the glove for low pitches, outside-corner pitches, high pitches, and so on—but the purpose of these techniques (somewhat to my surprise) is not to deceive the home-plate umpire but to assist him in calling a strike that really *is* a strike. "Any time a ball is dropped," the text murmurs as an aside, "the umpire's tendency is to call it a ball."

As Dave Garcia pointed out, one of the wonders of baseball is that every aspect of the game is visible, but another wonder, I know now, is how much of it we can watch, summer after summer, and never see at all.

THE umpires, who were on strike for higher wages last spring, worked the spring games as usual this year, but some of them appeared to be feeling a mite irritable for the pre-season, when games are customarily conducted in a lighthearted, almost offhand fashion. In a contest between the Cubs and the Angels, a National League ump named Jim Quick tossed Rod Carew out of the game for an infinitesimal glance or murmur over a called strike—a rare happening for a famous hitter like Carew. When the teams changed sides a minute or two later, Quick suddenly ejected Carew's celebrated teammate Don Baylor for a comment offered on the previous penalty. Then the Angels' manager, Jim Fregosi, who took further exception to *Quick v. Carew et al.*, got the heave-ho as well. The next day, some players with the Brewers asked Baylor about the incident, and Baylor, laughing, said, "I don't know what-all happened. I asked Quick why he was running me, and he said, 'You said I was unprintable.' I said, 'I never called you unprintable, but now that you bring it up, you *are* unprintable, and you are also a deleting dash and an adjectival omission, too!' "

In Florida, during a Reds-Tigers game at the Tigers' home park in Lakeland, the Detroit manager, Sparky Anderson, got into a shouting match with the home-plate ump, Greg Kosc, who suddenly ordered him from the premises. "But you can't do that!" Sparky cried indignantly. "This is *my* house." Kosc, unnerved by this heart-rending plea, allowed Sparky to sit out the rest of the game in the dugout. A few days later, during a Braves-Orioles game at the Braves' home field

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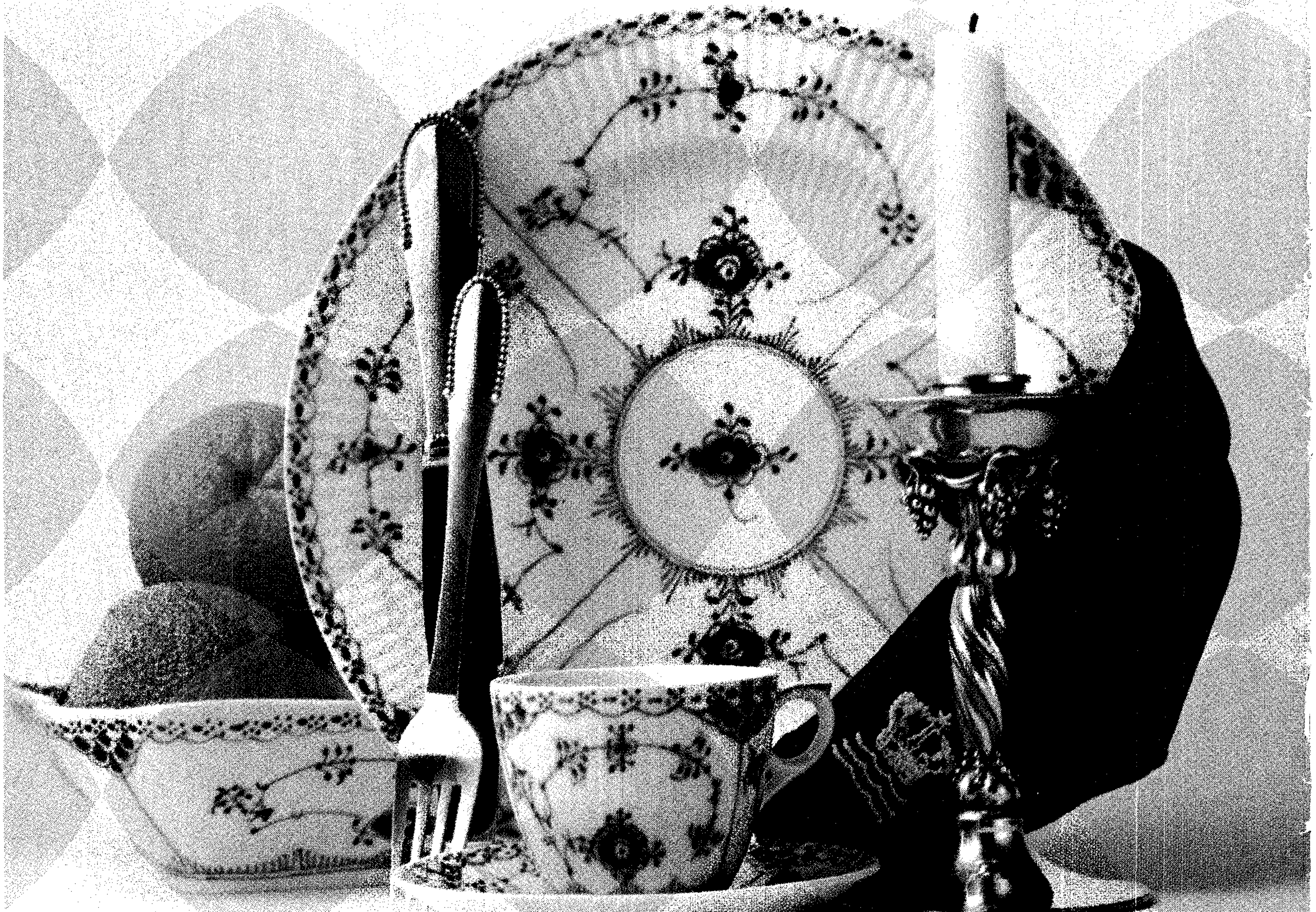

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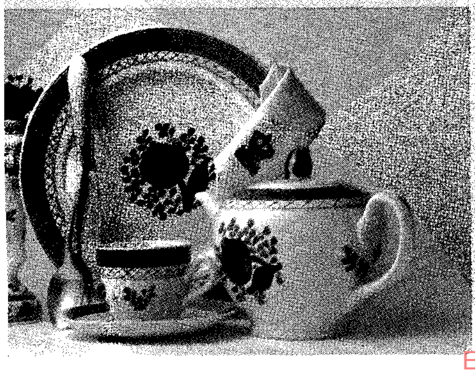

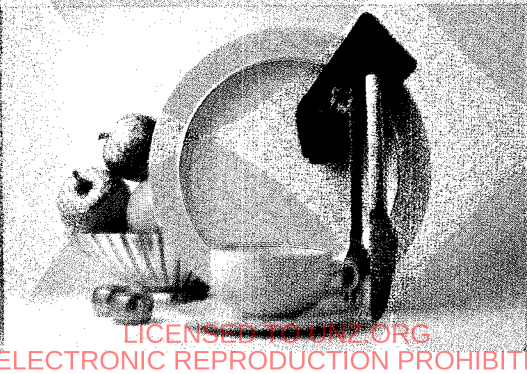

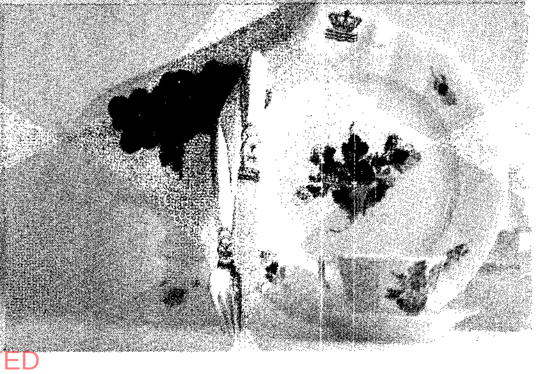

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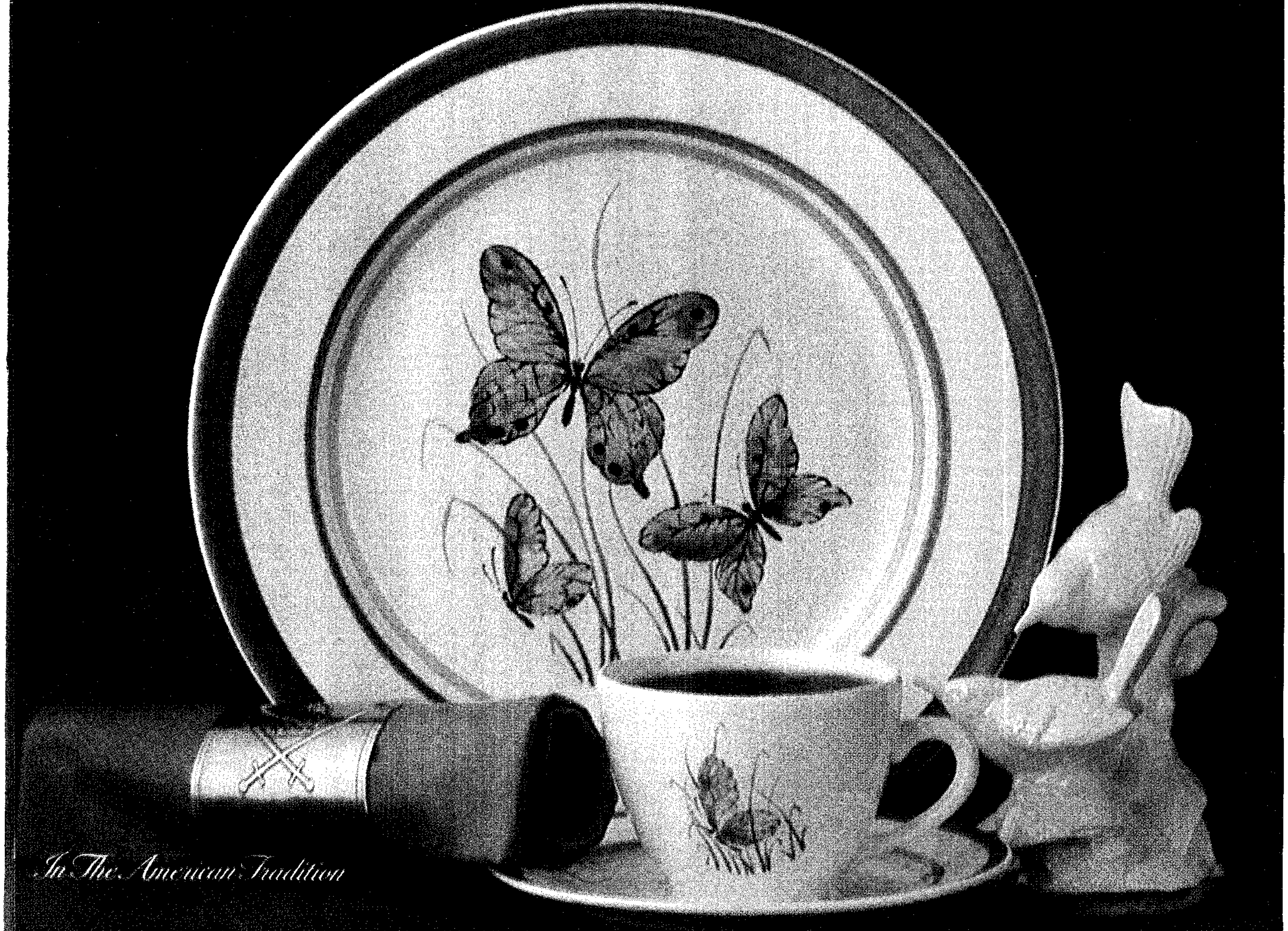

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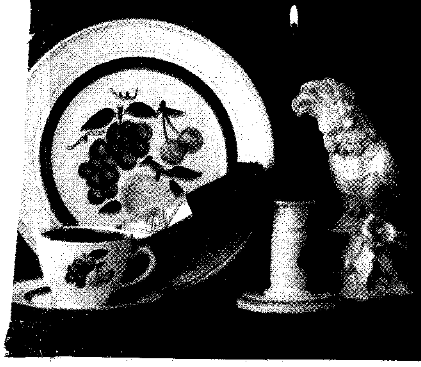

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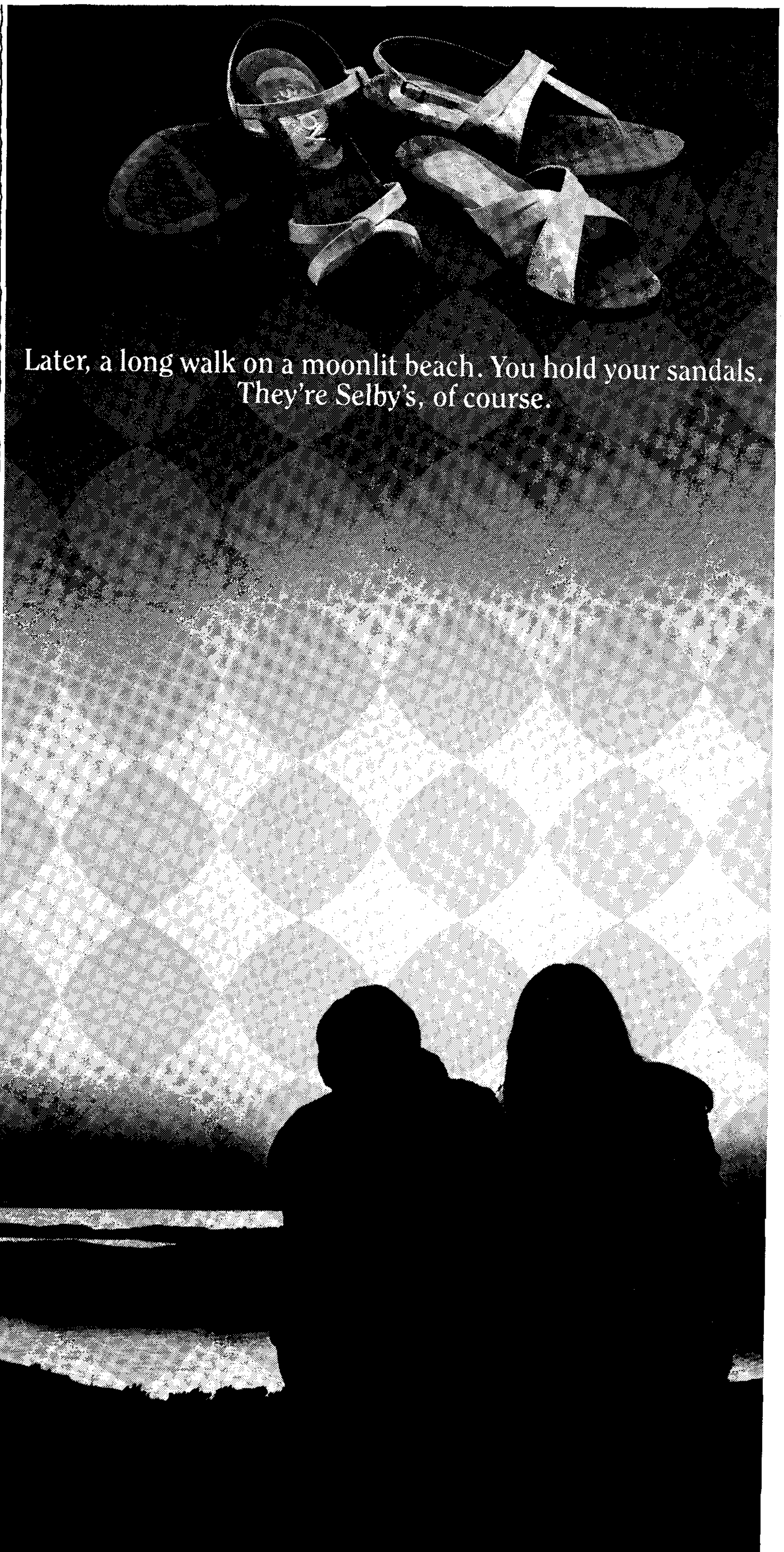
in West Palm Beach, Earl Weaver, a Torquemada-like persecutor of umpires, got on National League ump Joe West after West had called a balk on a Baltimore pitcher. "We don't call that a balk in the major league!" Weaver yelled. "He understood me right away," Weaver said a couple of days later, "and I was *gone*. I told him I wasn't going to leave for *any* goddam ump during a goddam spring-training game—I'd heard what Sparky had done, and I didn't see why I couldn't stay there, the way he had. West said the game couldn't go on until I'd left the bench, and I said, fine, that was O.K. with me. It was a real standoff for a few minutes, but then I saw a lot of my players were looking at me and hoping we could get on with it, and get the goddam game played and over with, and get back on our bus and go home, so I changed my mind and went." He laughed and shook his head. "That goddam traffic in West Palm is a killer if you don't get out of there by four o'clock."

FLA. FLASHES:

ON a blowy, sunny afternoon in Dunedin, a record crowd of more than three thousand old gents and old ladies turns up at Grant Field—a bijou ballpark set about with feathery pine trees—to watch the home-team Toronto Blue Jays take on the Pirates. The Blue Jays lost a hundred and nine games in the regular season last summer, and the only thing like a star in their lineup is a shortstop named Alfredo Griffin, who was the American League Rookie of the Year in 1979. Everybody in Dunedin loves the Jays, but today the folks are here to see the World Champions, and there is some stirring and mumbling in the crowd when it is realized that Phil Garner and Dave Parker and, worst of all, Willie Stargell did not make the trip from the Pirates' camp, down in Bradenton. Everybody cheers up, however, when Bill Madlock, the Pirates' third baseman, makes three glaring errors in the game—two terrible throws to first on successive plays in the third, and a muffed easy bouncer in the fifth. When Madlock fields a routine ground ball in the eighth and throws out the Toronto base runner, fans applaud, and Madlock gallantly tips his cap. Something better has already happened in the game, though. In Pittsburgh's fifth inning, with nobody out and Matt Alexander, a good runner, on first base, the Pirates signal for a sacrifice; Alexander takes off with the pitch, and Tim Foli squares


Later, a long walk on a moonlit beach. You hold your sandals.
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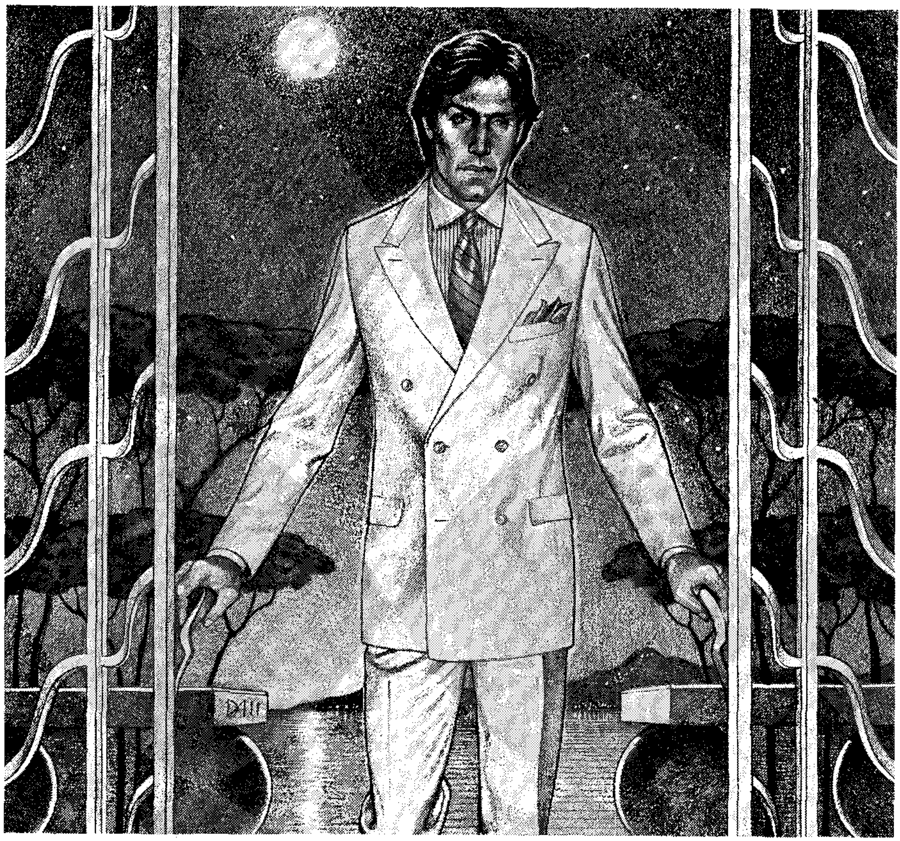
around to bunt. Foli is a right-handed batter, but, unaccountably, it is Griffin, the Toronto shortstop, who leaves his position to cover second; Foli, suddenly straightening up, swings away and whacks the pitch precisely through the vacated left side of the infield, sending Alexander to third. A few minutes later, Foli himself gets to third, and then he tags up and tries to score on a medium-short fly ball to left by Manny Sanguillen; the throw in has Foli cleanly beaten, but he kicks the ball out of the catcher's glove and is safe. Only a few people yell, but what we have seen is just as good as watching Willie Stargell hit a home run, any day.

•

The Tigers are loaded with strong, exciting-looking hitters—Steve Kemp, Lance Parrish, Jason Thompson, and young Kirk Gibson. The most riveting Detroit player to watch in the batter's box, however, is the backup catcher John Wockenfuss, who waits up there in a righty stance, with bat held high, and with his lead, or left, foot placed on the ground a bare inch or so in front of his right foot, heel to toe. He opens up with the pitch, of course, but until then he looks exactly like a man trying to play ball while balancing on top of a back-yard fence. Somehow, it works: Fuss batted .264 and hit fifteen homers last year. Whatever feels comfortable to you . . .

•

I catch up with the Yankees in Lakeland (because it is easy for me to see the Yankees at home once the season starts, I don't often spend much time scouting them in spring training), and talk to young Ruppert Jones, who came over from the Mariners in a trade and will play center field for the Yankees' new manager, Dick Howser, this year. Jones was a .267 hitter last year, but he has good speed (thirty-three stolen bases) and a reputation as a superior defensive fielder. Only his arm is suspect. He is a good deal smaller than Reggie Jackson, but there is something of Reggie's eagerness and garrulous charm about him. "I was getting respect from my peers out at the Kingdome, but my career wasn't going that fast," Jones says. "Plenty of people didn't know who I was. Now I'm here, and the whole country knows the Yankees. Denver, Colorado, knows the Yankees! Pocatello, Idaho, knows the Yankees! I see myself as a great center fielder, so the challenge is just right for me."



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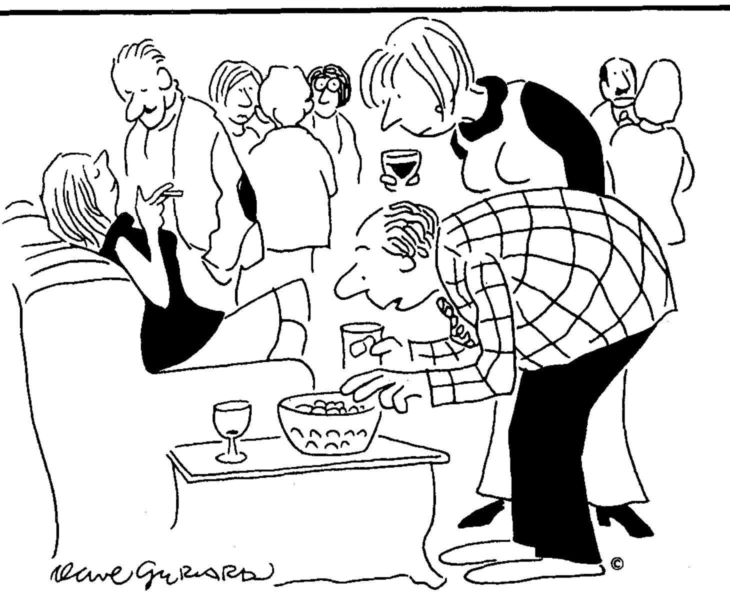
I exchange glances with another baseball writer; both of us, perhaps, are thinking of the immense green reaches of the Yankee outfield, and of how small and alone outfielders have sometimes looked out there when things were going wrong for their team. The other man says, "Yankee Stadium is a little different, you know. Everything that happens there is—well, it's sort of magnified."

"Good!" says Ruppert. "If I do great, then I'll be magnified, too."

*

Earl Weaver again, in mid-disquisition at Winter Haven (fifteen or twenty reporters are listening, for Earl is the Samuel Johnson of baseball): "I don't go in so much for that *strategy*. You have a man on second base and one out, and the batter hits a ground ball to the right side and he's out at first, and everybody says 'How pretty! How nice!' But that makes two out, and then the next man comes up and swings from his ass to score the run from third and he strikes out, and everybody says 'Look at *that* stupid son of a bitch!' If you're always givin' yourself up, the way the book says, they'll say nice things about you, but what you're really doing is passing the blame along to the next man."

Ted Williams, enormous in a navy-blue warmup jacket, is standing to one side of a batting cage on a minor-league diamond of the Red Sox complex at Winter Haven; the fingers of his left hand are looped in the cage netting, and he is holding a bat, with a strip of white tape wrapped around the fat of it, in his right hand, dangling it by the knob. He is wearing white uniform pants, worn long on his extremely long legs, which seem to be no heavier than they were when he was still a player, twenty years ago. His chest and midsection look massive now, but it's hard to be sure about their real dimensions, for he appears to be wearing two or three layers of shirts under the jacket. His tan face is heavy but still youthful in appearance, perhaps because it is dominated by his piercing brown eyes. When he was playing, I recall, it was said of him that he could see at a hundred feet what the rest of us were meant to see at twenty: 100/20 vision. Williams is watching a very young right-handed batter taking his cuts at the plate, and when I introduce myself Williams shakes hands with me almost without taking his gaze from the man at the plate. Williams lives in



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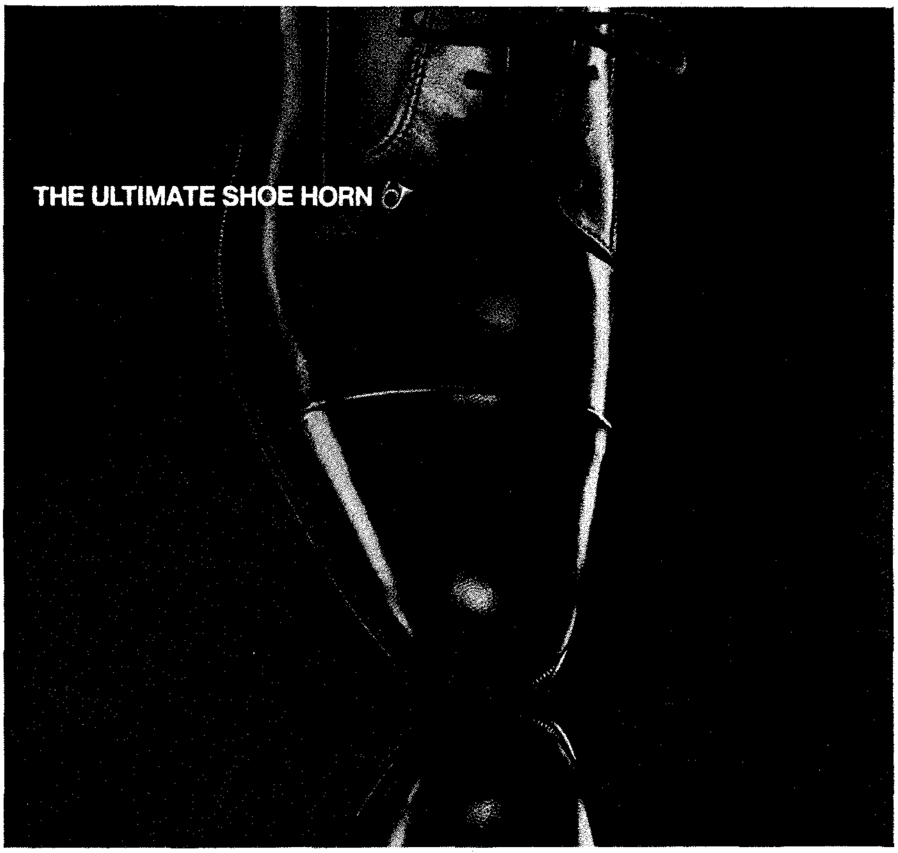
the Florida Keys most of the year, and he is a fishing consultant for Sears, Roebuck (he is almost as famous a fisherman and flycaster now as he was a batter in the nineteen-forties and fifties), but every spring he comes up to Winter Haven to help the Red Sox players—the minor-leaguers in particular—with their batting. Here on the field he looks larger and more handsome than anyone else in sight—just the way a legend ought to look.

"You've got to like this kid," Williams says to me at once. "He swings pretty good, and he thinks he can run, too. His name is Keenan, or Ken*nan*—something like that." Keenan or Kennan swings at the next pitch, and Williams, talking louder, says, "Quicker. *Quicker!* Get yourself relaxed up there. If your bat is quicker, then you can wait a little, see?"

The batter swings again, and Williams steps by me and goes out in front of the cage. "Look at me," he says. "Look over here." He takes up his left-handed batting stance, with his right knee cocked a little, and a thousand baseball memories sweep over me. It is ridiculously exciting. Williams slaps his right hip—the lead hip for him—with his right hand. "Hold this," he says to the batter. "Hold it back, see? . . . That's it—you understand me. Then do this—" He leans forward, flexing the knee even more, then shifts his weight onto that leg and swings slowly through an imaginary pitch, snapping his wrists at the last instant. An imaginary ball flies off his bat—a line drive, of course.

The batter swings again, imitating him a little, in reverse, and Ted, behind the cage again, cries, "*That's* it! That's a better swing, for sure! You were in front of the pitch for the first time today." He drops his voice again. "Sometimes I don't even know their names, but after a few times you begin to recognize them and tell them apart, and then you think, Hey, *that* kid's got a little something. He might do something for us. There was one here today—" He calls over to another coach. "Who was that switch-hitter we liked, a little while ago today—Ramos? Yes, Ramos—I'll remember him now. He looks just like Jim Rivera. And that other one we were talking about yesterday, he's just like Billy Consolo."

There are three diamonds, separated by low chain-link fences, that face out from the large central field here, like spokes of a wheel, and players assigned to different levels of the Boston minor-league system—the Class AAA Paw-



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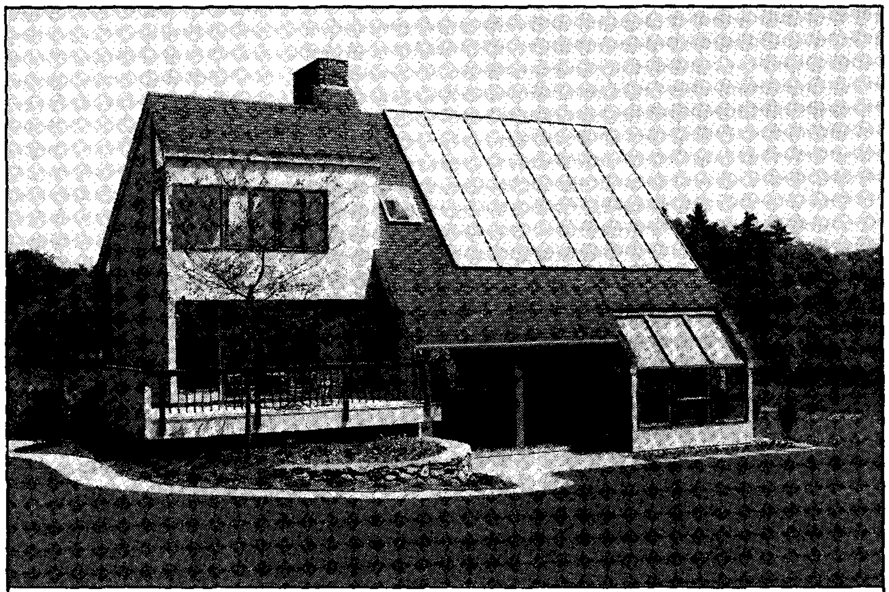
tucket Red Sox, the Class AA Bristol Red Sox, and the Class A Winston-Salem Red Sox—are in action on different fields, most of them wearing what look to be old Boston road uniforms, which are gray with red numbers on the back. Ted Williams keeps moving from one field to another, and although I'm never quite sure which squad we are with, it is clear after watching the next couple of batters take their cuts that we are at a higher level than the last. The young man up at the plate now is a muscular left-handed swinger, and Ted talks to him in a louder, more cheerful way, as if he were talking to a teammate. "This is our Mr. Gedman," he says to me loudly. "Mr. Gedman can hit. If Mr. Gedman doesn't make it to the Hall of Fame, it's going to be his own damned fault. He can play ball a little, but the jury is still out on him from the neck up." He watches in silence as Gedman hits a few more pitches, and then steps around the cage again with his bat and says, "It seems to me you've got all your attention up here [he gestures, drawing a line at shoulder level], but if you can just do this [a very slight crouching movement makes Williams into a relaxed, perfectly balanced batter], then you've got the center of your swing just where you want it."

Ted scoots back behind the cage, and Gedman takes another cut at a pitch. "Better," Williams says. "You're cocking your hips real good, the way I said yesterday. I can see you thought about that last night, the way I told you to." Gedman pops the next pitch foul, and Ted shouts, "Oh, get your damned fists up on top of that damned fastball!" Another swing, and there is a loud report. "*There!*" Williams cries. "I told you! Remember what you said to me yesterday—that I could be your agent? You're learning real fast, aren't you?" He is laughing.

The morning goes by quickly as Williams watches twenty batters or more and says something to each of them. He seems to take the most pains with the least talented hitters, and when a thin left-handed player who looks not much bigger than a junior-high-school player is at bat, he murmurs, "Just a little quicker. Then you can wait. . . . No, you waited too long that time. . . . No, that's a sweep. Try not to sweep the bat. You're too big. Make it more compact." The boy swings and hits a modest grounder, and Williams, delighted, cries, "That's it! You did it! Hey, don't you feel better now?"

A few fans have wandered down



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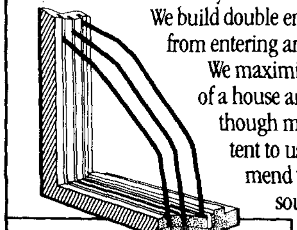

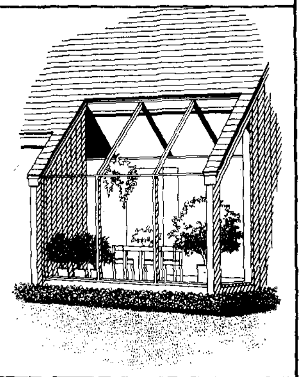

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to the runways between the fields, and now and then two or three of them creep out onto the field, behind the batting cage, and ask Williams for an autograph. One man wearing a mesh, fan's-model Red Sox cap introduces his daughter, a girl of about eight, and when Ted leans over and shakes her hand, her father says to her, "Mr. Williams hit .406 in 1941."

"You don't look old enough to remember that," Williams says to the man cheerfully. "I bet you read it in a book."

It is time for me to get back to the main Boston field, to talk to the players there before the upcoming Red Sox-Orioles game—to ask about Yaz's leg and Fisk's arm and a new young Boston pitching whiz named Bruce Hurst—but I linger a little longer at the practice field, for it has come to me that I am watching the other kind of baseball instruction here. This is tribal wisdom—the Word, handed down. For me, this has been a teaching sort of spring.

Williams is standing beside Eddie Popowski, a small, potbellied, mahogany-tan man who used to coach at third base for the Sox and now works with the youngest players in the Boston system during the summer. Popowski is off to one side of the batting cage, and after each pitch to the batter there he hits a grounder with his fungo bat to a lithe, slick-looking shortstop named Juan Bustabad.

"He's sure got that Aparicio look to him," Ted Williams says.

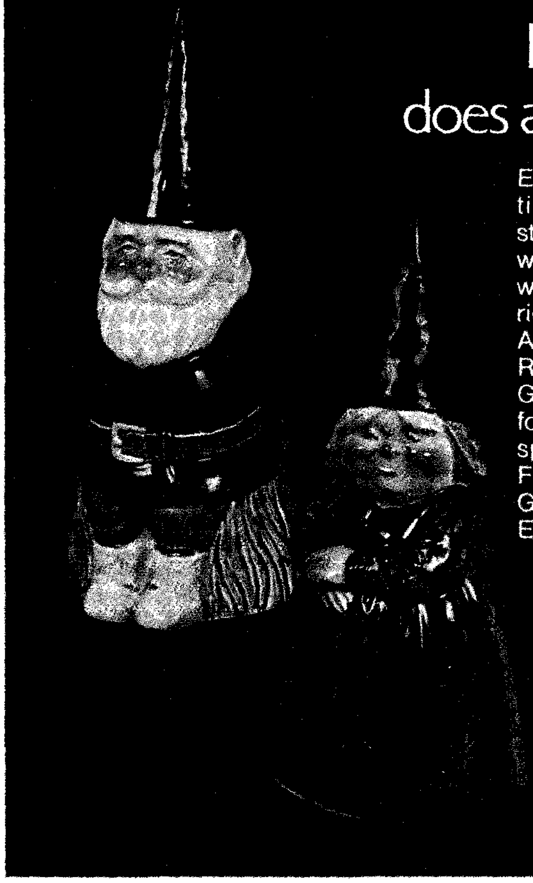
Popowski hits another grounder, and Bustabad, gliding to the ball, drops his glove hand nearly into the dirt and opens it at the last instant, and the ball almost seems to dive into the glove pocket.

"He ain't got much range, but he sure gets that glove down," Pop says. "I don't know why more of them don't get the idea of that."

Williams steps back closer to the cage to watch a strong-looking right-handed batter named John Morgan. "This one's a little raw," he says to me, "but he comes from up New England way, so he hasn't had time to play a lot of ball. You have to be patient. You see these players here every year, and after about two or three years, or sometimes more, you begin to make up your mind about them. I like that part of it—coming back and seeing what a kid has made of himself. That's why I come back here every year like this." He raises his voice so Morgan can hear him. "Carlton Fisk was a whole lot like this fellow. He didn't show us much at first, and then everybody knows what happened. But Mr. Morgan hits much better than Fisk did at the same age. He's way ahead of Carlton Fisk. . . . Not too high, not so high! Don't swing at that one!" He turns to me again and says, "Everybody thinks where they hit the ball is a little lower than it was."

As I walk back to the upper field, I suddenly remember that I have forgotten to ask Ted Williams about a doubleheader I saw him play in during the summer of 1946 in which he went seven for eight at the plate for the day. I can't recall which team that was against, and he surely would have been able to remind me. Then I think about John Morgan perhaps sitting down tonight and writing home to his family in New England to tell them that Ted Williams said he was ahead of Carlton Fisk, for his age. But now a terrible thought comes to me. I wonder if young John Morgan knows who Ted Williams is—who he *really* is: the best hitter I ever saw swing at a pitch.

ON a warm, sunny morning shortly before the end of my spring trip, I sat on a little green bench behind the home-plate screen and watched a B-squad game between the Mets and the Cardinals at Huggins-Stengel Field, which is the Mets' practice ground at St. Petersburg. The Mets and the Cards both play their regular spring games at Al Lang Stadium, in downtown St. Pete, each taking a turn there while the other is on the road, but the two clubs also fit in a lot of informal morning games like the one I was attending, so that their pitchers can get the work they need. On this particular day, there was a handful of Mets' and Cardinals' coaches and executives watching the game from other benches and chairs behind the screen, and I counted seventeen fans, two babies, and one dog in the miniature bleachers behind the Mets' shedlike dugout on the first-base side of the diamond. Birds were chirping, and from my vantage point there was a nice view of some low palms and other trees set about the perimeter of the field. Beyond the trees was a little lake. Beside the Mets' clubhouse, over by right field, a bus was parked with its engine running, and every now and then three or four Mets players, in full uniform except for their spikes, ambled out of the building and climbed aboard it for the ride down to Bradenton, where an A-squad game against



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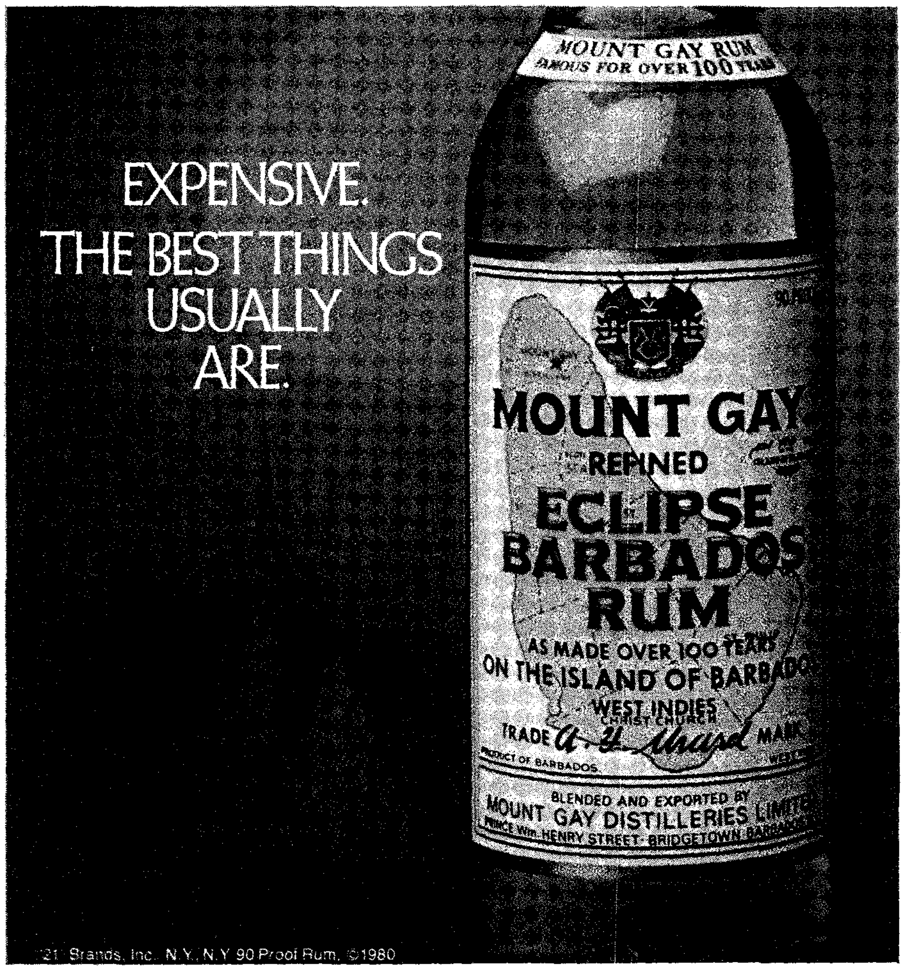
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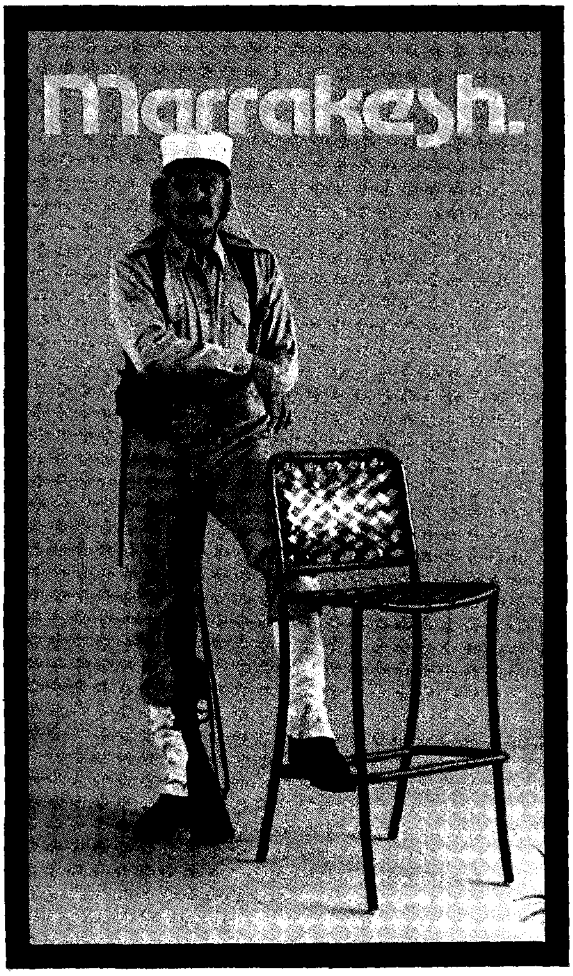

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the Pirates would be played that afternoon. I was sharing my bench with Red Schoendienst and Claude Osteen, a pair of Cardinals coaches, who came over from the Cards' dugout and sat there whenever their team was in the field, in order to get a better line on their pitcher's stuff. The man on the mound just now was Donnie Hood, a left-hander, who had been signed on as a free agent during the winter to give the Cards some needed depth in their bullpen. Now Hood wound and threw, and the Mets batter, Joel Youngblood, swung and missed, striking out.

"Forkball," Schoendienst and Osteen murmured in unison, standing up again, and Schoendienst added, "Seems like he's got real good control over it now."

"Yes, but up to this batter he didn't throw good," said Osteen.

The teams changed sides, with a right-hander, John Pacella, taking the mound for the Mets, and a moment or two later there was a startlingly loud report as a big lefty-swinging Cardinal hitter named Leon Durham (he is called Bull, of course) came around on one of Pacella's deliveries and whaled the ball down the line and all the way out to the fence in deep right. He galloped into third base, yards ahead of the throw. There were exclamations and grins in the seats around me, and Joe Torre, the Mets' manager, came out of his dugout shaking his head. "Why don't you keep him with the big guys?" he shouted over to the coaches on the Cardinals' side of the field. "Doesn't he know these B-game stats don't count on the spring averages? He can keep track of these hits on a matchbook cover, because they don't mean a damn thing."

Torre was a star catcher and first and third baseman with the Cards in the early nineteen-seventies, when Schoendienst was managing the St. Louis club, so all this had a friendly, first-tee sound to it.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" one of the Cards coaches called back. "Why aren't you going off down there with your first string?"

"I'm going, I'm going," Torre said. "If I get down there too early, I'll probably have to pitch batting practice again."

Everyone was laughing, but Torre's smile looked a bit wan, because Bull Durham is a prime property—perhaps the most admired young player to surface with any club during spring training this year. He is a twenty-two-year-old first baseman, who batted .310

with the Cards' Class AAA Springfield Redbirds in the American Association last year, and so far this spring in St. Petersburg—in the games with the big guys, where stats *are* kept—he was batting .455 in twelve games, with three homers and thirteen runs batted in. The Cardinals have another first baseman, however—Keith Hernandez, who led the National League with an average of .344 last summer and was then voted the league's Most Valuable Player, sharing that honor with Willie Stargell. Hernandez is only twenty-six, so the Cardinals were hastily converting Durham into an outfielder this spring, although there wasn't much chance that he would crack their starting outfield of Bobby Bonds, George Hendrick, and Tony Scott. Joe Torre should have such problems. The Mets have no one like Bull Durham at any level of their organization.

Another observer of this pageant was Frank Cashen, who had been named general manager of the Mets on February 21st and will have absolute control over the club's baseball decisions from now on. He is a roundish, Cagney-size man, with sandy gray hair, a pleasant, Galway-touched face, and a businesslike manner. Here, out in the hot morning sunshine, he was wearing gray pants, a blue oxford button-down Brooks Brothers shirt with the sleeves rolled up, a green golf visor, and a tan knitted tie—the only necktie I observed anywhere during spring training. I had caught up with Cashen early that morning in his office at Huggins-Stengel Field—something of a feat, for he had been working on the run ever since taking on his new post; in the previous two days, I knew, he had flown to Phoenix and back, and today, he had told me, he would see both Mets games—the morning B-game here and the afternoon game against the Pirates—and when he got back from Bradenton he would probably put in a couple of hours more at his office. Then, at home after dinner, he expected to be on the phone for two or three hours talking to his scouts in Florida and Arizona and to front-office men from other clubs as well. All in all, he looked pretty cheerful for a man who had just taken on the toughest job in baseball, which is to breathe life into the New York Mets, a club that lost more than ninety-five games in each of its past three seasons and suffered the disaffection of almost two million fans in the past decade.

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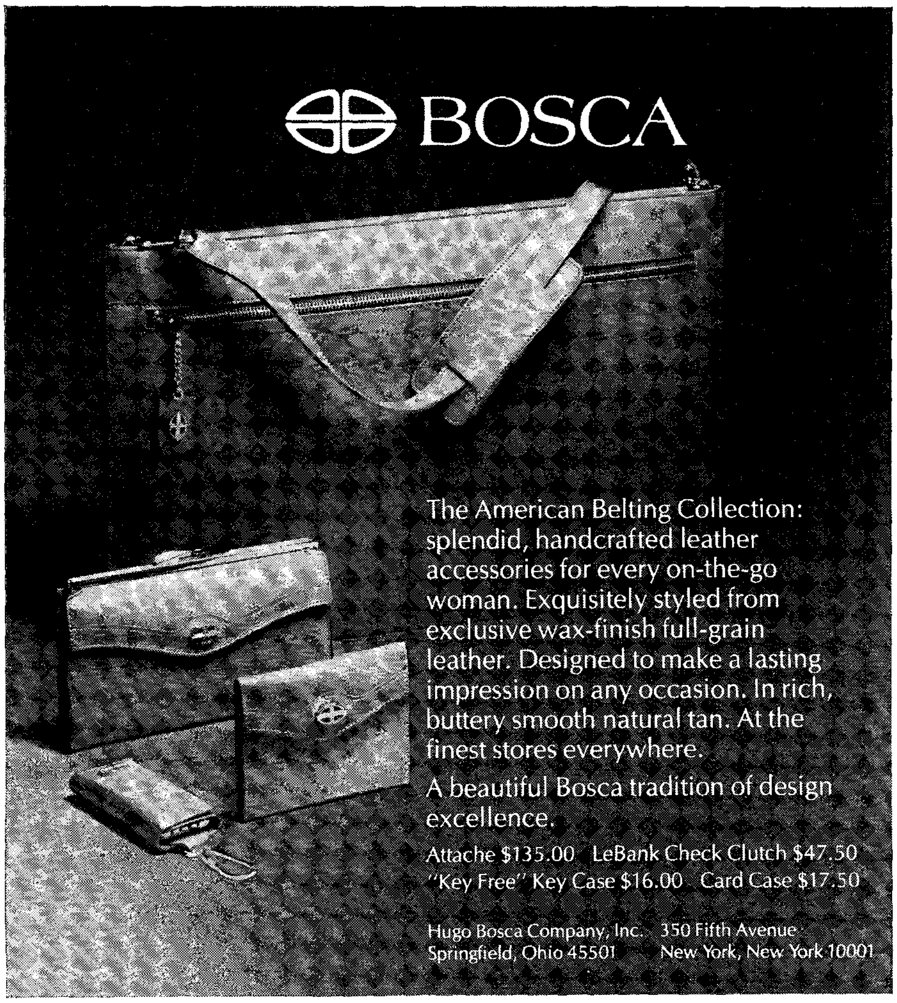

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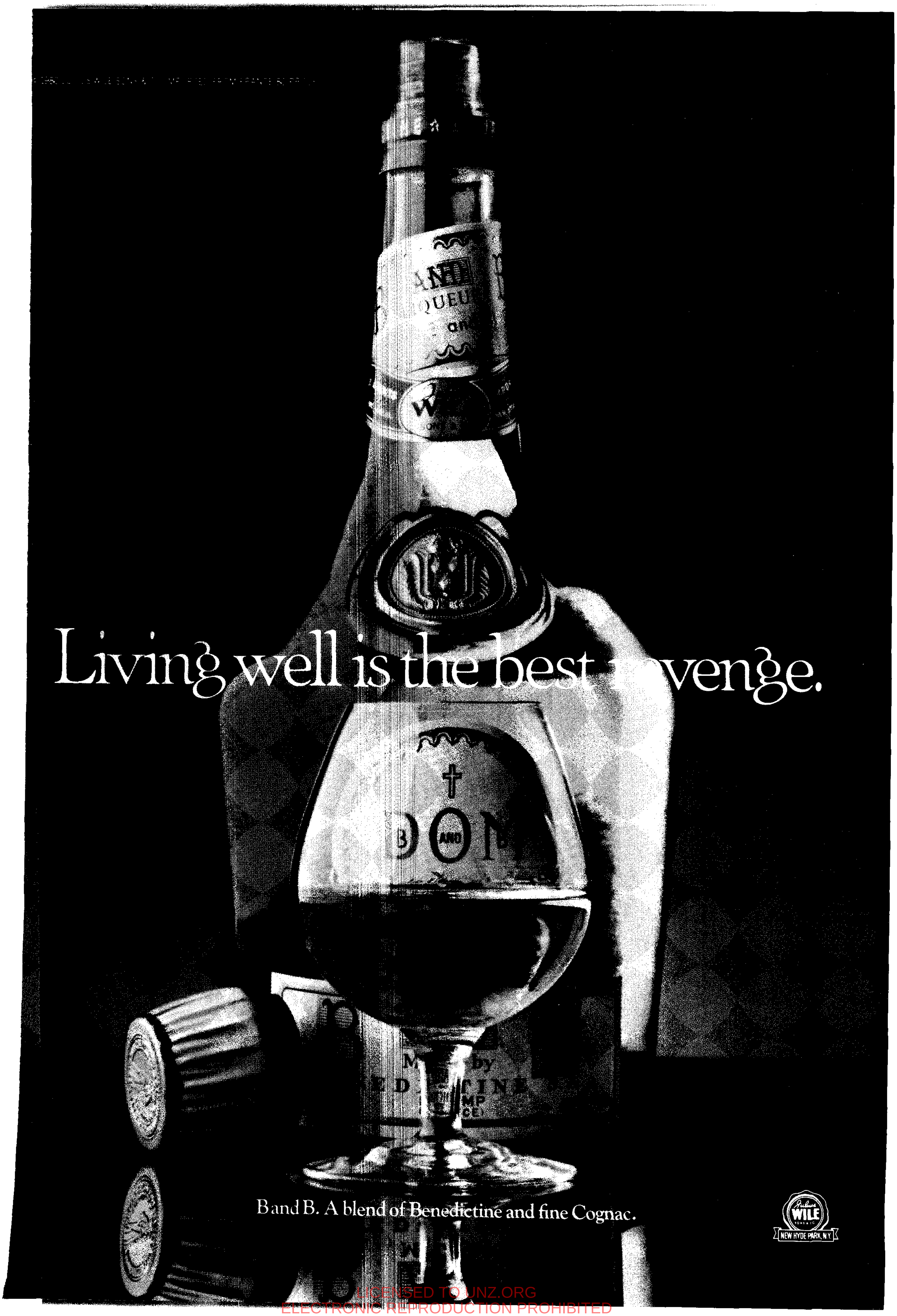
in the middle," he told me in his office. "Fans think that because of free agency you can turn a ball club around very quickly, but that isn't a useful way to go about what we have in mind here. Sure, I'd like us to get some new faces, because the fans deserve to see signs of change in a losing team, but I'm fighting the idea of a trade just for its own sake. We have four out of the first twenty-seven picks in the draft of high-school and college players this June, because we finished so low and then lost two free agents in the off-season. That's a start—maybe our first chance to make a difference."

I said that as a onetime Mets fan I had been encouraged by the news that the new club owners—Nelson Doubleday, Jr., and Fred Wilpon, a young real-estate executive who, although he owns a lesser share in the new Mets, is the new club president—had expressed a willingness to invest considerably more than their initial purchase price of twenty-one million dollars in order to bring the club back into contention.

Cashen nodded, and said, "Yes, but the only question I asked before I agreed to come to work here was whether the new people just wanted to spend and spend to get a winner or whether they really wanted to be in the business of baseball. They sort of smiled, and said that they looked forward to making a little money out of this in the end, which was the right answer for me. I had no interest in working for anyone who was after a winner at any price, because people like that go sour very quickly. We've had some examples in baseball of how *that* works."

Cashen, who is fifty-three but still has a rumpled, boyish air, is one of the most admired front-office men in baseball. He spent ten years—from the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies—with the Orioles, serving as executive vice-president of the club during its swift and entirely unexpected rise to eminence. Prior to that, he had been a sportswriter for seventeen years with the old Baltimore *News-Post*, where he started as a copy boy at the age of fifteen, and along the line he had also managed to graduate from Loyola in Baltimore (doing four years there in twenty-five months), to pick up a law degree at the University of Maryland, and to serve as general manager of two Baltimore race tracks. His father, who came to this country from Ireland, was a trainer of jumping horses, and at one point Frank Cashen had dreams of becoming a breeder of thoroughbreds. "The mare I bought kept coming up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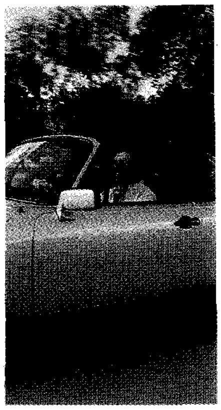

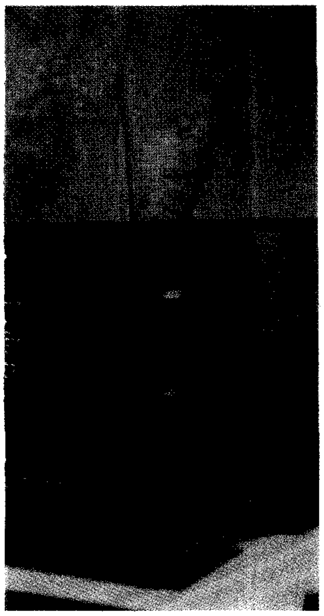

Meet Michael Crichton: a man whose creative landscape ranges from the ragtag intrigues of 19th century London to the threatening perfections of a future we can only imagine.

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Crichton is now at work on a novel, screenplay and film exploring the darker side of communication between man and primate in Africa.

His first novel, *The Andromeda Strain*, published the year he finished medical school, became an international best-seller. In the ten years since, he has written six books, including *The Great Train Robbery* which remained on *The New York Times* Best-Seller List for 22 weeks. His major film credits include "Westworld," "Coma," and "The Great Train Robbery."

"I like the complexity of film. It has every element you could want to play with. It's a symphony, a play, it's a photograph. And the director puts it together."

Crichton recasts historical fact and transforms scientific data. He plumbs the depths of the plausible, leading his audience to that uncertain terrain which lies between what we know and what we can believe.

"The game to me is to convince people that something really happened. My ideal is to create what appears to be a non-fiction book." The writer he feels closest to is Daniel Defoe. "He took existing accounts and essentially 'fixed' them creating *Robinson Crusoe*. He improved on the facts, really. Half of what passes for history is fiction anyhow."

But what of those instances when actual events fulfill the prophecies of fiction?

"In the best circumstances, fiction serves as a kind of trial balloon. It allows a society to experience events before they actually take place, make decisions and prepare responses to them."

Technological innovation and scientific discovery demand that we make choices. These choices are central to much of Crichton's work.

"What we are seeing increasingly is that the decision to commit to certain technologies will affect us for longer and longer periods. That implies an enormous responsibility."

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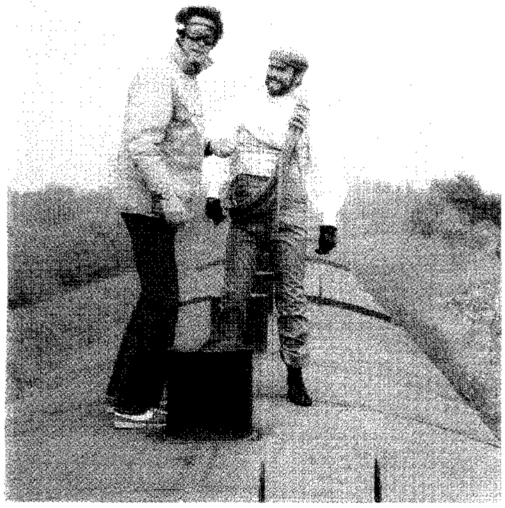

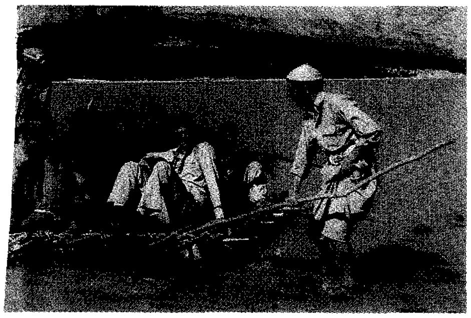

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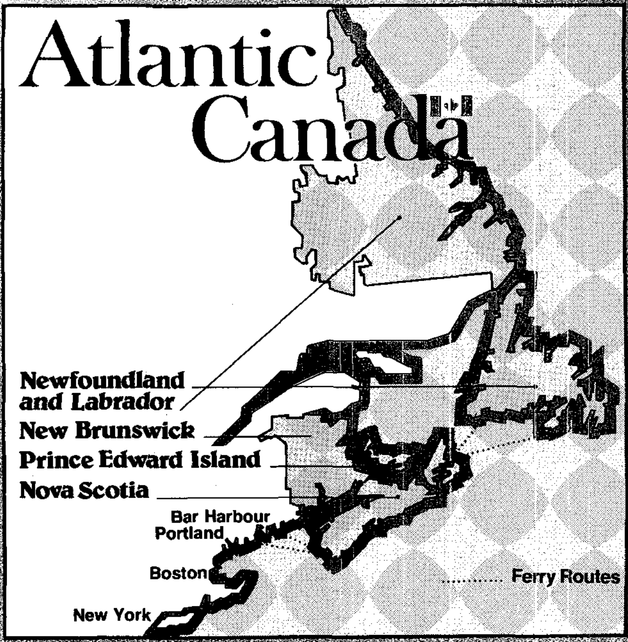

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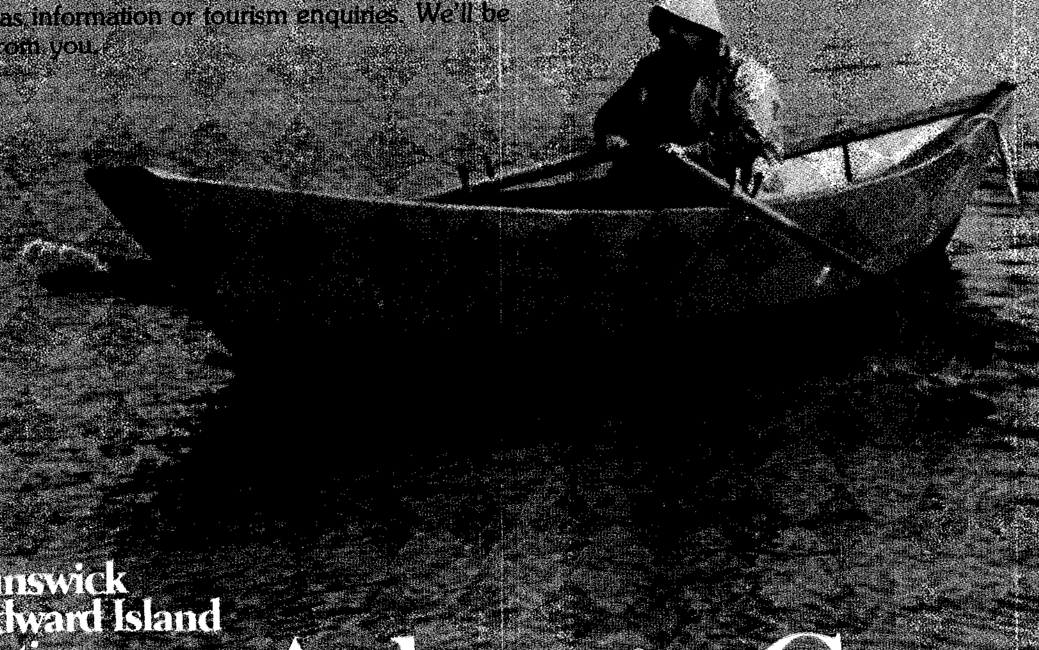

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barren and my wife kept coming up pregnant," he told me, "so I finally decided that was the wrong line of work for me." He said that for years he had played softball—the fast-pitch game—three evenings every week in Baltimore, and his team, the Esquires, had once won simultaneous titles in the Monday Night and Thursday Night Leagues. "We played until our wives were ready to divorce us," he said. "In one way or another, baseball has always been a passion with me."

I asked him how he planned to breed passion into the new Mets.

"Doing the little things right is what's important in baseball," he said. "Hitting the cutoff man"—I almost whispered the words along with him—"making the double play, knowing when to bring in the man from the bullpen. There's no great charismatic secret to winning—it's just executing. The same thing carries over to the business side. A winning team is built out of successful scouting and a sound farm system, which is the production line of the business. You can help yourself with a good trade sometimes. Players don't really learn how to win when they're at the major-league level, which means that you change your team only by working systematically with young players when they're still in the minors. We want to be a respectable ball team. After that—well, who knows if you're going to win and how soon? A lot of that is up to the other teams anyway, but that's the pleasure of the game."

I said that I had begun to learn a few things this spring about the systematic instruction of baseball—most of all about the old Orioles' way of doing things.

Cashen moved a stack of letters and papers on his desk and found a thickish bound notebook, which he held up, with a brief smile. He riffled the pages for a moment, and I had a swift, unmistakable glimpse of two or three of the "situation" diagrams that I had been studying in my Brewers instruction manual.

"Now there's going to be a *Mets* way of doing things," he said.

LATER on in the morning, during that B-squad game at Huggins-Stengel Field, it occurred to me that if anyone—a Mets fan, for instance—wanted to know how a contemporary pennant-contending club could be put together, he didn't have to look any farther than the 1980 Cardinals. I had been studying the St. Louis press guide, and its contents seemed to confirm Frank Cashen's suggestion that

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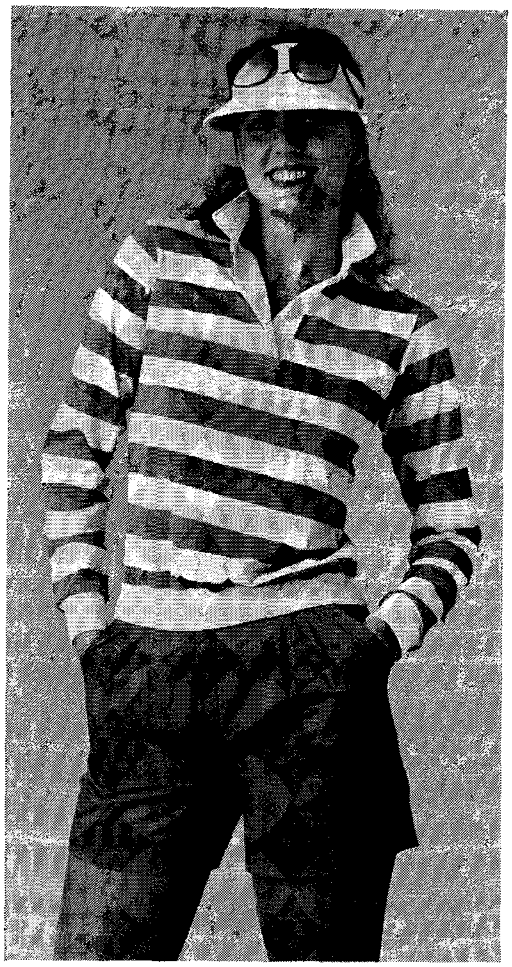

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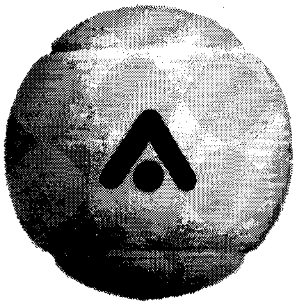

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uncontrolled spending in the free-agent market does not play much of a part in the process. It took me only a few minutes to look over the impressive starting lineup that the Cards would probably put on the field on opening day and to figure out that the three outfielders—Hendrick, Bonds, and Scott—had all been acquired by trades; that third baseman Ken Reitz, shortstop Garry Templeton, catcher Ted Simmons, and first baseman Keith Hernandez were players that the Cards had signed in past June drafts of young talent and had then brought along through their farm systems (Reitz went to the Giants in a trade in 1976 and was traded back to the Cards the next year); and that one player, the extremely capable Ken Oberkfell, who had won his job at second base in 1979, when he batted .301 for the season, was discovered by a couple of Cardinal regional scouts and signed in 1975. The breakdown of the pitching staff looked about the same: of the eight pitchers who seemed sure to make the club this year, four had come aboard the team as a result of trades, two had come out of the draft, and two—Donnie Hood and the veteran relief man Darold Knowles—had signed as free agents. Among the significant backup players, there was one free agent (Bernie Carbo), and one draft choice—a wonderful-looking young catcher named Terry Kennedy. (Leon Durham, it turned out, was sent back to Springfield for further seasoning when spring training ended, but he will be back.) It took only a little more paperwork for me to see that most of the people that the Cards had picked up in trades had been acquired in exchange for players that had come out of the Cardinals' farm system. Four of the present or future Cardinals stars had been the Cards' No. 1 draft choices in the years they were selected: Ted Simmons in 1967, Garry Templeton (a .314 hitter last year, who many baseball people believe is on the point of becoming the very best shortstop in baseball) in 1974, Bull Durham in 1976, and Terry Kennedy in 1977. (Keith Hernandez, the Cards' M.V.P. first baseman, was the *fortieth* player the team drafted in 1971, which only proves that it helps to be lucky, as well as smart and hardworking, when you're building a pennant contender.) No one can tell how the Cards will finish this year. Most baseball people I know believe they will compete on even terms with the Expos, the Phillies, and the defending champion Pirates for the pennant in the National League East;

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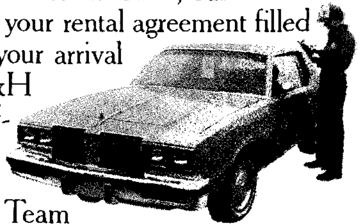
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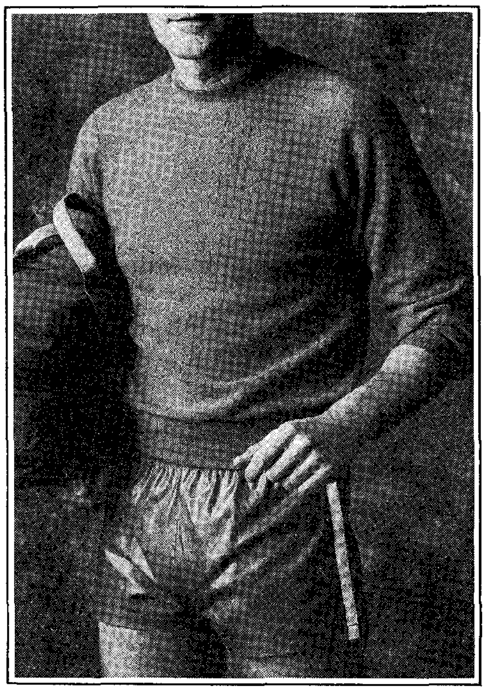
the Cards look a little thin only in pitching, but perhaps a trade can help out there. What matters is that the Cardinals are clearly on the rise—two years ago, they finished fifth, losing ninety games. They are respectable, and then some. The Cards are what the Mets can be in just a few summers. (The main architects of this Cardinals edifice, I should explain, are Bing Devine, formerly the general manager of the club, and John Claiborne, who succeeded him in an equivalent post in 1978.)

Building a pennant contender is not inexpensive, of course. The Cardinals have achieved stability by signing the stars they are counting on to very high-priced long-term contracts. Ted Simmons is in the third year of a five-year contract worth about three million three hundred thousand dollars, and George Hendrick is on the second year of a six-year contract worth about two million dollars. Last year, Keith Hernandez signed for five years for a total of three million eight hundred thousand dollars, and over the winter Garry Templeton signed up for six years and four million dollars. But here, too, I detected good business sense at work, and, furthermore, an indication—perhaps a wishful one—that the owners, when the issues are finally drawn by the Players' Association strike deadline next month, may come to their senses and opt for baseball rather than for warfare. Gussie Busch, who owns the Cards, has been a famous hard-liner in his dealings with the Players' Association, but he has clearly accepted the realities of the current market, and he will be extremely anxious to see what his settled, well-scouted, soundly built, handsomely paid ball team can do on the field, now that the season is here. So will we all.

A LITTLE later on in the Mets-Cardinals B-squad game, I was joined on my green bench by Fred Wilpon, the Mets' president, who was wearing white cotton pants, white loafers, and a pink gingham shirt. He is forty-three, but he looks about thirty. I had heard that Wilpon and Sandy Koufax had been classmates at Lafayette High, in Brooklyn, years ago, and I asked him now if they had both played on the ball team there.

"Yes, but it was *my* ball team—I was the captain and the first-string pitcher, and Sandy played first base," Wilpon said. "We were friends, and he came out for the team only because of that. He couldn't hit at *all.* Basketball was his main sport then, and I



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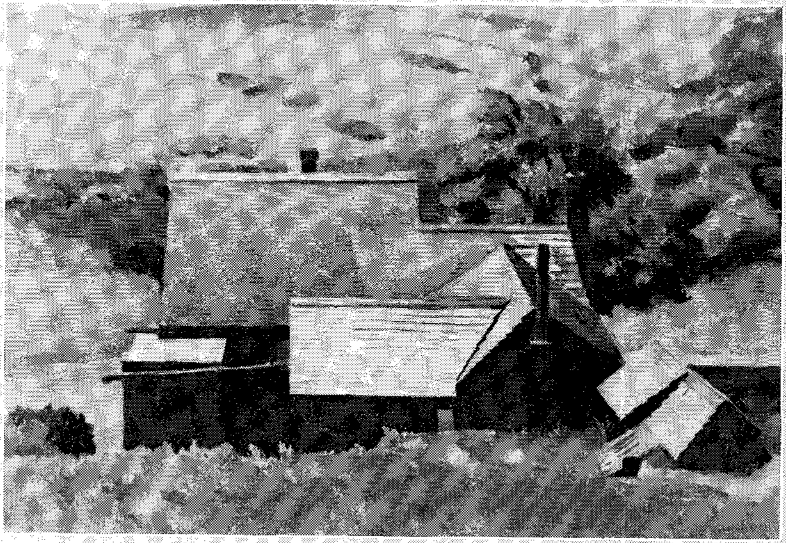

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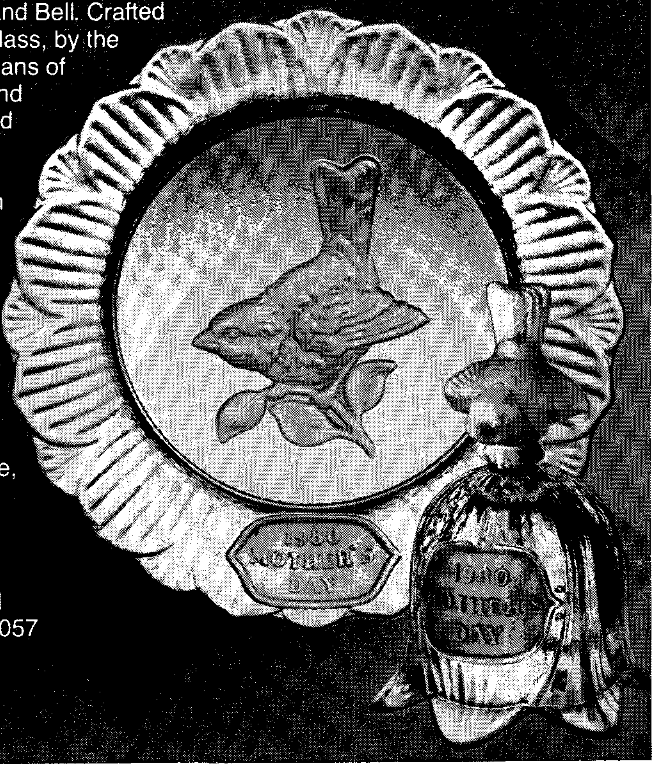

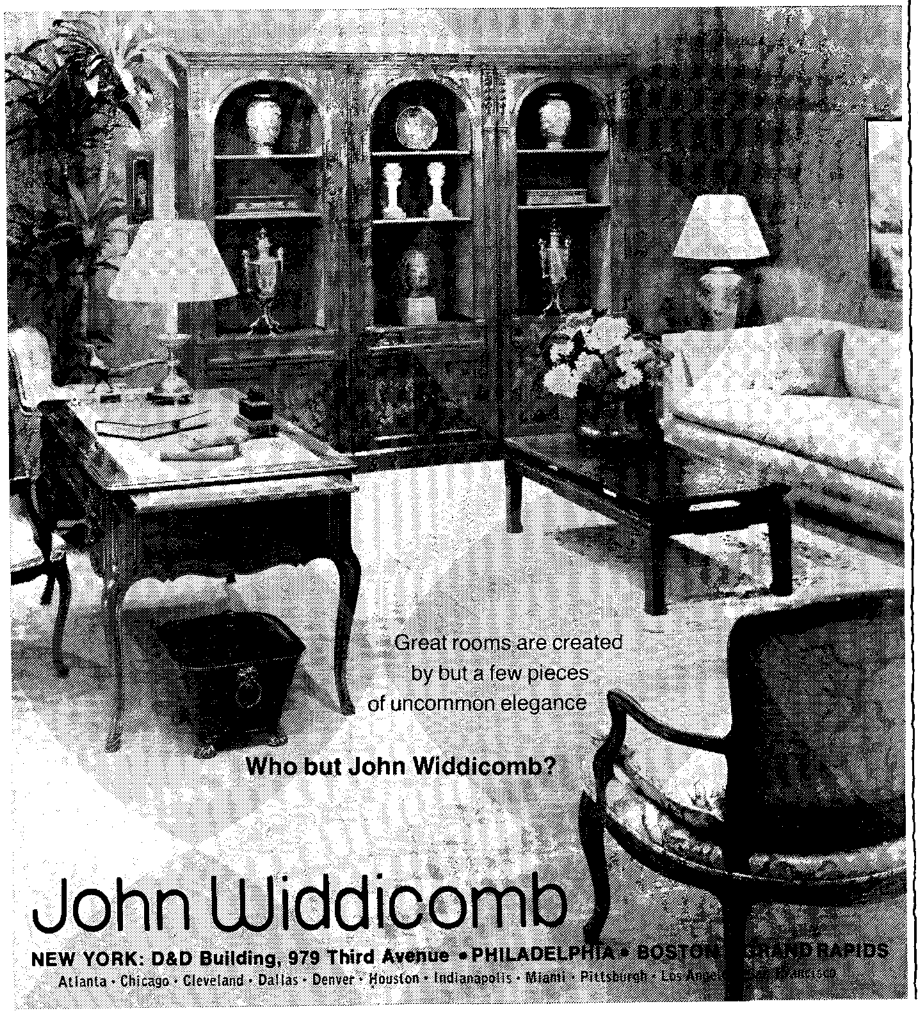
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played basketball at Lafayette because of Sandy. Later on, I went to Michigan on a baseball scholarship, but I gave up the game after my sophomore year. Now I'm back."

I asked him if he and Koufax were still friends, and he said, "As a matter of fact, he and I and our wives had dinner together in Vero Beach a couple of days ago. Sandy Koufax has a wonderful, high-level, inquiring mind. We can't conceal the affection we still hold for each other."

The Cardinal pitcher now was another left-hander, Buddy Schultz. He threw an off-speed pitch to a Mets batter, Mike Jorgensen, who swung at it tentatively and fouled it off.

"Good pitch," said Claude Osteen. "Good speed." He was perched on a chair just to our left.

"What's the optimum differential in speed between a fastball and a change-up?" Wilpon asked him.

"Well, your change-up should be about sixty-eight or seventy miles an hour," Osteen said. "The fastball might be about eighty-four or eighty-five."

"What if it's *seventy*-five?" Wilpon asked.

"Not enough," Osteen said. "That's a base hit."

Jorgensen fanned, and another Mets batter stood in.

"Why is your pitcher throwing so many change-ups?" Wilpon asked Osteen. He sounded like an honors student in a baseball seminar.

"He's working on that pitch," Osteen said. "I'm looking for a fastball from him myself."

"*There!*" Wilpon said. "Wasn't that a fastball?"

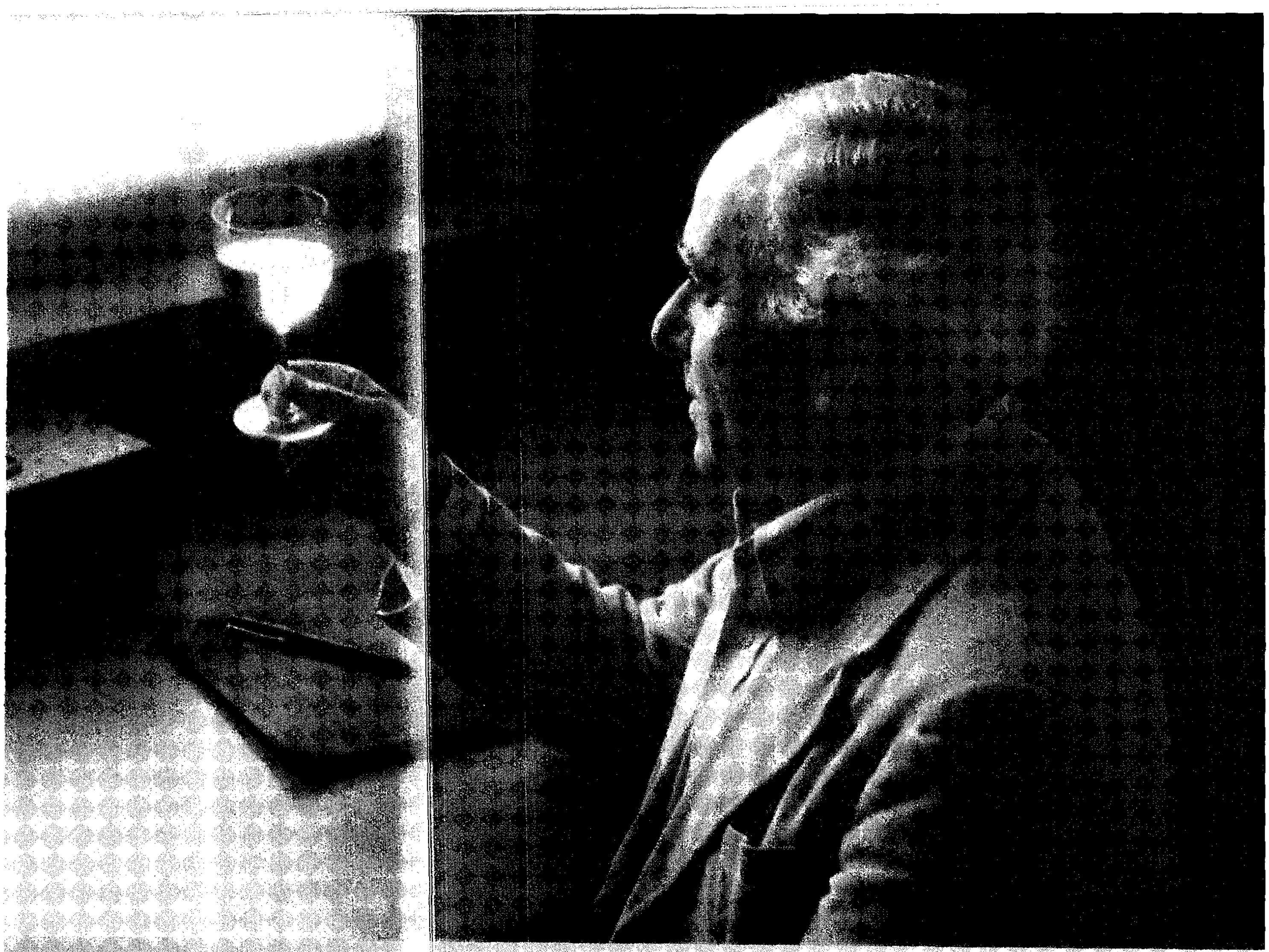
"Yes," said Osteen. "About eighty."

Schultz threw again, and the batter took the pitch. "Streeuh!" the home-plate ump said, throwing up his fist.

"Better," said Osteen. "About eighty-four."

As the teams changed sides, I got ready to leave, saying goodbye to Wilpon and to Frank Cashen, and wishing them good luck in the coming season. I turned my back to the field for a moment, so I missed what happened next, but by the noise of it I had a pretty good idea what it was. I turned around in time to see two Mets outfielders chasing the ball out by the fence once again and, a moment later, the batter pulling into third base. Bull Durham had hit another triple. Joe Torre, leaning back on the bench with his arms folded, had tipped his cap down so that it covered his face, hiding his sight of the field. School was out.

—ROGER ANGELL



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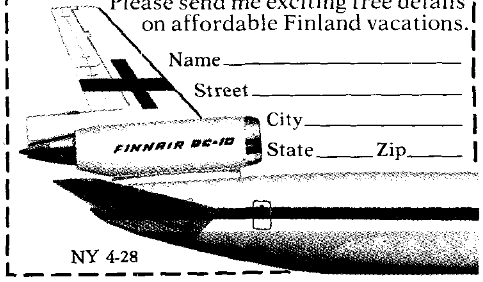

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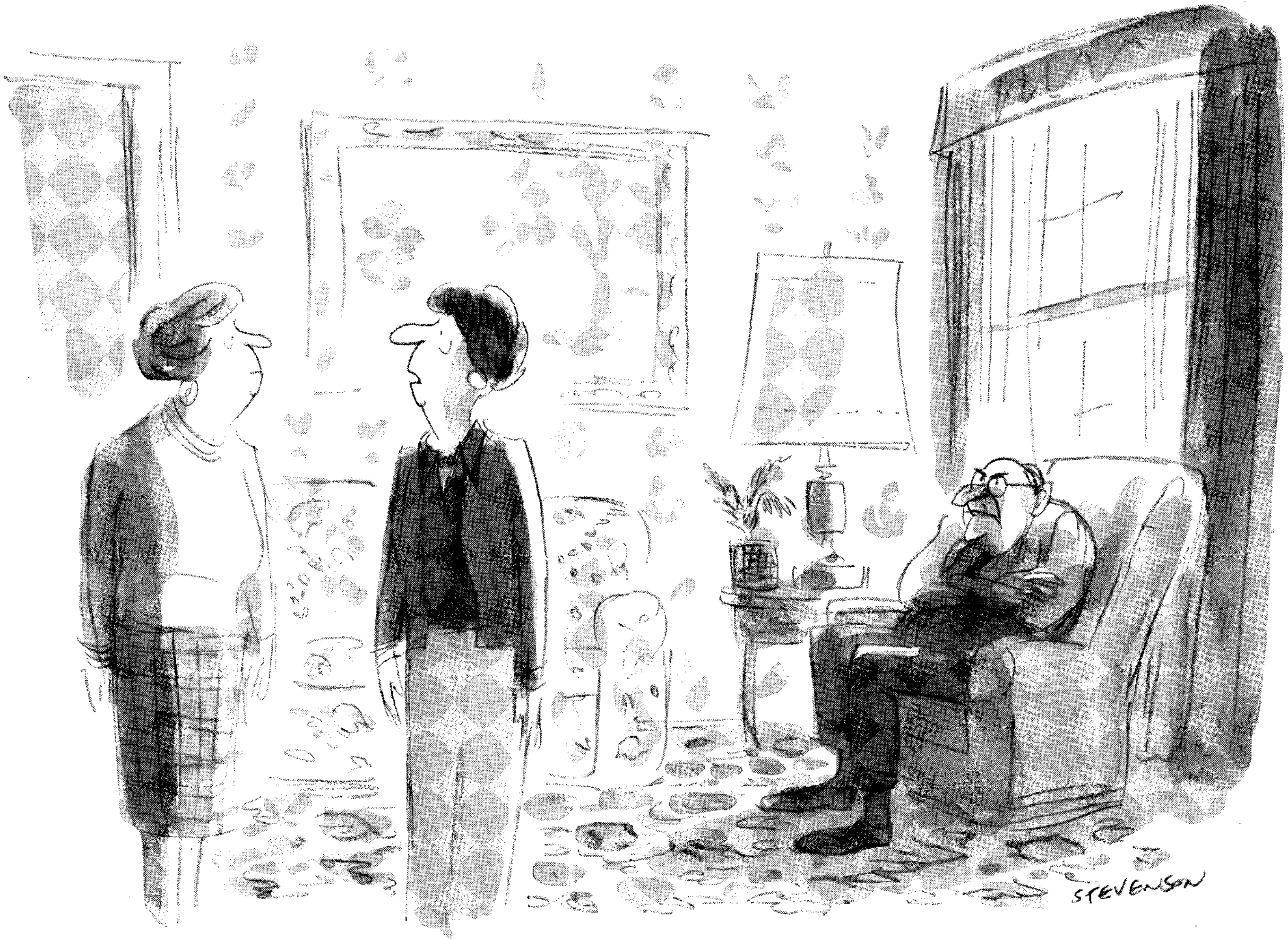
Maxim Gorky's "Barbarians," at the Brooklyn Academy, opens in a public garden outside a provincial Russian town. The townsfolk assemble in twos and threes and engage in seemingly desultory conversation (desultory Russian conversation, that is. First Man: What I have is a mind that is restless. Second Man: What you have is a personality that is unattractive), and the audience, one eye on the program, slowly sorts out the characters, attaching names and professions and relatives to them at exactly the right speed of dwindling confusion. The time is the early nineteen-hundreds, and the people are waiting for a pair of engineers who will bring the railroad to the town. The appearance of the engineers, near the end of the first act, launches the action, and by the time the play is over (and their job is finished) it is evident that nothing will ever be the same for anybody. The engineers are Tsyganov, a worldly, tired man, susceptible to pretty women, and Cherkoon, probably in his thirties, sexy, vindictive, and loutish, shrugging off his adoring wife whenever he is on the make for another woman. A thick-skinned pair indeed, who at first would seem to be the barbarians of the title but, one soon realizes, are no coarser or more callous than most of the townspeople whose lives they reduce to rubble. The play is described as a comedy, and so it is, despite the cracks of breaking hearts, the sobs and gasps of humiliation, and the obligatory post-Chekhov pistol shot at the end. It's a comedy of obliviousness, stupidity, and insensitivity, in which much of the bad behavior verges on the farcical.

The script is as filled with incident as Gorky's "Summerfolk," which was done here five years ago by the Royal Shakespeare Company, directed by David Jones, who also presided over the current production. Once again I was struck (as I was struck then) by the thought that Gorky is far more indulgent toward his audience than he is toward his characters; there are twenty-three of these, and few escape his scorn or contempt. It must be said at once that "Barbarians" is not nearly as good a play as "Summerfolk;" it is all right, but no better than that. Plot and any number of subplots aside, "Barbarians" is a multiple portrait of a town and its people, and most of the pleasure it affords is in performance. The actors of the BAM Theatre Company in this venture, the company's third, are almost without exception unfaltering and convincing—even, from time to time, convincing as Russians. John Seitz's acting as the older of the engineers is subtle and cuts deep, and Jon Polito is very good as his boorish, high-handed partner. Roxanne Hart is beautiful and properly out of reach as a sophisticated, wellborn young woman who has a brief affair with Cherkoon yet manages to keep her poise when it is over, and Marti Maraden does well as Cherkoon's pitiable ditched wife. As the town mayor's fierce and fiery daughter—a character the playwright apparently delighted in—who attacks and calls down the men who mistreat their women, Christine Estabrook is delightful and funny, and Sheila Allen is good, too, as a local beauty in pursuit



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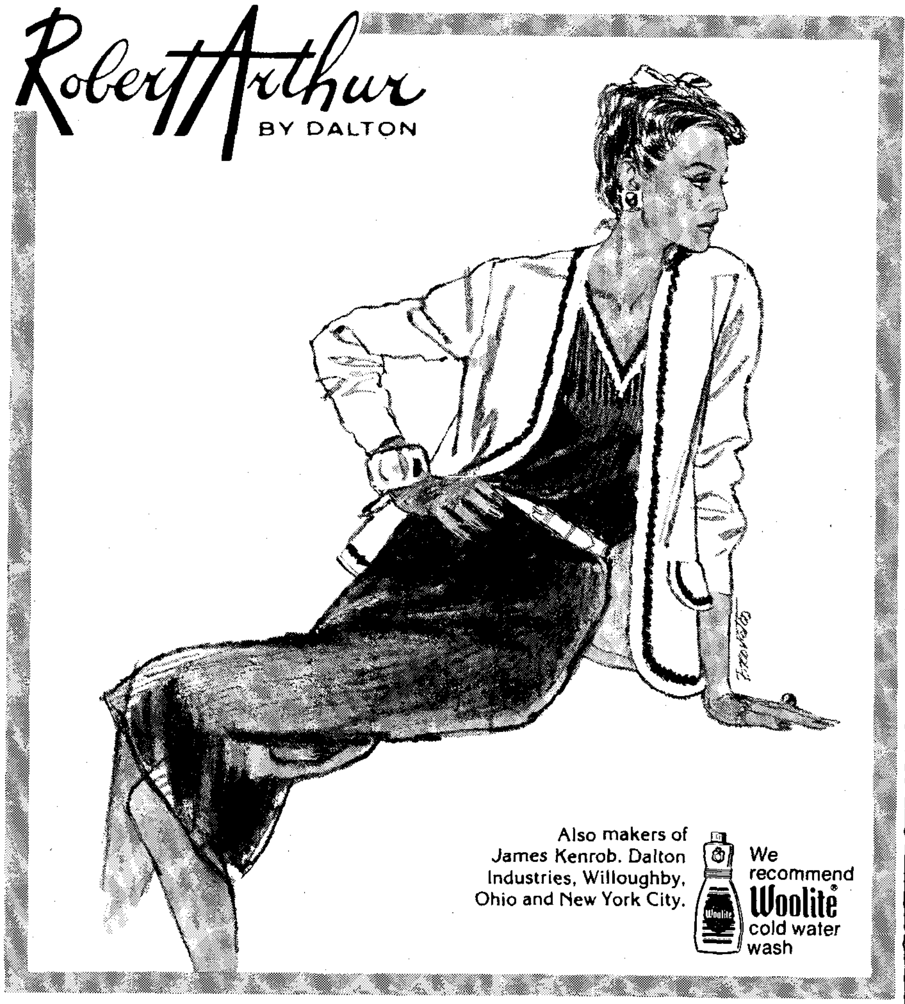
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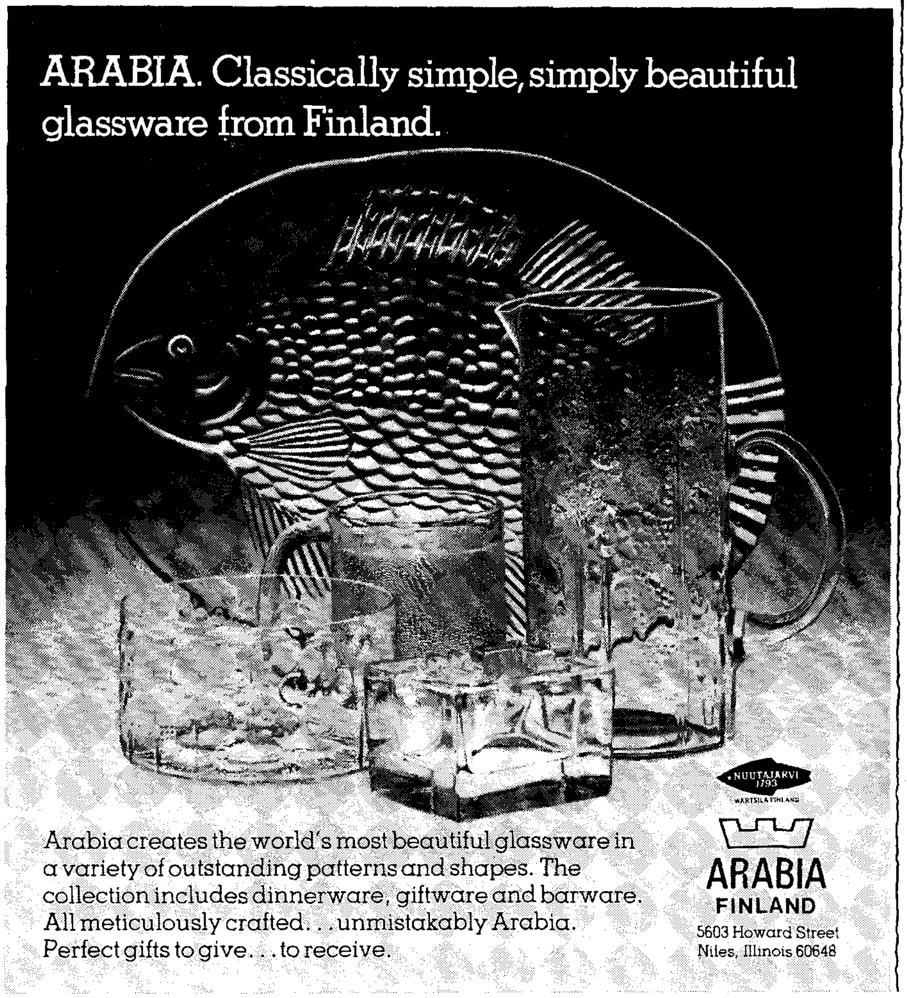
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of love, for whom two men have already committed suicide. Also admirable are Brian Murray as her ineffectual, cuckolded husband; John Heffernan, funny/pathetic as that fellow with the unattractive personality; Gary Bayer as a crooked local merchant; Anna Kluger Levine as the Cherkoons' panicky maid; Boyd Gaines as a young student who persuades the mayor's daughter to go away with him; Patrick Hines as the mayor; Michael John McGann as his fat, timid son and victim; Frank Maraden as a sinister beggar; and Avril Gentles as a rich elderly gentlewoman who, in the last act, seated in her parlor at a card table calmly playing solitaire while those around her are, so to speak, tearing one another to pieces, proves herself as oblivious, and therefore in a sense as barbarous, as everybody else. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Kitty Hunter Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller, and the scenery, costumes, and lighting, which look fine, are by Andrew Jackness, Dunya Ramicova, and William Mintzer, respectively.

“The Man in 605,” at the De Lys, is a rambling, nebulous Chicago import by Alan Gross about an old Jewish poet gone to seed. The action, which could be considered a monologue with interruptions, is set in the poet's room at a run-down hotel, in the lobby of the hotel, and at a table in the White Horse Tavern. References to Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan abound, and there is a program note mentioning Delmore Schwartz and Maxwell Bodenheim, among others. All to no avail; the poet, even as faithfully portrayed by Byrne Piven, never seems to be one. (Mr. Gross makes the tactical error of quoting some of the lines he is supposed to have written.) The interrupters are W. H. Macy, as a young man so impressed by the poet that he takes a job as a bellhop in the hotel, and Dick Cusack, as a desk clerk there.

—Edith Oliver

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The reader should do the writers justice by reading only one story at a time. —*Anstiss Drake in the Chicago Tribune.*

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[*Headline in the Hartford Courant*]

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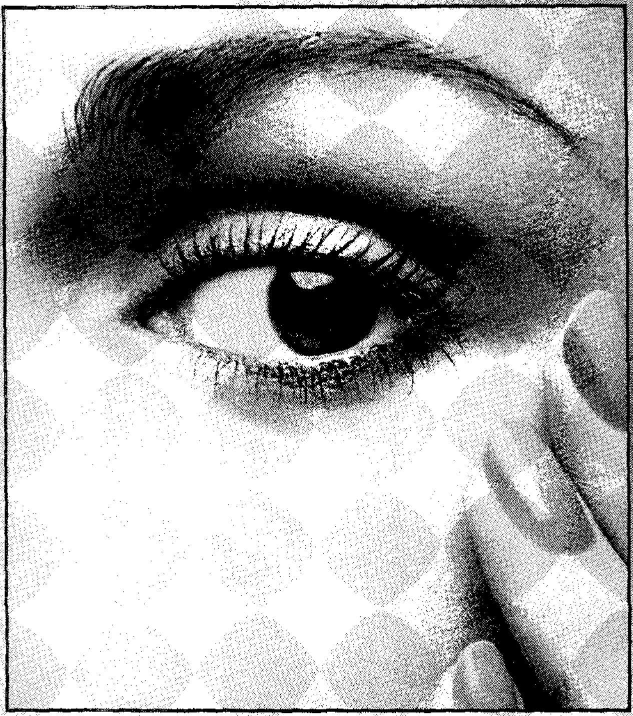

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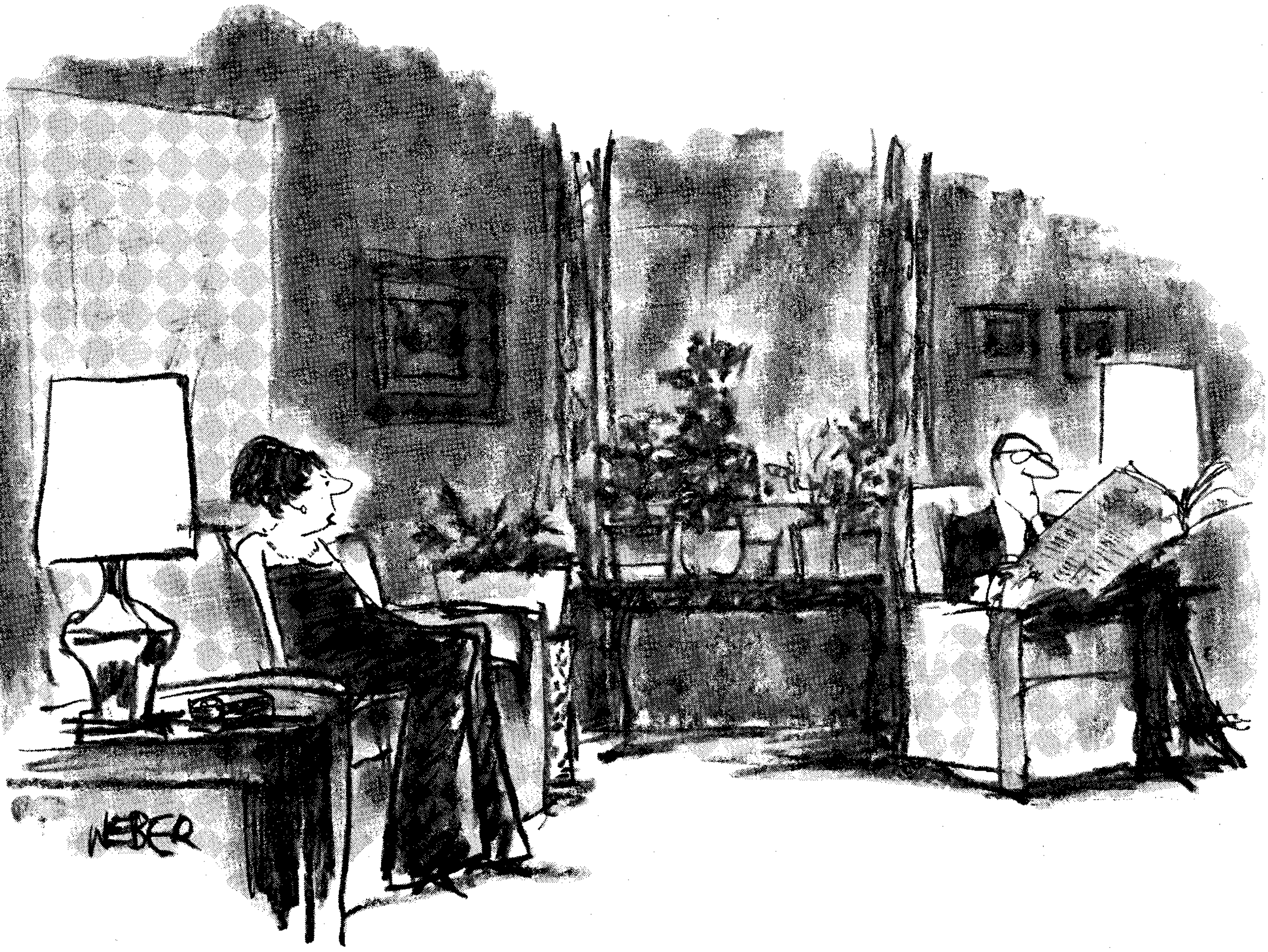
AROUND CITY HALL

SETTLING

IN the first eleven days of this month, most New Yorkers, worn out from trying to get to and from the places they had to get to and from, didn't have much time to spend worrying about the various international crises that were preoccupying many Americans in Washington and elsewhere. Nevertheless, during the transit strike, which shut down the city's subways and most of its buses from just after two in the morning of April 1st until mid-evening of April 11th, some of the aspects of the drama involving the American hostages in Iran were not entirely out of mind here. In the tense contract negotiations between the Metropolitan Transportation Authority—the state agency that runs the city's transit system—and the Transport Workers Union, John Lawe, as the head of T.W.U. Local 100, to which most of the city's thirty-three thousand transit workers belong, was the chief union representative. The other principals were M.T.A. Chairman Richard Ravitch and an impartial three-man panel headed by Walter Gellhorn, a seventy-three-year-old emeritus professor at Columbia Law School. Few New Yorkers had heard of any of these men—certainly not of Lawe and Gellhorn—before the transit shutdown turned them into big stars on the nightly news; but then before the beginning of last year how many Americans had ever heard of an ayatollah? Lawe, a white-haired native of County Roscommon, had won the Local 100 election last December, taking forty-three per cent of the votes against three opponents, on the promise of achieving a thirty-per-cent wage increase in the new two-year contract, scheduled to go into effect on April 1st. Nevertheless, it was evident throughout the two weeks of pre-strike negotiations that Ravitch, a local real-estate developer appointed M.T.A. chairman last year by Governor Hugh Carey, believed that although Lawe would vigorously pursue his members' interests at the bargaining table, he was basically a reasonable man who could be persuaded of the wisdom of reaching a settlement that would represent a degree of give-and-take on both sides and would also fend off the strike that everyone was desperately trying to avoid. Late in March, the T.W.U. leader had pointed out sadly that a transit strike—illegal under the state's Taylor Law, which forbids such actions by public employees, and certain to lead to large fines—might destroy his union.

It was understood that every effort had to be made to present any settlement in a way that would protect Lawe from attack by younger, more hotheaded members of his union, generally described as "the dissidents" or "the militants," who could succeed in having him discredited as a collaborator with the enemy. Inevitably, Lawe was seen as the Bani-Sadr of the Sheraton Centre Hotel, where the contract talks were held. Most of the threatening group were supporters of Lawe's opponents in the election, and those opponents controlled close to half—some said more than half—of his forty-five-member executive board. During the



"Mother is right. You do have an extremely angular face."

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Led by the five car divisions, Project Centers gather people, ideas, and knowledge from all 30 divisions and staffs of General Motors. In the first stage, which we call "concepting," experimental engineers, environmental scientists, forward planners, and marketing experts pool their thinking. Their objective: what the marketplace will require. This is the most important stage. Here we must determine not only what kind of car, but how many we might be able to build and sell years later. Economics, customer tastes, availability of various kinds of fuels must be compared with state-of-the-art technology—and what steps must be taken to advance that technology quickly yet surely.

In the "concepting" stage, a new car is conceived. If the car is to be sold to customers three years later, construction of new plants must begin and basic tooling must be ordered.

The second phase of the Project Center takes 24 to 30 months. It encompasses development, design, structural analysis, handling analysis, emissions, noise and vibration, safety, reliability, serviceability and repairability, manufacturing, assembly, marketing, financing.

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Prototype cars are hand-built at a cost of more than $250,000 each. These enable the Project Center team to determine how newly developed, pretested components operate as a unit. Then, pilot models will be built from production tooling and tested some more. New technology, such as structural analysis by computer, saves time. Lead time has been reduced by 25% from ten years ago, when cars were far less complex.

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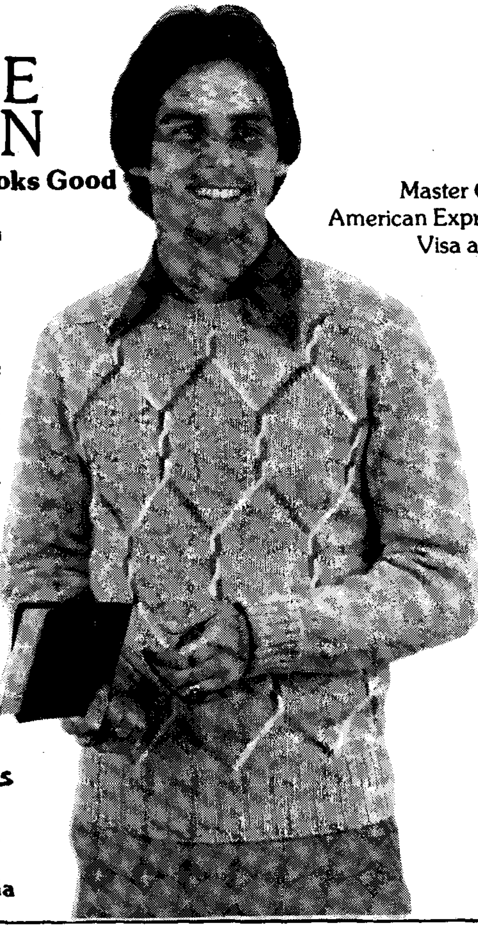

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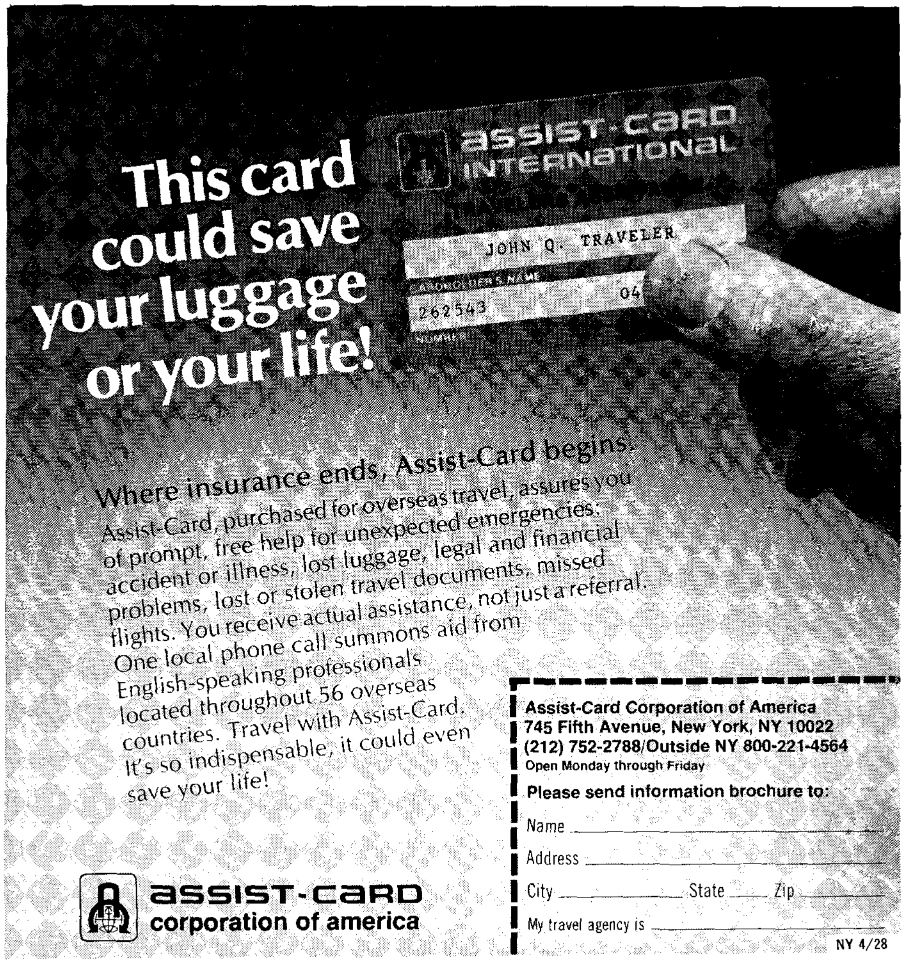

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hours before the old T.W.U. contract ran out, hundreds of union members marched through the lobby and the corridors of the hotel shaking their fists and chanting "Don't sell us out!" Some of them described the conflict with the M.T.A. as "war": militants indeed.

In a brief period of grace agreed to after the deadline, the members of the mediation panel offered a contract proposal that Ravitch—and perhaps Lawe, too—was willing to accept, but the members of the T.W.U.'s executive board shouted it down, and the strike was on. Eleven days—nine working days—later, the subways and the buses went back in operation when a tentative settlement (of which the chief political overseer was Governor Carey) received a tie vote from the executive board and Lawe, making an end run and taking a considerable risk, ordered his members back to work, subject to the contract's ratification by the full union membership. Soon afterward, Mayor Edward Koch held a press conference in which he denounced the agreement as "an outrage" and "a betrayal." Some of the dissident leaders who, unlike the Mayor, thought the terms too low, branded the pact a swindle and went to court to try to halt the ratification process. There was also talk of a recall movement against Lawe. Members of the M.T.A. negotiating team were overheard lamenting that the situation in the union might soon be the way things were in Iran during so many months this winter: no one would know where the power was or whom to do business with.

THERE was no question about who the hostages were in the recent ordeal: they were the seven and a half million New Yorkers as well as the half million or so suburbanites who rely on the local public-transportation system to get to work here each day. There were some New Yorkers who concluded that during this time the city had its own ayatollah of sorts—a figure who dominated the negotiating scene from afar, who aroused various sectors of the populace against one another, and whose wrath was feared by all sides. (This ayatollah was on the opposite side from the militants. There is more than one plot line in the Middle East.) "Instead of promoting understanding, he tried to fan the flames of rage and hatred. Instead of urging reasonableness, bargaining, and compromise, he created an atmosphere in which any help given by the Governor or higher offers by M.T.A. Chairman Ravitch would be viewed by the Mayor

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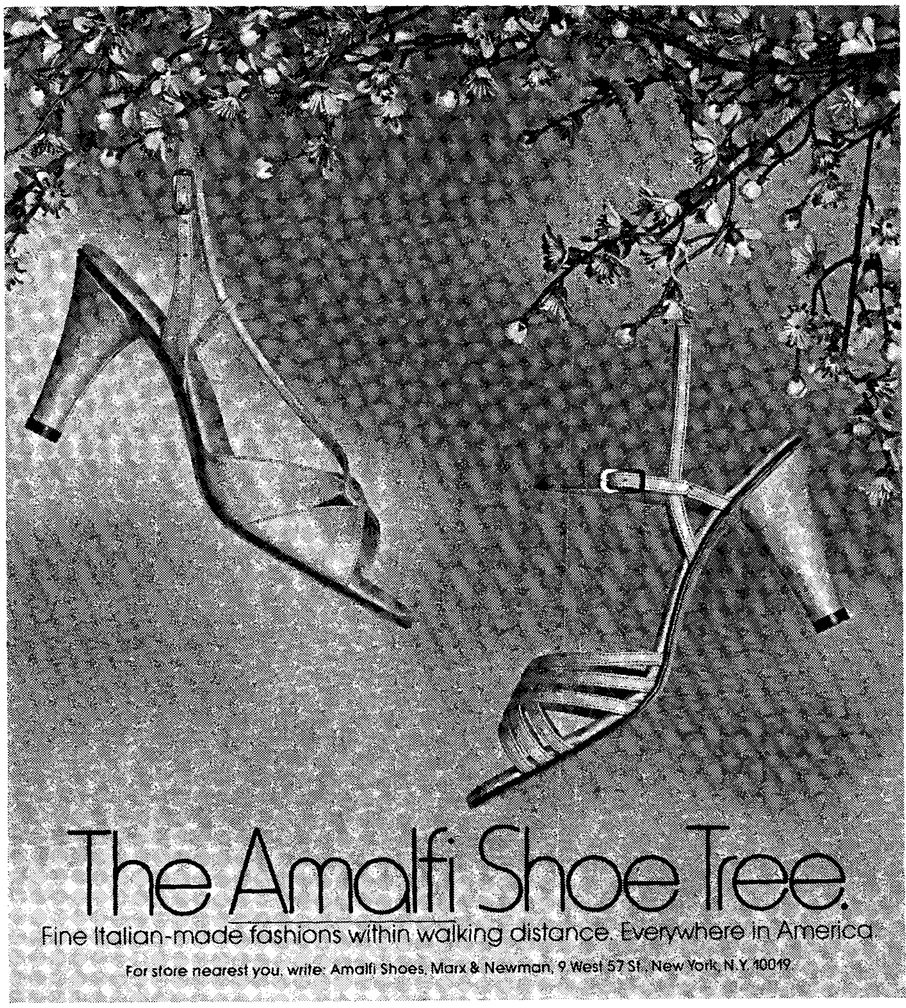

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and the public as surrender to blackmail. Day by day, he made it impossible for the negotiators to do anything to reach agreement without fear of his public denunciation. Instead of sitting at the bargaining table, he spent his time on the Brooklyn Bridge, stirring up hatred against the workers," and he turned the contract talks into a "moral crusade." The commentator—Albert Shanker, the president of the United Federation of Teachers—is hardly a disinterested observer, since he will soon be negotiating a new contract between his union and the city, sitting across the table, at least figuratively, from the man on whom he was passing such harsh judgment: Mayor Koch, who, entirely by coincidence, likes to refer to himself jokingly as the Mayatollah.

Koch's bad notice from Shanker, which appeared two days after the end of the strike in the U.F.T. leader's paid-ad column in the *Times*, was not, of course, the sort of review the Mayor's performance had been getting elsewhere in the *Times* or from most other local commentators. Looking backward, days later, with their tempers cooled and their blisters healed, many New Yorkers could see themselves as survivors of a great urban adventure and were willing to go along with Koch's choice of an equivalent historical setting: London during the blitz. "This is like Britain," the Mayor observed proudly during the strike. "They thought London would fall, but it didn't." He did not identify himself with Winston Churchill but was no doubt gratified when the *Post* did that for him.

Contrary to Shanker's implication, the Mayor did not spend the entire eleven days of the strike on the Brooklyn Bridge. He made daily appearances at several other bridges and congested traffic areas in the city, particularly in the southern half of Manhattan. But the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge was convenient for him (and the television crews), being less than a block from City Hall, and Koch's morning excursions there to greet New Yorkers as they hiked, biked, or roller-skated to their jobs from across the East River became a symbol of his attempt to keep their spirits up and applaud their efforts to persevere during the crisis. Sometimes Koch actually clapped his hands as he called out to them such messages as "You're doing great!" and "Keep it up. Keep it up." His cheerleading did seem to make many of the trudgers look happier, even to step livelier. After the strike ended, he explained that New Yorkers' valiant response to it represented a spir-

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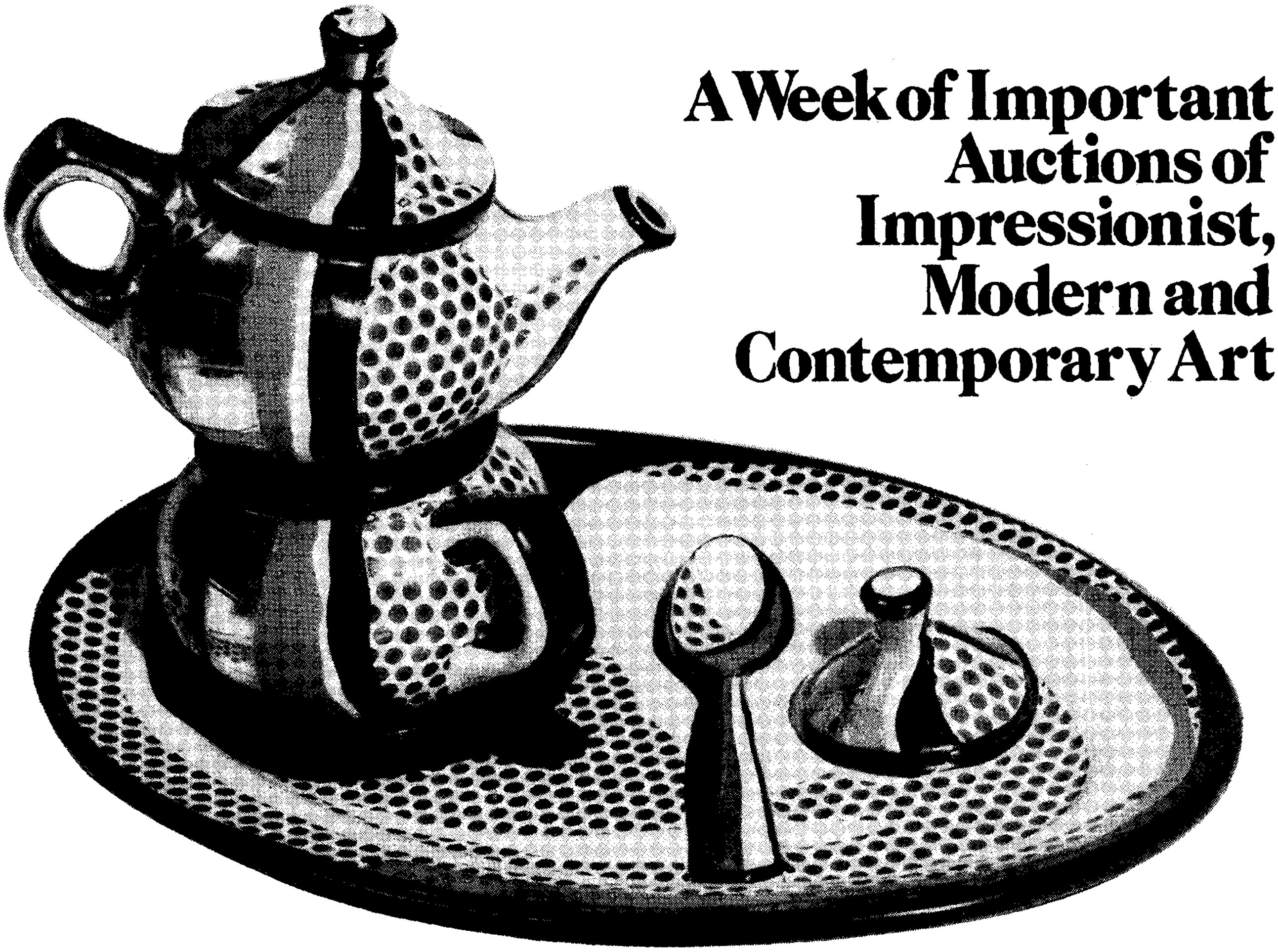

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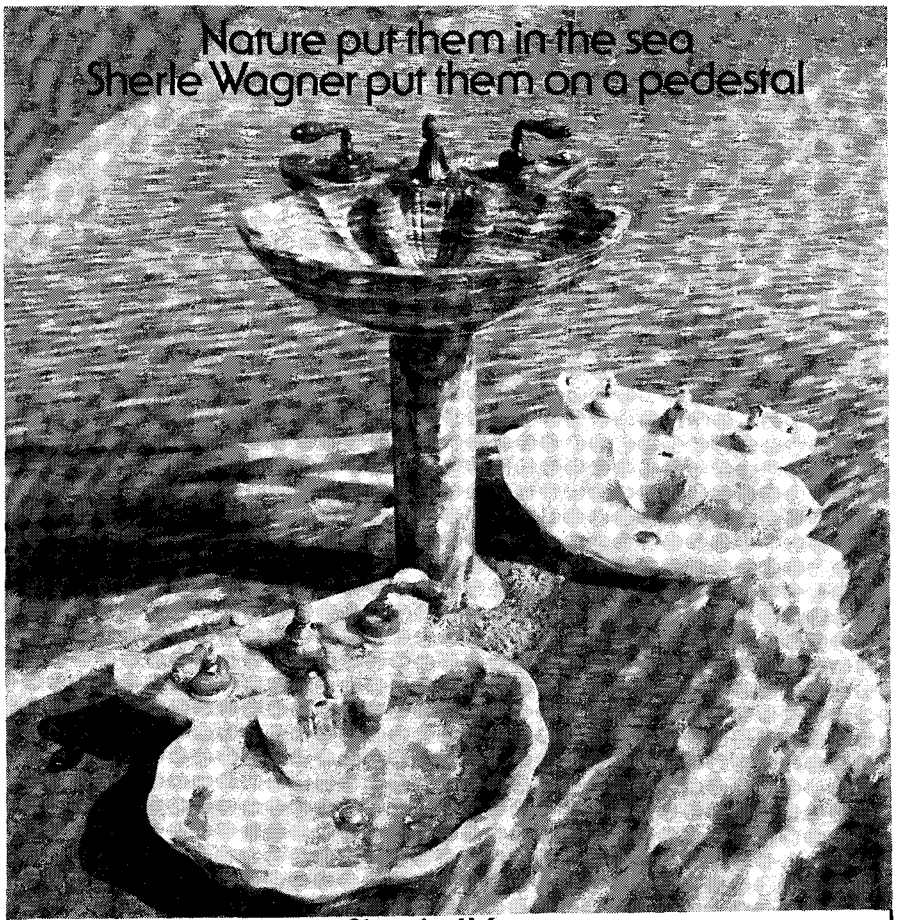
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it of patriotism which had gone out of style—and hardly anyone wants to seem unpatriotic.

Most of the involuntary pedestrians' responses were polite, and on the few occasions when someone gave him some back talk he simply dismissed the troublemaker as "a wacko." Almost no one mentioned that, with his large entourage of policemen and reporters—many of *them* with their attendant television equipment—the Mayor was a serious traffic obstacle, or pointed out that it was easy for him to tell other New Yorkers to keep it up, since he had a city car and chauffeur always at the ready to take him anywhere he wanted to go. Nor did many of them seem to realize that, whereas in most cases they still had a long trudge ahead of them, and had to do a full day's work before making the same trip back, the Mayor of their immensely complex and troubled city felt free to spend his day in more street theatre. Koch was not always on the cheering lines, of course. Twice, sometimes three times, a day, he met with reporters at the emergency strike center, at Police Headquarters, to make a personal report on traffic conditions and other developments. Sometimes he manned the telephone at the emergency-information center that citizens could call to get strike information. ("Yes, it is! How did you guess?" he would say delightedly.) He hurried to Beekman-Downtown Hospital to comfort a meter maid who had suffered a sprained knee in the line of duty. ("You're the greatest!") "The transit strike has become Koch's career," wrote Beth Fallon, the head of the *News* City Hall bureau, and she added that City Hall was like a tomb.

Along with the Mayor, those providing coverage of the strike, and particularly the *Times* editors, found the Battle-of-Britain metaphor for the city's predicament compelling. The sight of flotillas of boats loaded with well-dressed bank employees—small fleets that were part of an alternative transportation system that the city's banks provided for their staffs, at a cost of more than a million dollars a week—brought mentions of Dunkirk. Sometimes the press, like the Mayor, seemed to display less interest in discussing ways to end the strike than in hailing New Yorkers' stiff upper lips in adversity. The *Times* reported:

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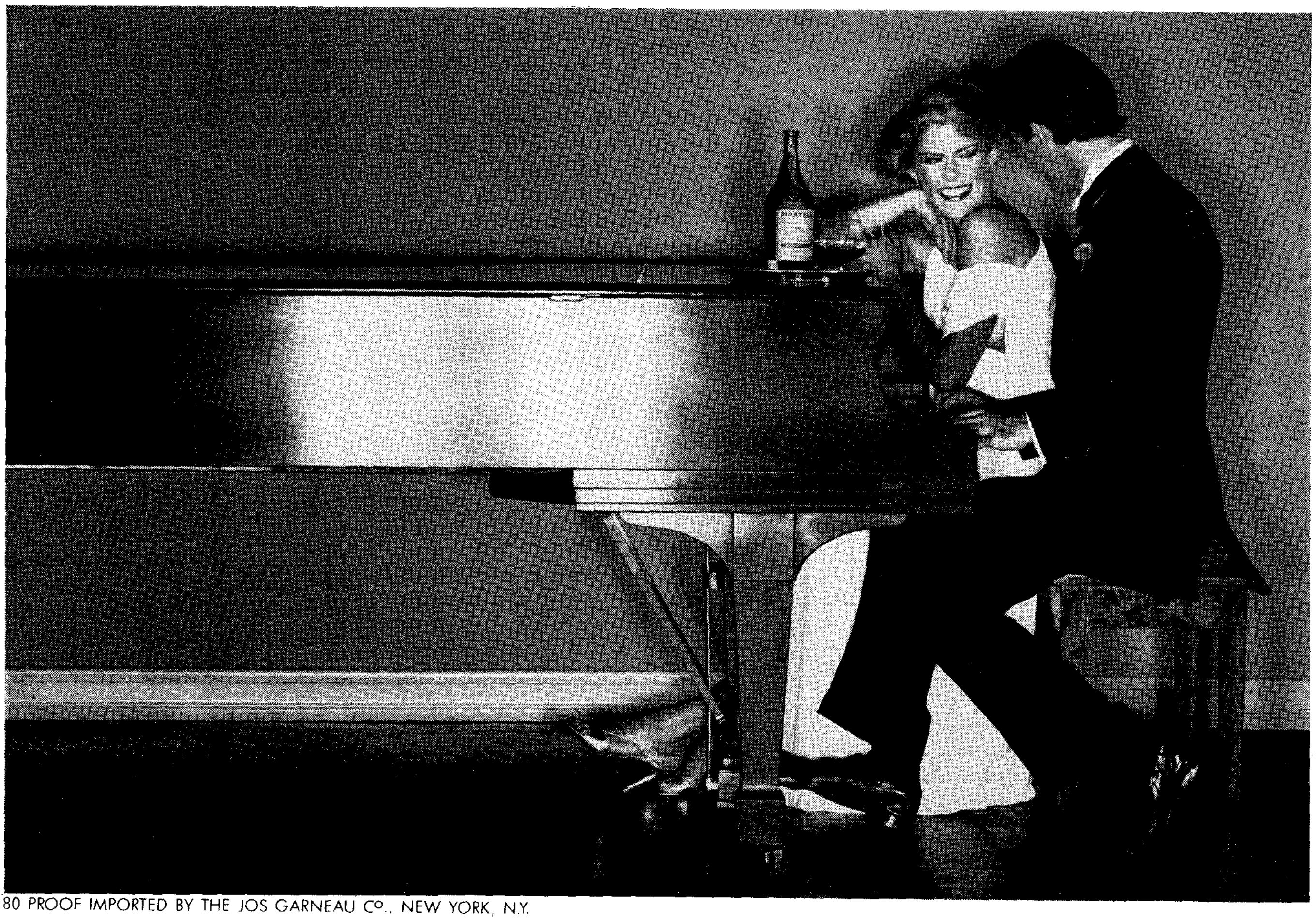

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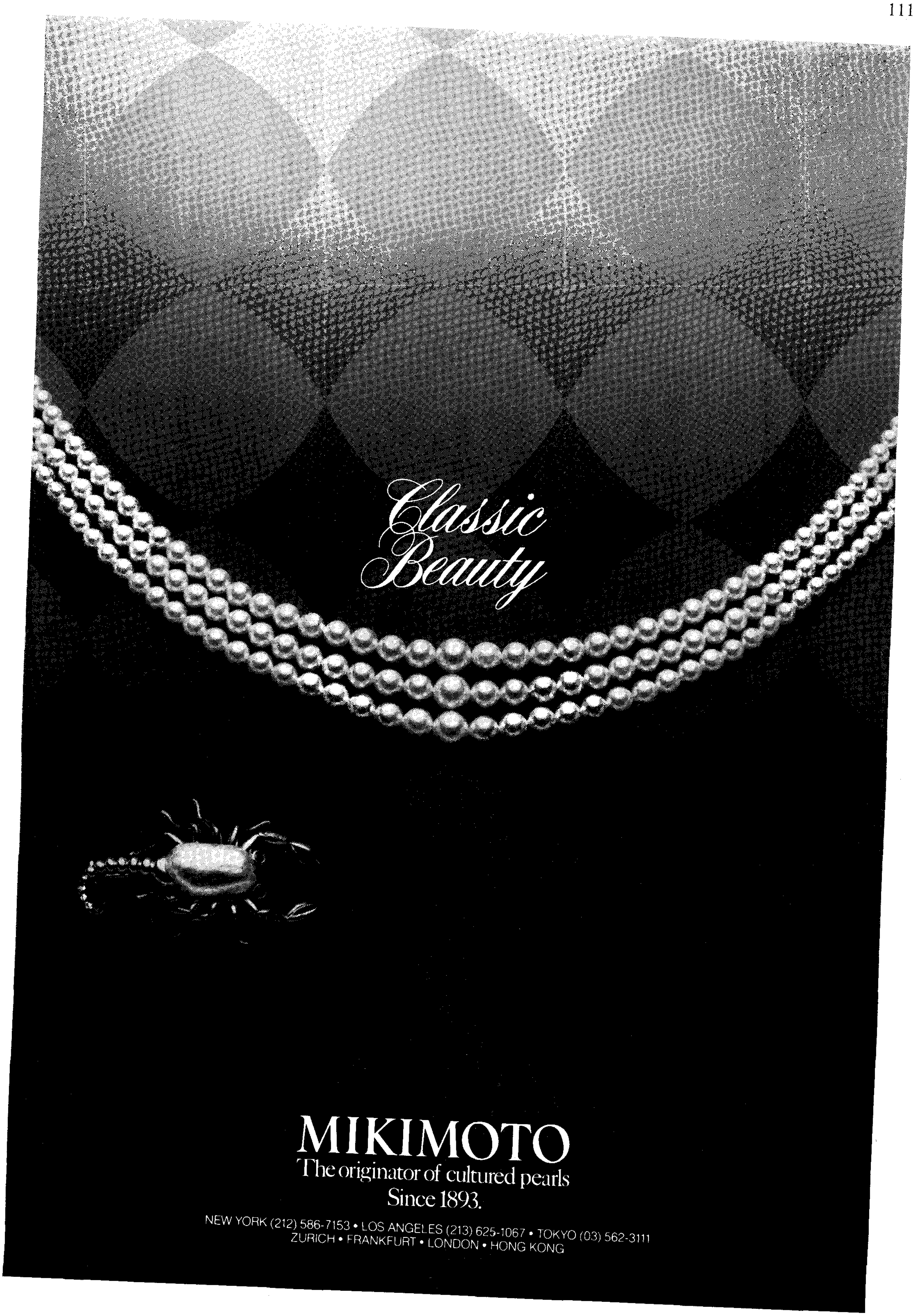
tor, and the next day the *Times* found him. In a front-page headline it proclaimed:

KOCH COMMENDS CITY
SAYS NEW YORKERS DISPLAY STRENGTH
AND CHARACTER IN A TIME OF TRIAL

Sometimes one got the impression that the *Times* had two editorial directors, since in the second section of the same issue readers could learn from one headline that "ON SECOND DAY, STRAIN BEGINS TO SHOW" and from another that "THE ANXIETY IS BEGINNING TO INCREASE." Whether or not formal word went out to tone down that kind of defeatist approach, the latter headline was changed in subsequent editions to "INGENUITY IS STILL THE BYWORD." As the strike continued, a *Times* editorial hailed Koch as "a symbol of irrepressible resistance," and the *Post* declared that "the Mayor speaks for the spirit of the city" in his pledge "to resist any irresponsible formula for peace." This editorial added, "Each day that the strike drags on with growing community sacrifice strengthens the case for the Mayor's position." Terms such as "valiant" and "embattled" and "no-surrender spirit" began to be featured in the strike coverage, and it was possible to wonder whether some people here had lost sight of the fact that in their version of the Battle of Britain the opposition was made up not of Nazis but of fellow-citizens.

The questions that the Mayor constantly put to those he encountered on the Brooklyn Bridge and elsewhere were whether he should surrender to "them;" whether he should knuckle under to demands that he described as "outrageous;" and, more often, "Should I cave in?" Tired as they might be, only a very few New Yorkers answered "Cave!" to this loaded question; when they did, they were called wackos. Most of those who urged him not to surrender surely believed that the fact that the Mayor asked for their advice in handling the transit strike meant that he was taking a leading part in its resolution, but this was not the case. Instead, Koch stayed entirely away from the negotiations at the Sheraton Centre. It was assumed that his double purpose was to be sure that others would have to take the blame for any increase in the transit fare and to make it easier for him to assert that there was no connection between the transit settlement and that sought by the municipal unions, whose coming contract talks he cannot avoid dealing with. Victor Gotbaum, the head of the largest municipal union,



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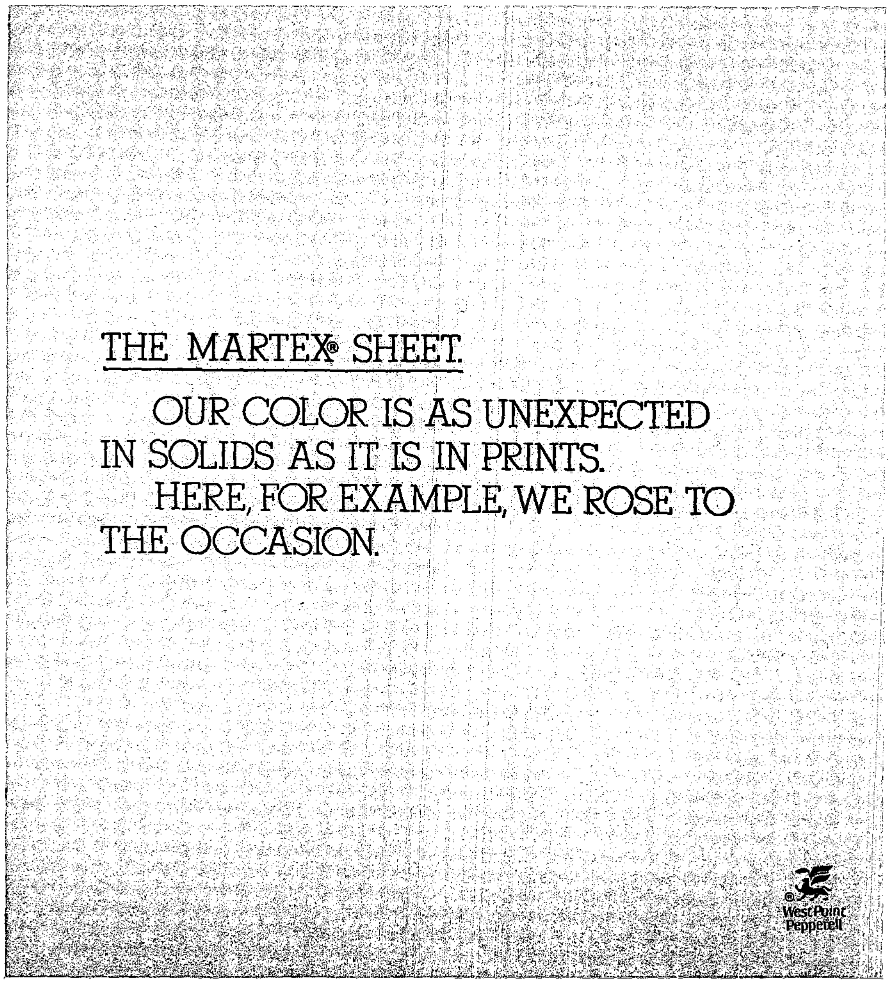
accused the Mayor of prolonging the transit strike by not taking any responsibility at the bargaining table. ("Get off the bridge and negotiate!") Toward the end of the strike, leaders of all the major municipal unions, including the police and firemen's unions, appeared at the Sheraton Centre to publicize their support for the T.W.U. They were joined by leaders of the Central Labor Council, which represents both public and private unions in the city. On Gotbaum's statements in support of the transit workers, the Mayor commented, "He has to support the other unions. That's called solidarity. I hope the citizens of New York have solidarity with their Mayor." In delivering what seemed to be a mayoral ruling that union members were not part of his constituency, Koch may have had it in mind that perhaps a quarter of those on the city payroll now live in the suburbs. Still, at least half a million residents of the five boroughs are municipal union members or close relatives of such workers, and the membership of the Central Labor Council is one million two hundred thousand. Of Koch's bridge appearances, Jimmy Breslin, the *News* columnist, wrote, "The Brooklyn Bridge is excellent for Koch," and explained, "It is close to his office, and most of the people on the bridge are white, which is his constituency. Another bridge, say, the Willis Avenue Bridge leading from the South Bronx, might not be quite as convenient or helpful for Koch." But for once it was not fair to suggest, as has often been done during Koch's time at City Hall, that when he referred to "them" he meant blacks and Hispanics and was guilty of trying to divide the city along racial lines. "They," it seemed, were now union members, black and white. Michael Oreskes, the labor editor of the *News*, noted that while the transit workers were out, reporters heard Koch humming "Everything's Up to Date in Kansas City." The reason the name of that city made him so cheerful seemed to be apparent when Ravitch stopped by to see the Mayor during the strike, and Koch mentioned—incorrectly—that Kansas City had just broken a firemen's strike. Commenting on the Mayor's behavior, Albert Shanker said that Koch "is trying to perpetuate some sort of class struggle."

FOLLOWING the announcement of the settlement that got the city's subways and buses rolling again, Gellhorn, the chief mediator, spoke with appreciation of the reasonableness and



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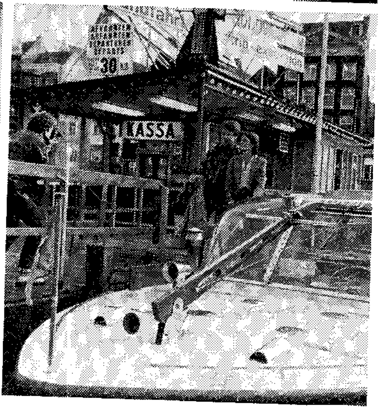

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"civility" of the negotiators on both sides with whom he had spent so many long days and nights working to achieve the agreement. Gellhorn's own civility—and patience and humor—undoubtedly also had much to do with fostering an atmosphere in which there was a minimum of the posturing and bombast that often compound the tension during such talks. (At one point, the distinguished professor explained that the leaders of the opposing sides had chosen him as panel chairman because they decided that "I was a nice, clean old man.") Civility is a quality that is not in large supply in politics and often seems to be nonexistent on the municipal level—a tradition that the current New York City administration has done nothing to change. During the days of the strike, Koch, as a variation on his lambasting of the unions and all who sided with them, often threw in gratuitous attacks on some of his City Hall predecessors. He excluded Robert Wagner, who was Mayor from 1954 through 1965, and whose son is now one of Koch's three Deputy Mayors. Mayor Wagner's father was New York's longtime Senator Robert Wagner, who sponsored the Wagner Act—the federal legislation that labor leaders regard as the American worker's Magna Carta. In 1958, Mayor Wagner made labor history when he signed the first executive order in the nation granting collective-bargaining rights to government unions. However, the view of the political wisdom of accommodating the interests of labor has changed in recent years. This month the third Robert Wagner, joining the three other M.T.A. members who had been named by Koch, cast his vote against the transit settlement as being overly generous to the unions.

In the impromptu commentaries that Koch delivered from various bridges and other traffic centers this month, he did not exempt John Lindsay, who was Mayor for eight years, ending in December of 1973, or Abraham Beame, Lindsay's successor, whose single term ended just before Koch moved into City Hall. When Koch was asked why he wasn't at the transit negotiations, he demanded, "Remember how John Lindsay gave away the city?" He was referring to the fifteen-per-cent pay increase over two years that Lindsay agreed to in ending the twelve-day transit strike in 1966—a settlement for which Lindsay was much praised at the time but which was later criticized as foolishly high. "Under Beame and Lindsay, the labor unions owned the city. No more!" Koch told reporters on the

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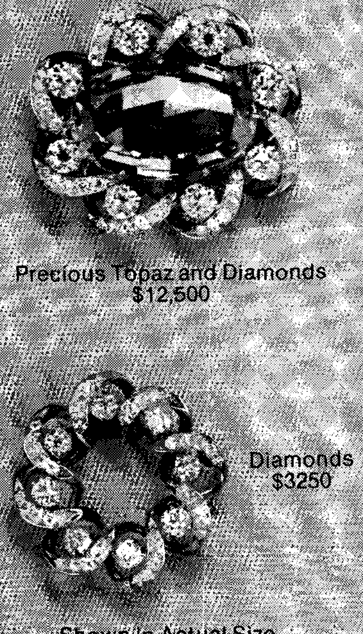

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fourth day of the more recent strike. The reason things were going so much better than they had in 1966, he explained the next day, was that the Lindsay administration didn't have a plan, and "we have a plan." Many reporters who cover the Mayor are too young to remember how it was at City Hall fourteen years ago, and others are so grateful to him for providing entertaining copy that they sometimes refrain from asking him inconvenient questions. No reporter reminded the Mayor that the 1966 strike came at five o'clock on New Year's morning, five hours after Lindsay took office. Whatever the Lindsay administration's inadequacies may have been during the 1966 crisis, it is obviously not easy to arrange to mobilize a huge city's resources to deal with a possible transit strike (there had never been one by the T.W.U. before) when the city government is under the control of another Mayor, and particularly when that Mayor is a member of the opposition party and not disposed to do you any favors: Wagner is a Democrat, and Lindsay at that time was a Republican. Several times this month, after criticizing Lindsay's performance in 1966 Koch said, "Wasn't that dumb? *Dumb!*" In response, Beame accused the present Mayor of trying to rewrite history, and pointed out that, far from giving the municipal unions everything they wanted in his term of office, he had reduced the city work force by sixty thousand people. Lindsay said that Koch should stop "polarizing our town." Koch explained that his comments on his predecessors "were not intended to be personal."

In one of his early appearances on the Brooklyn Bridge, the Mayor said happily, "Thank God, it's not winter!" If, in order to gain what he deemed a big advantage, Lindsay did add some extra sweetening to the pot in the 1971 transit talks, Koch and the city have reason to be grateful to him. That year, Lindsay specified that the contract must run twenty-seven months. This moved the expiration date for the biennial transit agreements to March 31st—a schedule that has been followed ever since. Thus, he made sure that any future transit strike would come in relatively fair weather rather than in the snow and ice of a New Year's dawn, and also made sure that any new Mayor would have a few months' breathing time before disaster struck. There is no doubt that the T.W.U. sees the present date as a management advantage: one of its initial demands before the strike was for a contract that would last only twenty-

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one months, moving the expiration date back to the turmoil of New Year's Eve. In fact, Koch owes Lindsay a particularly big favor for having changed the contract length. The most strident theme of Koch's 1977 mayoral campaign was the need to be willing to "take a strike" rather than be "intimidated" by the municipal unions. According to the old schedule, the transit contract would have run out at midnight that year, just as he assumed office, and the T.W.U. might have decided to put him to the test immediately, like Lindsay, before he even got his coat off. By the time the transit contract expired under the revamped schedule, three months later, the new Mayor was using somewhat less provocative rhetoric. Moreover, by then congressional hearings were being held on the prospects for a federal loan-guarantee program without which New York would have had another brush with bankruptcy. The T.W.U. leaders were frequently reminded that it was essential for the city to appear to be a center of labor peace, in which the unions were coöperating in holding costs down. The transit leaders then settled for what amounted to an eight-per-cent raise over two years; in the same year, with the Carter Administration's blessing, the coal miners won a thirty-nine-per-cent increase over three years. And by the April 1st contract deadline that year polls had startled Governor Carey into the realization that his reëlection was in jeopardy. Koch took an active part in the 1978 transit negotiations, and when he called Carey early on the morning of the deadline and asked if the state would match the additional eighteen million dollars that the city had agreed to come up with to meet the union's demands, the Governor obliged.

Until 1968, local subways and buses were run by the Transit Authority, a city agency. In that year, the T.A. became part of the state Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which also has responsibility for a number of commuter lines. The theory that the city government can remain aloof from negotiations involving the transit system is not a very persuasive one. After all, the subways and buses that the transit workers operate and maintain are owned by the city, and surely rules governing their use are of interest to City Hall. Moreover, the city contributes more than twice as much to the state does. In the years since 1968, New York Mayors have associated themselves with transit negotiations according to what

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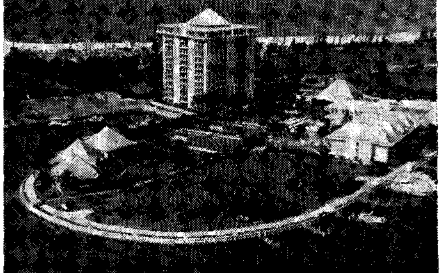

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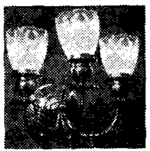

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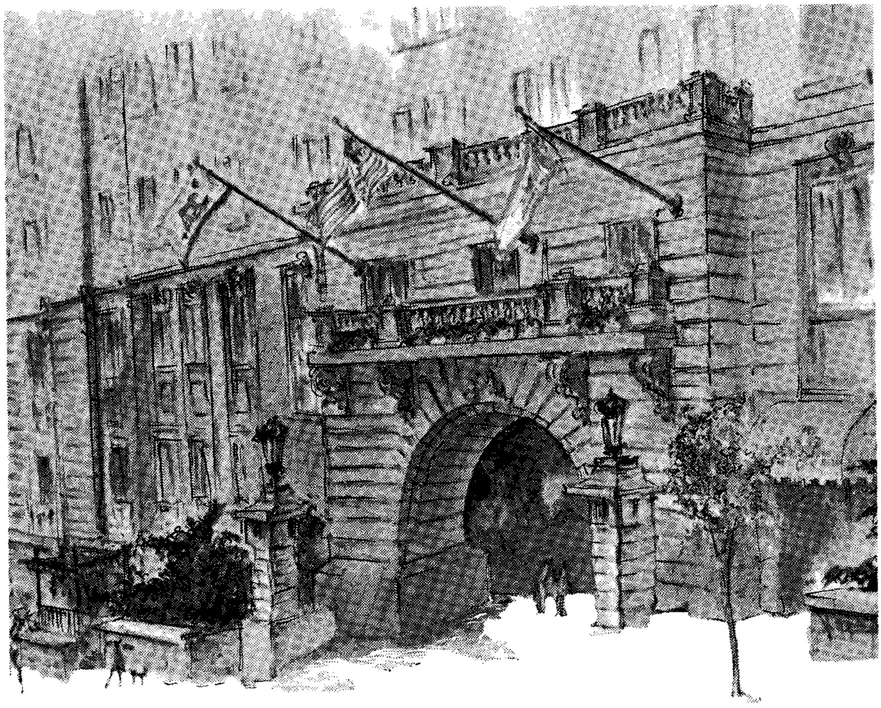
political advantage might be in it for them, as they saw things at the time. In 1974, for example, Beame's picture appeared on local front pages as he proudly described his part in that year's contract settlement. Months later, when critics were calling it too fat, he said that transit workers were state employees and he had had nothing to do with the agreement. In 1978, Koch not only took part in the contract talks but also took credit for having saved the fifty-cent fare in the process. It wasn't until this year that he adopted the position that since the M.T.A. is a state agency his place was anywhere else but at the bargaining table.

On the ninth day of the strike, Mayor Koch demanded that both sides in the transit talks engage in "round the clock" negotiations. At the Sheraton Centre, where many of those involved were already getting along on only a few hours' sleep each night, this was described as Koch's "let's you and him negotiate" proposal. At a press briefing that evening, when Professor Gellhorn was asked to comment on Koch's message, he allowed a faint note of asperity to creep into his voice, for the first time. "Exhaustion is not the best preparation for successful negotiations," he said. "We're trying to be effective, not spectacular."

Despite the Mayor's bridge rhetoric, the issues at the Sheraton Centre were not simple. Workers for the transit system are regarded as among the least efficient and least productive of those on whose services New Yorkers must rely. Part of the problem is an apparent abdication of responsibility by supervisory personnel. One solution would be for the M.T.A.—or, rather, the Transit Authority, which actually operates the system—to do a better job of supervising the supervisors. On the matter of having been left behind in the upward wage spiral, however, the transit workers had a good case. The fourteen-per-cent raise over two years that they won from the Beame administration in 1974 was their last substantial increase. In 1976, at the height of the fiscal crisis, the T.W.U., reminded of the hazards that municipal bankruptcy posed for unions dependent on the city, settled for a small cost-of-living adjustment and no raise—a concession that was followed by the eight-per-cent raise it got in 1978. Before this year's talks began, Lawe announced that his union workers would no longer "subsidize the city."

The theory that the time had come for them to do some catching up seemed to be borne out by the expan-



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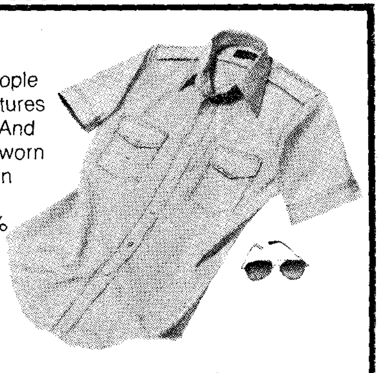

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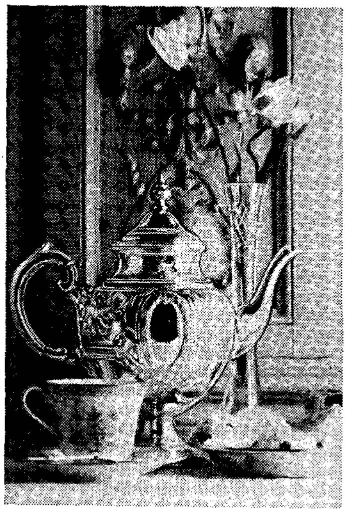

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sive pronouncements out of City Hall since Koch took office—particularly his frequent declaration that under his administration the city was enjoying a "renascence," in which everything was getting better for New Yorkers, economically and in other ways. The union members could hardly miss the numbers all around them reflecting out-of-control inflation (the prime interest rate went to nearly twenty per cent the week they went on strike) and the responses to it, including those at City Hall. Last summer, the City Council passed a bill granting forty-per-cent raises to its members, with half the increase to start on July 1, 1979, and the other half a year later. Members of the Board of Estimate, including the Mayor, also received raises under this legislation. The thirty-three-and-a-third-per-cent increase for the Mayor was scheduled to bring his salary to eighty thousand dollars by this July. Koch announced that the increases were well-deserved, and that he would accept his with pleasure. Someone may have reminded him that this action would be sure to complicate the coming negotiations with the municipal unions, for whom he has set aside money in his budget for only four-per-cent annual increases. Two months after the bill passed, Koch announced on television that he wouldn't be accepting the extra money after all, since references to it would become "an irritant" and "a distraction."

The settlement proposed to the T.W.U. executive board just before the strike began called for eight and eight, and also several givebacks—the relinquishing of privileges that were won in previous contracts—whose surrender, in management's view, would lead to greater efficiency and thus help pay for a settlement. The M.T.A. referred to such givebacks as "productivity gains," the Governor called them "buybacks," and Lawe labelled them "retrogressions." The M.T.A.'s stand was that without givebacks there would be no contract agreement. The union had said that there would be no givebacks; none had ever been surrendered in a T.W.U. negotiation. Toward the end of the talks that preceded the strike, however, the union did agree to consider some givebacks. There were many people at the hotel on the night the strike began who believed that it could have been averted if the Mayor had been on hand to take some responsibility for it. As it was, the mediators and the negotiators for management had hanging over their heads the prospect that whatever agreement

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their painful efforts achieved would cause them to be held up to public scorn by the Mayor—which indeed was what happened. Meanwhile, the labor representatives arrived each day at the bargaining table in a state of rage as a result of the Mayor's latest attacks on them. In the end, it was the Governor who made the decision that things had gone far enough. On the tenth day of the strike, in conversations with Carey in the Governor's midtown office, Koch, according to the *News*, agreed to a contract that would have given the strikers an increase of eight per cent the first year and eight and three-quarters per cent the second year. His position after the strike that the final settlement was "far in excess" of anything that he and Carey had talked of as well as an outrage and a betrayal was somewhat disingenuous. The *Times* commented the morning after the agreement, "The terms of the wage settlement do not differ significantly from the proposal almost agreed on immediately before the strike." The eleven days of the shutdown had cost the local public and private sectors well over a billion dollars. The daily loss to the city treasury was three million dollars, including more than nine hundred thousand in overtime payments, most of it to the police, and the rest in lost tax revenues. On individual union members, fines had been levied totalling thirty-five million dollars, and fines for the unions themselves came to at least a million dollars. Of the settlement, both Ravitch and Lawe agreed that they had got only part of what they had wanted. "There are no winners, there are no losers," said Ravitch. The terms, which Ravitch had checked to make sure were within the federal wage guidelines, provided for a nine-per-cent increase the first year and eight per cent the second. In addition, there would be, in the last six months of the second year, a cost-of-living increase of one cent an hour for each four-tenths per cent rise in the Consumer Price Index, up to a limit of six per cent. Estimates were that this provision would give the T.W.U. a raise of three and seven-tenths per cent for the final six months. Some givebacks were included, in a break with precedent. After the settlement, the M.T.A. estimated that these would cut by a third the additional two hundred and seventy million dollars the contract would cost. A few days later, Ravitch said that the savings could not be measured "with any precision." Still, the principle of givebacks had been established. In 1978, bargaining with the

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municipal unions, Koch had demanded fifty-six givebacks and had won none.

Carey had stepped into the talks in the final days of the strike, believing that the slight chance that the management side could save perhaps another half point in a settlement a week later would not be worth the additional three-quarters of a billion dollars or so that seven more days of disorder and dislocation would cost the city. When the Governor decided to settle, he had no doubt that he would have to take the political heat for a fare rise and any other consequences of what the Mayor would call "caving in." It was no surprise to him when, the night the transit-union members started back to work, Koch held the press conference deploring the end of the strike on the terms agreed to. No sharp words were then exchanged publicly between the Mayor and the Governor, but, in the heat of the battle, members of their staffs were not so circumspect. When James Brigham, Koch's director of the Office of Management and Budget, loyally reminded Carey's staff that New Yorkers "are still cheering the Mayor on the Brooklyn Bridge," the response of Meyer Frucher, Carey's director of employee relations, was "They cheered Hitler in Berlin, too"—a remark Frucher later said was "very inappropriate."

"We were coming back to life in this city. Then the M.T.A. folded," the Mayor told reporters disconsolately on the night the strike was over. In many respects, the *Times'* reaction was similar. Twice, in adjoining columns on its front page the next morning, it printed Koch's statement, "The city won the battle in the streets. The Metropolitan Transportation Authority lost it at the bargaining table." A *Times* headline that morning assured local citizens, "ON THE STRIKE'S LAST DAY, DIFFICULTIES WERE NOT DIRE." Praising the valiant spirit and the good nature that so many of them had displayed during their ordeal, the *Times* declared the next day that New Yorkers "were, quite evidently, ready to keep at it if yesterday's news had turned sour." It did not say whether it was prepared to submit this judgment to the full membership.

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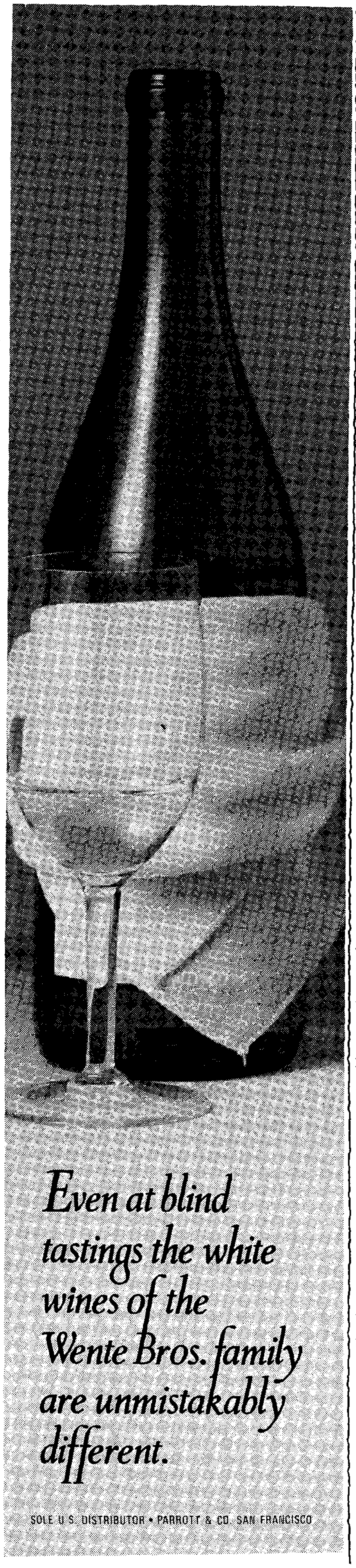
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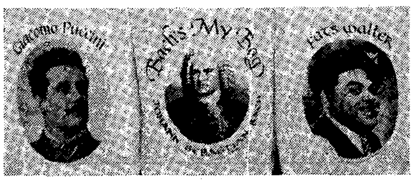

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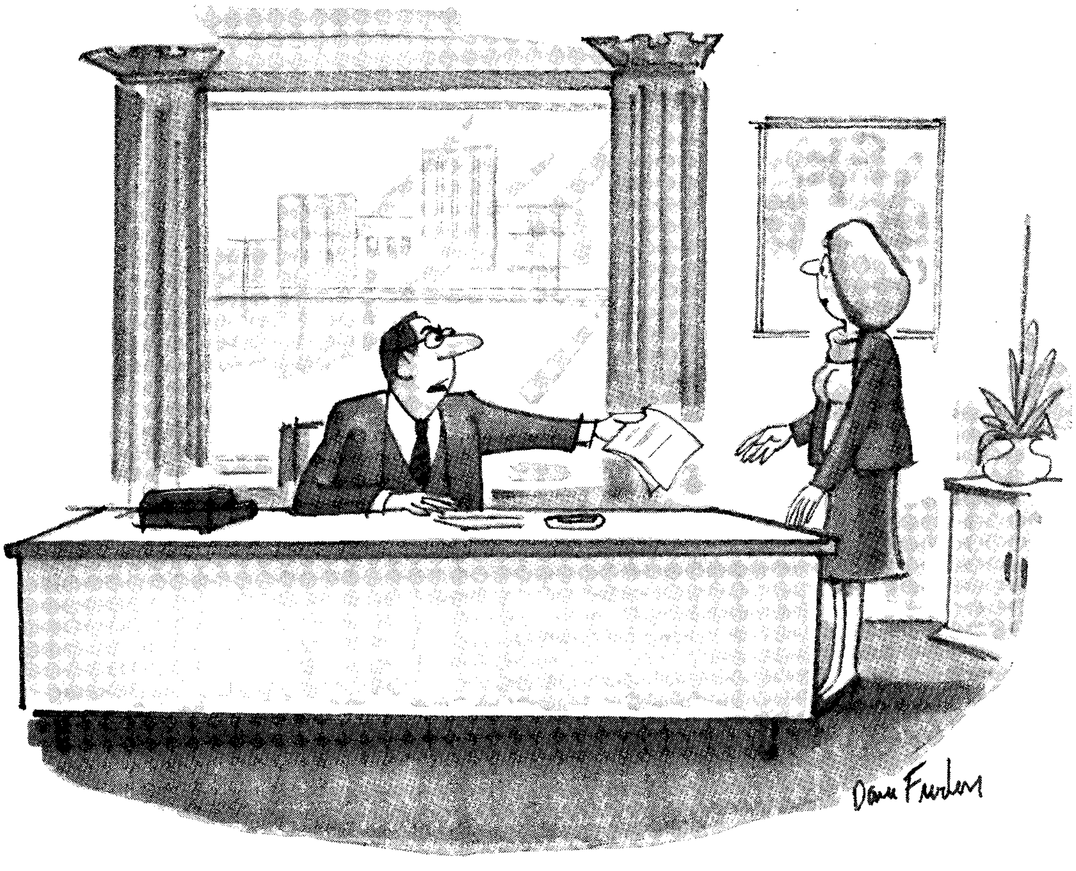
Pastorale Héroïque

At last, New York audiences have had the opportunity to see an opera by Jean-Baptiste Lully staged in a complete version. The New York Lyric Opera Company made this piece of operatic history by mounting Lully's "Acis et Galatée" (1686) earlier this month, in the unlikely surroundings of Symphony Space, a converted ice-skating rink on Broadway at Ninety-fifth Street. This was not the first staging of a Lully opera in the United States; "Alceste" was performed in Maryland in 1978, and "Amadis" at Harvard in 1951. Nor was it the first modern revival of "Acis et Galatée;" in London, the BBC broadcast a cut version conducted by Constant Lambert in 1937, and more recently a fuller version, conducted by Lionel Salter. Nor was this the first Lully opera to be heard in New York; there was a concert performance of "Armide" in 1953, and a group of extracts from "Amadis" in a concert by the Dessoff Choirs in 1975. But the Lyric Opera Company's achievement is no less remarkable because of these precedents. Its staging proved—for the first time, in my experience—that a Lully opera can be practical, enjoyable, dramatically coherent, and musically satisfying.

The success of the undertaking was due in large measure to the company's astute choice of opera. "Acis et Galatée" does not belong to the series of *tragédies-lyriques* that Lully wrote between 1673 and 1686 in collaboration with the poet Philippe Quinault. Those long pieces, each in five acts with a prologue, were staged with the utmost splendor in Paris. They made use of elaborate stage machinery and of all the singers, players, and dancers available to Lully. To Louis XIV and his courtiers, with nothing better to do, the operas' length was doubtless heavenly; to a modern audience, with buses home to catch, it poses daunting practical problems. The solution has almost always been to cut large tracts of the recitative that forms the heart of the drama and some of the ballet music that present-day taste regards as an optional extra. The *tragédies* emerge lopsided, with too great an emphasis on the "airs," which are but one element in Lully's finely balanced music drama. "Acis et Galatée" avoids these difficulties. It is not a *tragédie* but a pastoral, and not in five acts but in three. It was written not for Louis XIV but for his son the Grand Dauphin. It was commissioned by the Duc de Vendôme on the occasion of a hunting party in September, 1686, that took place at his country residence, the Château d'Anet, in Eure-et-Loir. Vendôme was one of the least likable characters at the French court; his subsequent fall from the King's favor is described in gleeful detail in the memoirs of Saint-Simon. With his brother Philippe, who was Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, Vendôme pursued a life of unrelenting hedonism. He gathered around him a cabal of like-minded enthusiasts; Lully was a prominent figure among them, as was the poet Jean-Galbert de Campistron, who had had a first success in 1683 with his *tragédie* "Virginie." When the Duc asked Lully to write a piece to honor the Dauphin's visit, it was perhaps natural that—Quinault having just retired—Lully should turn to Campistron.

The story of "Acis et Galatée" is drawn from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and is essentially the same as the story Handel used in his Italian serenata "Aci, Galatea e Polifemo" and his English masque "Acis and Galatea." It had been made into a French opera—"Les Amours d'Acis et de Galatée"—by Marc-Antoine Charpentier in 1678. Campistron fills out the simple tale of Acis' death at the hands of Polyphemus and his resurrection as a river by introducing extra pairs of lovers: Télème and Scylla, who quarrel frequently; Tircis and Aminte, a conventional shepherd couple. The libretto is very poorly written. (Campistron's talents found a more appropriate use in later years, when he wrote scurrilous letters that blamed others for his patron Vendôme's disastrous handling of the Battle of Oudenaarde.) But it is well planned. The three acts are short, and there is the customary prologue, which praises the royal guest. Each act has its divertissement, an entertainment involving dancing and formal songs. The story is told in a sequence of recitative and airs, moving quickly and easily from one to the other, without the structural breaks of Italian opera. The whole is designated a "*pastorale héroïque*," which Nougaret's "De l'Art du Théâtre," of 1769, defined as a pasto-



"Miss Pomeroy, take these rules and throw them out the window."

ral drama "whose dénouement is sometimes tragic."

The New York Lyric Opera Company was able to present the work complete without any danger of wearying the audience. (A fine new edition, by Dr. H. Wiley Hitchcock, based on the original published score, was used.) And it made a praiseworthy attempt to capture some of the style of a seventeenth-century presentation. There was a simple pastoral set on the small stage of Symphony Space, and a resourceful production, by R. Sebastian Russ, which used the characters sensibly yet inventively, keeping within the formal constraints of the style. Most important of all, there was dancing, by a group of eight directed by Janis Pforsich. Though it was not perfectly coördinated, the dancing conveyed a real feeling of the graceful, dignified movements—the gently upturned hands, the springing heels and toes—that give sense and purpose to Lully's wonderful dance music. It cannot be overstressed that dance lies at the root of French opera in this period: two of the finest scenes in "Acis et Galatée"—an air for Galatea in Act II and the final sequence of choruses and verses—are essentially dances. Here, for once, we saw the chaconne and the passacaille take wing visually as well as musically. This is the first Baroque opera of any kind that the company has tackled, and the purely musical aspects of the performance were less successful. Michael Bartos, who conducted, struck excellent tempi for the dances and kept the whole opera moving well. But ensemble was frequently awry, and it was difficult to understand the arrangement of the orchestra. Oboes and bassoon, which often play together, were as far apart as was possible. More vital, the gamba and cello continuo players seemed to be in close contact neither with the harpsichord nor with the singers; at the keyboard, Kenneth Cooper played strongly, but there was always a time lapse between his chords, the voices, and the bass line, and that proved irritating. (Ideally, the harpsichordist should face toward the stage, and the bass player sit on his left reading from the same score.) The orchestra played well when it settled into a tempo, but it usually took too long to do so.

Onstage, the distinction was fairly clear between those singers who adapted themselves to French Baroque style and those who adapted the style to themselves. As in almost all French operas of the period, the most difficult problem was that of the high tenor parts. In this piece, both Acis and Té-

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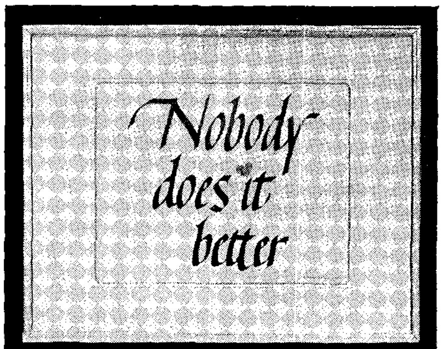

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lème are *hautes-contre* with a consistently high tessitura—a range in which most tenors of today are uncomfortable. The company attempted to provide two casts; I heard all the Saturday cast and much of Sunday's. David Montefiore, who sang Acis in the first cast, certainly sounded ill at ease; Paul Tomasko, in the alternate cast, managed to achieve more lyricism in the lovely second-act air "Immortels habitants." Télème was here recast as a countertenor, and that was a pity, since Allan Fast's pleasant fluting tones could neither provide the feeling of tension inherent in the high tenor line nor blend well with the Acis. There are no such difficulties in Polyphemus' bass part; Raymond Murcell (who took the same role in Handel's masque earlier this season), in the first cast, and John Mack Ousley, in the second, were quite hard to tell apart, since they both sang with solid conviction and were given splendid one-eyed masks and long, stringy beards. (The scene of Polyphemus' toilette and the dance of some baby one-eyed monsters were two nice apocryphal touches in the production.) Among the smaller parts, I enjoyed Judith Malafronte's generously voiced Diane (in the prologue), Aminte (in Act I), and Naiad (in Act III), and the crisp, clear voice of Margaret Poyner as Scylla in the first cast; in the second cast, this role was taken by Emily Hastings, on rather too large a scale. There was a small chorus, which sang reliably in Lully's long but effective stretches of homophonic writing. The linchpin of the opera, however, is Galatea: she has a large amount of recitative, the splendid chaconne air in Act II, and in Act III, after Acis' death, a long and exquisitely beautiful scene of uncertainty, grief, despair, and resolve. Here the contrast between the two casts was striking. Josephine Mongiardo, in the first cast, sang beautifully and rather tremulously, in a conventional style, which made the ornaments sound like awkward additions and the recitative

Judith Shahn

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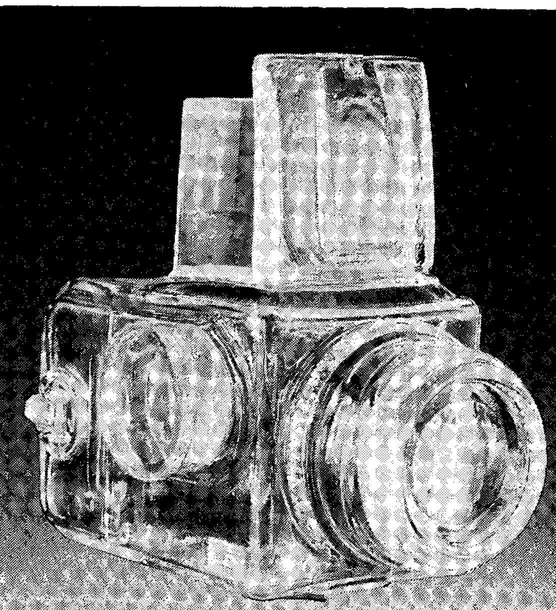
like a bel-canto exercise. Ann Monoyios, in the second, while smaller an less striking of voice, gave a performance that for stylishness, accuracy, an responsiveness to the special idiom c the music was on quite a different level—a far higher level, indeed, tha any of the other singing.

For all my reservations about th performance—reservations that are almost inevitably associated with a firs experimental attempt in an unfamilia genre—I cannot praise too highly th over-all effect of this production which was to reveal something of tha blend of dance, music, words, scenery and gesture which made French oper at the end of the seventeenth centur a unique art form. It showed that thi balance emerges only when an oper is done uncut and with dancing, and i proved—as we have now come to accept for Monteverdi, Cavalli, Gluck and Rameau—that Lully's idiom need no special pleading; it can speak eloquently to us, given the right context "Acis et Galatée" was Lully's las completed stage work. Only fou months after its première at Anet, Lully conducted the "Te Deum" at S Honoré during which—as the story ha it—his heavy conducting stick wounde his foot, causing gangrene, whic proved fatal. "Acis" was Lully's solitary pointer toward a new French operatic style, in which literary aspect would be less important and musi would become ever more elaborate. T the rich field of opera subsequent t Lully—Charpentier's "Médée," for instance, or the smaller works of Rameau—I hope the New York Lyri Opera Company will now turn.

THE production of Benjamin Britten's "Billy Budd" at the Metropolitan Opera boasts the most spectacular set I have ever seen in an oper house. William Dudley's giant man-of-war rises and falls, revealing different cross-sections of the ship—plunging to show the gun deck on whic Billy is chained, rising to display fou different decks for the climacti frustrated attack on a French ship i Act II. The set is powerfully symbolic placed in the middle of the stage, wit the dark seas surging around it, it provides a feeling of the isolation of th ship, the inescapable nature of the relationships formed on board, the hothouse atmosphere that makes passions flare. John Dexter's production makes fine use of the opportunities that the set presents. In the recent revival, Richard Cassilly took over the part of Captain Vere. It is difficult to forget the inflections and the timbre of Peter



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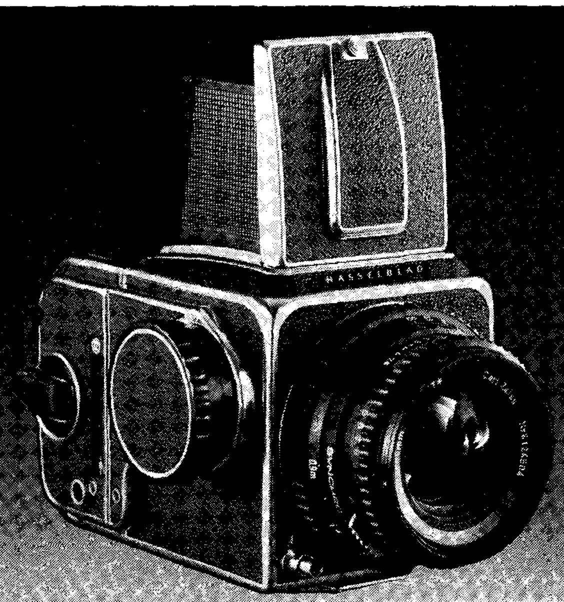
Pears' voice in this part, but Cassilly made a strong impression by treating the role quite differently: he is a forceful, gutsy commander, without fear of physical action, not a milk-and-water philosopher. The voice is solid, almost strident; it rings through the theatre with splendid rhythmic firmness. Against this background of resolution, Vere's lack of action to save Billy, his lumbering, uneasy sympathy for him become all the more painful. As Billy, Richard Stilwell seemed to me too slack, too casually nice; there was little of the desperate eagerness to please, the wide-eyed disbelief in his fate. His singing, too, was undercharacterized. James Morris's frightening Claggart is an original creation: smooth, wily, self-loving, with something of the politician about him. There was perhaps more demonic force in the music than Mr. Morris let us hear, but his portrayal was admirably subtle. Raymond Leppard conducted. He captured some of the vivid colors and the tangy sonorities of Britten's music but never really pulled the score together. Still, he let us hear the music, and renewed our admiration for it. "Billy Budd" provides as good an evening in the theatre as the New York operatic stage has to offer.

MOZART'S "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," which was given a new production at the Met earlier in the season, returned briefly this month, with a mostly new cast. I am no more convinced by John Dexter's inconsequential production or by James Levine's chummy, unstylish conducting than I was in the fall. But Jocelyn Herbert's sets looked very pretty, and vocally there was much more to admire: Christiane Eda-Pierre, making her house début, brought a lustrous tone and fiery, confident articulation to Constanze's "Martern aller Arten;" John Alexander made a light Belmonte, but he blended well; James Atherton was a lively Pedrillo; and Kathleen Battle, as Blonde, was perfect, with a timbre that was supple yet brilliant, clear yet full of color. Miss Battle is one of those very rare natural, instinctive singers that one would be happy listening to for the rest of one's life. These four made the quartet that forms the Act II finale sound, as it surely is, one of Mozart's greatest ensembles; much of the rest seemed trivial by comparison.

LAST, and least, the New York City Opera has introduced a production of Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges," which it has borrowed from



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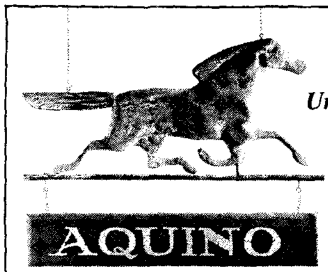

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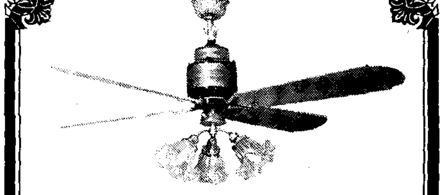

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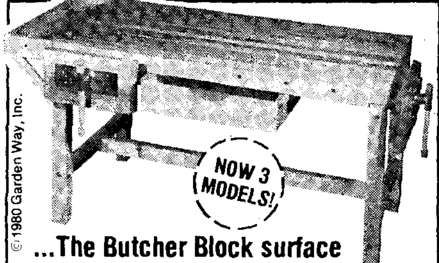

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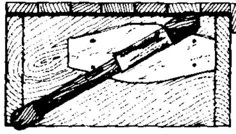

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the San Diego Opera. Tito Capobianco's direction reduced Prokofiev's touching, magical little fable to a dreary pantomime romp. If I had been in the chorus of Empty Heads (whose preliminary bumblings around the auditorium provided one of the few successful moments of the production), I would have invaded the stage far more often to try and stop the proceedings; if I had been the Prince, the opera would have come to a standstill, because there was nothing at all to laugh at—least of all the sight of Fata Morgana's multicolored socks, which are supposed to stimulate the Prince's mirth. The sets and costumes, by Mario Vanarelli, were ugly. Except for David Hall's sprightly Truffaldino, the singing was generally on a very low level. Against these odds, Christopher Keene and the orchestra worked miracles in the pit to give the performance a semblance of life.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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of my bed, says my son,
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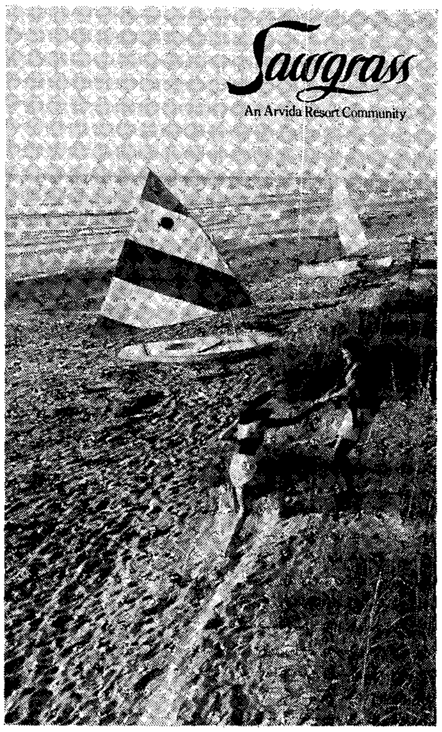
at United Parcel, and the voices
of loudspeakers command us all.
The woman downstairs turns
on the TV and the smoke
of her first sweet joint rises
toward the infinite stopping
for the duration in my nostrils.
The taxpayers of hell are voting
today on the value of garbage,
the rivers are unfreezing
so that pure white swans may ride
upstream toward the secret source
of sweet waters, all the trains
are on time for the fun of it.
It is February of the year 1979
and my fifty-second winter is turning
toward spring, toward cold rain
which gives way to warm rain
and beaten-down grass. If I
were serious I would say I
take my stand on the edge
of the future tense and offer
my life, but in fact I stand
before a smudged bathroom mirror,
toothbrush in hand, and smile
at the puffed face smiling
back out of habit. Get up,
honey, I say, it could be worse,
it could be a lot worse,
it could be happening to you.

—PHILIP LEVINE



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Departing Trains

TWO strange and disturbing German films—Reinhard Hauff's "Knife in the Head" and Peter Handke's "The Left-Handed Woman"—have arrived in this country almost simultaneously, and since both of hem are about a nearly silent central igure who is for most of the film almost entirely cut off from his fellow-creatures, and, furthermore, since the eading male role in both pictures (a very large part in the first, a smaller one in the second) is played by the orceful and extremely capable German actor Bruno Ganz, there is a coniderable temptation to think about them together, and perhaps to draw everal large, probably erroneous conlusions about contemporary German cinema. Fortunately (to my way of hinking, at least), another aspect of hese coincidences is the enormous disance that separates these two admirable vehicles at the end of their journeys—they are like separate sections of he Alienation Express that depart from the terminal on adjacent tracks at the same instant and then split off in the switching yards, one bound for Stockholm and the other for Istanbul—leaving us with nothing to say except that art, like the world, is a biggish and wonderfully various place. "Knife in the Head" is a sociopolitical melodrama about a successful, depressed (he is considering suicide) biogeneticist named Bertolt Hoffmann—this is the Bruno Ganz role—who goes to call upon his wife at the headquarters of a radical-leftist organization, where she works (they are no longer close, and she has taken up with an angry young activist), and is accidentally shot in the head during an ugly, scuffling police raid on the place. The bullet destroys part of Hoffmann's speech center and almost paralyzes his right arm and right leg; the ensuing, extremely disturbing sequences of the picture have to do with his appallingly painful and difficult attempts to recover his powers of speech and thought and movement, and concurrently to find what he has been and what he is to make of himself now that he has been given this frightful means of starting over. Hoffmann's recuperation becomes even more excruciating because all those around him begin pushing and tugging at him (sometimes literally, for he is both physically and psychically incapacitated: a doll in an adults' playroom), as they attempt to seize upon his confused reawakening awareness and make him theirs. The leftists see him as a usefully exploitable victim of state brutality ("To me, he's a political case," says Volker, the wife's lover, contemptuously), while the police, asserting that during the raid he pulled a knife on one of their number, who then shot him in self-defense, mount guard on him in the hospital, for they believe him to be—or want him to be—a terrorist. (We ourselves do not know quite what happened during the raid until the last moments of the picture.) There is an almost unbearable scene in which a smiling, scary detective suddenly shouts at the patient and throws him about in his wheelchair, accusing him of faking his incapacity in order to escape trial, while Hoffmann, who as yet understands and remembers nearly nothing, writhes and trembles, and eventually struggles out

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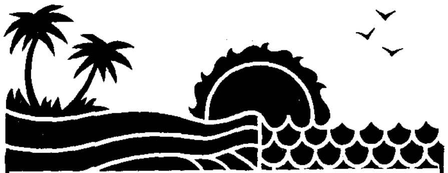

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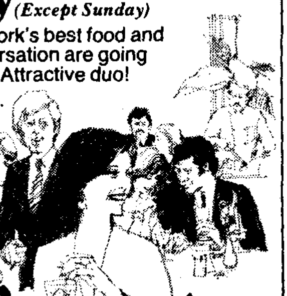

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of his hospital gown, as if trying to throw off such incomprehensible difficulties. His wife (Angela Winkler), perhaps relieved that he is no longer really a presence in her life, is by turns absent-mindedly gentle and coldly distant with him, while the nurses—especially the strong, sexual, comic, no-nonsense *Krankenhausschwester* Angelika (Carla Egerer)—and the doctors protect and strengthen him as best they can while he creeps back to life. Hoffmann's own reviving sense of possibility—a kind of freedom within him—is funny and inspiring to perceive; at one point, when his wife cruelly announces, "Volker lives with us now," Hoffmann haltingly responds, "Sh-h-h—not so loud."

This strong, useful plot—the screenplay is by Peter Schneider—works best while Hoffmann is still in the hospital, where every moment of his horrifying predicament and his besieged convalescence grips and excites us, but the movie begins to droop and slip away after that, for it persists too long in its political juxtapositions and overexplored ironies, and it concludes with the inexorable and uninteresting confrontation between the victim and the young-tough cop who may or may not have caused Hoffmann to pull a knife before the gun was fired. Director Reinhard Hauff's style is one of aggressively literal social realism, and some of the metaphors and moral dilemmas here are so firmly put forward that they begin to suggest charades, so that we frown a little during each new arrangement of people and events around Hoffmann's hospital bed, making sure that we have correctly caught the scene's message. In the end, "Knife in the Head" wears us down with its chilling earnestness, its antiseptic over-management of so many lives, leaving us grateful, perhaps, but unutterably depressed—just like someone getting out of the hospital. The picture should be seen, however, for the extraordinary performance of Bruno Ganz—he played the Russian count in Eric Rohmer's "The Marquise of O" and Jonathan Harker in Werner Herzog's recent "Nosferatu"—as the stricken, degraded Hoffmann. The part is so physically demanding that one can hardly imagine what it must have been like for Mr. Ganz to prepare himself for it each day (there are hospital sequences in which Hoffmann can scarcely bring a coherent sound out of his contorted mouth; in which he must pry his useless fingers apart in order to make them grasp something; in

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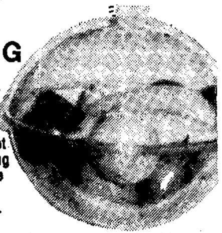

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vhich he must draw a letter of the lphabet or a picture of a knife like an nfant who has never done such a hing before), but somehow there is ever any sense of an actor undertaking all this and revelling in a great art. Eventually, Mr. Ganz (he has a arge, pale, intelligent face, with a road broken nose) makes us begin to limpse Dr. Hoffmann himself—the omplicated, sad, perhaps suicidal scienist—emerging from the wreckage, nd we forget about that white banlage on his head and start to care intead about what is happening inside here: what happens, to paraphrase a ine from the movie, when a brain gain begins to think about itself. It's heroic performance.

MARIANNE, the central figure in "The Left-Handed Woman," is truck not by a bullet but by an idea—r, rather, as she puts it, by an illumiation. She is a middle-young womn (Edith Clever), married happily nough to a businessman, Bruno (Bruo Ganz again), and the mother of twelve-year-old boy named Stefan Markus Mühleisen), who suddenly nderstands that she must live apart rom her husband—and, for that mater, from most people in the world. She an't quite account for this, and neither an we, but her need for isolation, for neliness, for extended silences is so rong in her that her husband must acept it, and so must we. He leaves, and e lives on alone with the boy. That the sum and story of "The Left-Handed Woman," which sets it apart ot just from the thickly plotted and xplicated "Knife in the Head" but om most other movies we know. rom time to time in the film, we ruggle a little against such a powerl and unanswerable alienation, wantg to explain it away with logic or olitics or psychology—anything that ill permit us to "understand" Marinne and thus put her safely into some ompartment of our mind and forget er. Others in the story (and it *is* a ory: "The Left-Handed Woman" as first conceived as a film, but its uthor, Peter Handke, has published it a novel as well) do the same, and eproach her with warnings when she oes not respond. A publisher for whom e works as a translator (she is Geran, but she and her son live in Claart, a suburb of Paris) tells her that he is in for a terrible old age; her riend Franziska invites her to visit her women's consciousness-raising group, ut Marianne remains silent there, too; Bruno courts her and rails at her—"I've never known a woman yet who changed her life," he says bitterly—but Marianne is no longer sexual, no longer a woman in that way; her son, Stefan, misbehaves and then says, "I'm sad, too. You're not the only one." Marianne is sad at times, playful at others; often she is simply muted. Her father (Bernhard Minetti), a widower, visits her, and they look at each other with affection but at a distance. She cleans his shoes, and he stitches up a worn place in a sweater of hers, yet they preserve each other's solitude. At one point, the old man says, "I'm so alone that when I go to sleep I have no one to think of," but his sadness, like hers, has been accepted; it is part of them.

Many minutes of this mysterious but never mystifying picture are given over to ravishingly photographed quiet scenes, almost stills, of the woman alone, or the woman with her son. (The photography is by Robby Müller, and the colors of the film are rich and shadowed, almost suggesting the tones of "Cries and Whispers.") We see the two of them at dinner, before an open fire. Wine and apples. The boy wears eyeglasses. She laughs suddenly. In another evening scene, she puts her head down on her arm at the dinner table, in despair or loneliness. Vague lights move across the room, from the street outside; we hear a cello playing. There are a good many views of Marianne walking on the ugly, steep little side streets of Clamart, in windy weather or in springtime or in a sudden snow. People move about her, but she remains still at the center of things. The movie is full of trains, swishing and scraping by or banging past the window of a small restaurant in a railroad station, but their movement is always away from her, leaving her. There is very little connective tissue in the picture—no people saying hello and goodbye, no sense that time is being filled up for our benefit. The movie stretches itself, pausing and waiting—the pauses are almost endless—but there is not an idle moment in it. It is thrilling.

Edith Clever—who was the heroine in Rohmer's "The Marquise of O"—has a long, taut face, with narrow, almost Oriental eyes, high cheekbones, and a firm chin. She is grave, but there is a suggestion in her of strong emotions held in check, just below the skin. Her presence, her capacity for holding our attention so powerfully are essential in "The Left-Handed Woman," for we are aware at once that one break in the picture's fabric of patience and seriousness would be fatal. She is able

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to deliver lines that must hold their tone like a sustained note of music: alone in a room, she repeats to herself a sentence from Flaubert's "A Simple Heart" that she has just translated: " 'She walked on, supported by his embrace.' "

"The Left-Handed Woman" is Peter Handke's first film (he is the acclaimed Austrian novelist and playwright, and his screenplays include "The Wrong Move," directed by Wim Wenders), which makes its visual serenity and dramatic sureness especially surprising. Anyone who admires the movie may find it rewarding to read Handke's other version of it, which is a novel almost without adjectives or adverbs or attributions of thoughts and feelings. Everything in the book is conveyed by its minimal dialogue and by the simplest descriptions of places and movements; it almost is a motion picture already, a written movie. The book, moreover, elucidates the one uncertain moment in the film, which is a gathering at Marianne's house, late in the story, where various characters we have met—Bruno, the publisher, a chauffeur, an actor, Franziska—appear under inexplicable circumstances and sit about on chairs and talk in disconnected fashion. The scene is oddly presented and cut in the movie, almost making us think we are attending some form of group therapy. In the book, it is clearly a party, albeit a strangely comical and surprising one, and it is supported by wonderfully abstract and distancing dialogue. But no matter. "The Left-Handed Woman" is one of a small number of films that appear to strike us in truly personal fashion. It makes us feel silent and alone, the way we often feel inside ourselves when we pause to notice. It is a daring and beautiful movie, sustained with the high confidence of art.

—Roger Angell

•

Los Angeles (AP)—Sheriff Peter J. Pitchess says the odd-even gasoline sales program, which takes effect in the state's largest 15 counties at 12:01 a.m. Monday, won't be enforced by his deputies because they have more important duties to perform.

"We will kill more people in outright murders this year in Los Angeles County than have ever been killed before in the history of this county," Pitchess explained Thursday. "I am not going to take men away from those more important duties and follow people around to see whether they fill a half tank or a full tank or whether they go to the gas pump on Friday instead of Thursday."—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

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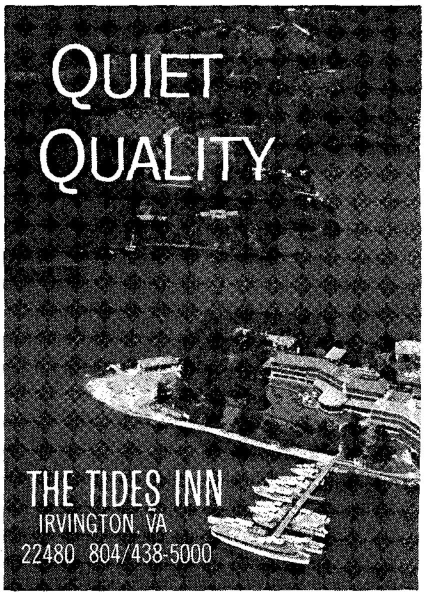

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"No Maps on My Taps," which can be seen over PBS stations on April 25th, is a sweet, reflective, back-alley movie about three aging hoofers in Harlem—how they live and, when they can manage to get a gig, how they work. Chuck Green, Bunny Briggs, and Howard (Sandman) Sims are all former headliners. Chuck Green was the dancing half of Chuck and Chuckles, the appointed heirs to Buck and Bubbles. Bunny Briggs became famous in the twenties as a child star. Sandman Sims began as a boxer, cutting steps in the resin box; he did his sand dance at the Apollo for seventeen years. All three men are fine dancers still. The film shows that, and it depicts them as the last of a great line—artists who would like to pass their tradition along but know there are no takers. Although the tap-dance revival that began in the sixties has lately risen to a peak, its dominant mood is elegiac; it fits in with the recycled old musicals, the fads for forties clothes and hairstyles and furnishings, and the Preservation Society reverence in which we now hold the popular art of the past. Chuck Green and Bunny Briggs and Sandman Sims, along with a dozen other veterans of the swing-bebop era, are being seen and celebrated these days by new audiences. Tap-dance studios are full. But as an art of the people tap barely survives; it is a subcultural expression, like jazz. In "No Maps on My Taps," Sandman Sims blames rock for the ruin of tap, and he tells the manager of the Apollo, 'Rock closed this theatre." The manager quietly replies that rock is what people get on their radios. Times change. "For the three of us, it's probably the last hooray," Sims says. One wishes it weren't true.

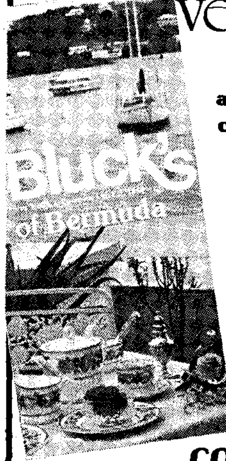
One wishes, too, that the last hooray weren't also, for so many in the audience, the first one. Many of the black dancers of Sims' generation have had to wait until now to become known to white audiences. And it is, by and large, the white audience that has rediscovered tap. The performance scenes in the film, at Small's Paradise, were staged by the filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg; it had been years since Small's had booked tap-dancers. On Harlem streets, we are introduced to dancers who have never been seen downtown and probably never will be. But when Sims speaks of the talent walking down the street going to waste, he doesn't mean these obscure older men, some of whom have never had professional careers; he means the young people who aren't plugged in to the tradition. Sims thinks that all you have to do is show them what they've been missing—not an Astaire or Kelly movie but an old-time Apollo show, with a band, a singer, a dancer, and a novelty act. Well, the show might be a hit, but how many new tap-dancers would it produce? White boys didn't need to see and hear white musicians to know they wanted to play jazz; they wanted jazz—it was the air they breathed. A young black today would have to adopt tap as a conscious artistic vocation and practice it in isolation. Some young blacks have done so, but too few to count.

In another new film, "Tapdancin'," the current tap scene is so exhaustively presented and analyzed that one wonders about the dancers who are left out and the questions that aren't answered. It's sad to hear a great performer like Honi Coles say that he believes he could have done better but for racism; it sounds logical, as when Sandman Sims says of the young, "They never see a black dancer dance where it relates to them." But what are we to think when the camera turns from Coles to pick up some passing teen-agers? There go the disinherited? Hollywood couldn't make a star of Paul Draper, and it was probably because Draper (who is one of the dancers "Tapdancin'" omits) had a style that in its own terms was as pure as the style of the blacks. There were other white dancers who came closer to what the blacks actually did. These white men had no impact comparable to Astaire's and Kelly's, because they

"Twentieth day, colon. Eureka, exclamation point."

weren't musical-comedy dancers, and musical comedy was what Broadway and Hollywood produced. A large grudge can be held against commercial theatre and film on racial grounds; the record is bad enough without incriminating the future, too. If kids don't want to tap-dance anymore, there are plenty of reasons, and they're probably the same for whites as for blacks.

The decline of tap is linked to the decline of big-band jazz and jazz-affiliated pop. If music for dancing is being mass-produced today, it isn't the listenable, rhythmically intricate music that tap masters understand. "Tap-dancin' " (a Christian Blackwood film that was shown in this year's New Directors/New Films series at the Museum of Modern Art) seeks out some of the new tappers, but only one, Camden Richman, has something to show and something to say. Camden Richman, like nearly all this younger generation, is female and white, and she may be the best technician of the lot. In her film interview, she makes the point that tap technique, following bebop, developed such complexity that by the late forties it wasn't mass-marketable. Richman may be correct on the historical evolution, but I think that the reason for the decline in mass appeal wasn't what came into the music but what went out. Richman's model is Honi Coles (you can hear the resemblance), and it seems that she has also based her performance on her idea of historical jazz dance. She dances with the Jazz Tap Percussion Ensemble, consisting of two other white dancers and an instrumental group, also white; the dancers call themselves "tap percussionists," but though they emulate the Harlem hoofers' technique, what they in fact present is percussive Perrier. The J.T.P.E., which appeared this winter at the American Theatre Laboratory, was formed last year in Los Angeles. It's a cool, laid-back bunch; at its best, the dancing provides a discreetly absorbing panorama of sound. The nuances are a little overstarched, just as the sensibility is a little modern-dance frugal. The musical-comedy approach, which includes sex, glamour, high spirits, is ruled out. Comedy is not done, though one may be witty. Richman, in addition to her technical ease and personal elegance, has a sense of play. But the J.T.P.E. tends to embody an attitude or a theory rather than a style, and I find the music supercilious. Only in a horizonless environment like L.A. would one try to make art out of watered-down enter-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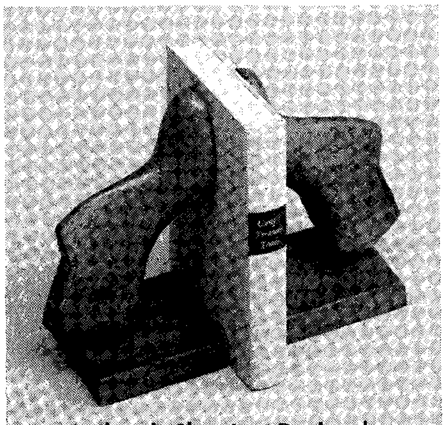
ainment. The J.T.P.E. brings to ind all those theses on the pressure f the big cities and its influence on zz. Maybe the postwar decline of e cities had something to do with aking tap dance obsolete (or driving underground); we're growing conious of it again now that we're reoring our cities.

Blacks, of course, could never afford give up the city. For them, tap is an rban art and an art of urbanity. It arted on the levee; today, we think of avement under tapping feet. In both No Maps on My Taps" and "Tapancin'," which are complementary in reatment, and even in subject, we are ken from littered, glaring streets into uffed apartments, bleak rehearsal stuios, and dressing rooms so bare it's a onder that anything can be prepared ere. Sandman Sims shows his small n the place in the alley behind the pollo where the hoofers used to gather r their challenge dances. This is in No Maps," which is often shown as a relude to a live stage production staring the dancers in the film. It may be en locally in that format this sumer. In the meantime, we have had veral stupendous evenings of live tap t the Brooklyn Academy of Music, hich this month repeated its program alled "Steps in Time," bringing out ot only Sims and Green and Briggs nd Coles and the tap fraternity nown as the Copasetics but also the icholas Brothers, who are in a class y themselves. Except for Gregory ines, the young star of "Eubie!," it as a grandfatherly assortment. But e Nicholas Brothers couldn't be anyody's grandfathers; they still look like ncorked genies. They came on late, troduced by film clips of some of eir greatest numbers. In "Stormy Veather," they descended a giant aircase in air splits, brother flying over rother and landing on every other air—no, not landing: *crashing* fully lit to the floor and then twist-squeezg himself upright. When they got the bottom, they squeezed up one st time, did a couple of pirouettes, ced back up the stairs, and slid down vo ramps toward the camera, and at at point the real Nicholas Brothers epped through the screen. (One of e delights of the two new tap movies their inclusion of old Hollywood ootage—Buck and Bubbles in "No Maps on My Taps," the Four Step Brothers in "Tapdancin'," Bill Robinon in both.) I had seen the Nicholas Brothers a few years ago, looking like he fatigued and distracted old-timers they had every right to be. In Brooklyn, though, they were really on: whizzing through their pirouettes, flashing the flashiest hands ever. One can't say they actually, miraculously *danced* those old tap routines, but how they performed! Maybe the electricity of the other dancers got to them: the dry-bone delicacy (never arid) of Honi Coles clicking out light, dense confetti-like taps while standing virtually motionless; Coles and Henry (Phace) Roberts donning Bojangles derbies and levitating through "Doin' the New Low Down;" Buster Brown bouncing, careering, mincing, skating, and losing a tap (Coles yelling, "You always wanted to be Peg Leg Bates"); Bubba Gaines tap-jumping rope to "Perdido," then double-timing to "Who?" A tap fest can easily grow tiring, but not when sparks are flying and each performer dances in rapport with all the others. Not when what they do transcends its technical mystery and becomes an evocation of life. "Steps in Time" is biographies, inescapably, of black men. The lives are so intensely lived onstage that after the show we don't speculate about them—whether the dancers drink beer like us and shop at the Safeway. Although we may well wonder how some of them pay the rent.

"Steps in Time" is not, as some tap evenings have been, an informal, improvised affair; it's a finely tooled, professionally mounted vaudeville-style show, with the excellent Rudy Stevenson band backing up the dancers. In the finale, which brings on the whole cast in a Shim Sham, there is a good deal of competitive ad-libbing, and it's then that Harold Nicholas performs two of his signature stunts—sliding across the stage through a tunnel of legs (which he originally did at the suggestion of George Balanchine) and backflipping into a split. Earlier, Sandman Sims, another dazzler, had shown his enormous range (of which the chugging, scuffing dance in the sand is only a portion), his exhilarating grand-scale dynamics, and his flair for comedy. In "No Maps on My Taps," Sims is the sparkplug, inciting and sustaining much of the continuity, actively enjoying his newfound celebrity. Briggs is sociable on camera, but he's basically indifferent to its presence, a sealed-off, haunted man. When his mother, who died several years ago, is mentioned, he neither hides nor demonstrates his grief. His dancing in the film is winning, totally committed; on the stage it has those qualities but also an edge of melancholy. In Green's eyes, there is fire and despair. He looks more frail in the film than he does on the stage, and though we linger on him at the fade-



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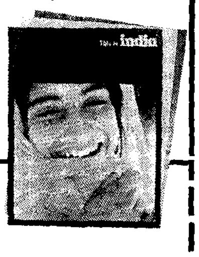

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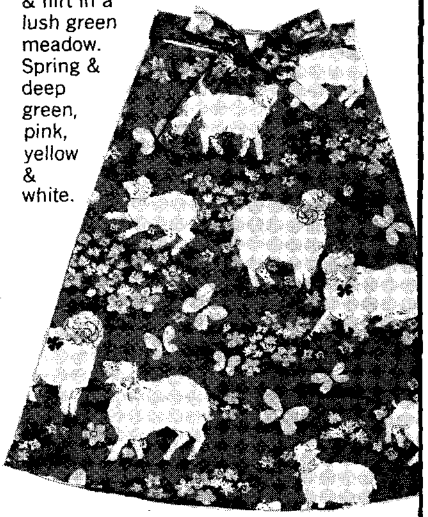

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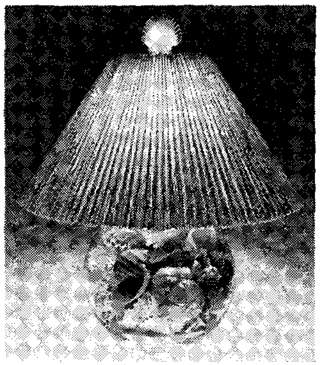

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out, he's the least communicative of the three. How does he like being put in a Hall of Fame perspective after years of neglect? We never find out. It was Green and the late Baby Laurence, they say, who fomented the tap revival in Harlem, drawing dancers together who hadn't seen each other in years. Green is now the esteemed elder of the tribe, the one all the others refer to as "a giant" or "a genius," but when he talks long-distance to his mentor, the seventy-eight-year-old John Bubbles, he's the dutiful protégé. "How you doin'?" demands Bubbles. "You creatin' steps?" Green's solution to any problem is what one imagines it must have been for fifty years: "More jobs in better places." The title of the movie comes from a song he sings to himself with that half-hallucinated glint in his eye. Like Briggs, he seems unmindful of the camera, but once, when Sims deliberately provokes him and he cries out dramatically, "Don't tetch me!," one isn't sure. Green is so solitary and so resigned in his solitude that under normal everyday provocation he doesn't need to appear hostile. His civility is like Briggs'—part of a performer's code—but it is
also the civility of an isolated mai
whereas Briggs, in his round-eyei
child-star bewilderment, is withdraw
ing out of pain. (When he dances, l
no longer looks at the audience.
Green, as he grows older, grov
stronger and purer, breezier and moi
precise. Age completes him; he's tl
King Lear of tap. "No Maps on M
Taps" captures the quintessenti
Green, dancing one of his favorite roi
tines to "Caravan." In Brooklyn
couple of weeks ago, he surpassed tl
exhibition. In his boxy tuxedo with tl
vented coattails and the ankle-lengt
pants, in long bump-toed shoes, Gree
looks twice the eccentric he really i
but his style is *joli laid*, no doubt abo
it. The gunboat shoes stay flat-foote
through a maze of stiletto taps, and v
don't see the heel drops that sound lil
washtub thumps. When Green wan
to get visual, he gives us air turns wi
heel clicks, ungainly hops with car
wheeling arms, ungainlier swoopir
pivots in a crouch, coattails awhirl. C
he skids back and forth, one foot fl
and the other swinging. What Gree
does can be imitated but it can't l
learned. It's soul food for the senses.

—ARLENE CROC

• •

ROUGE ET NOIR

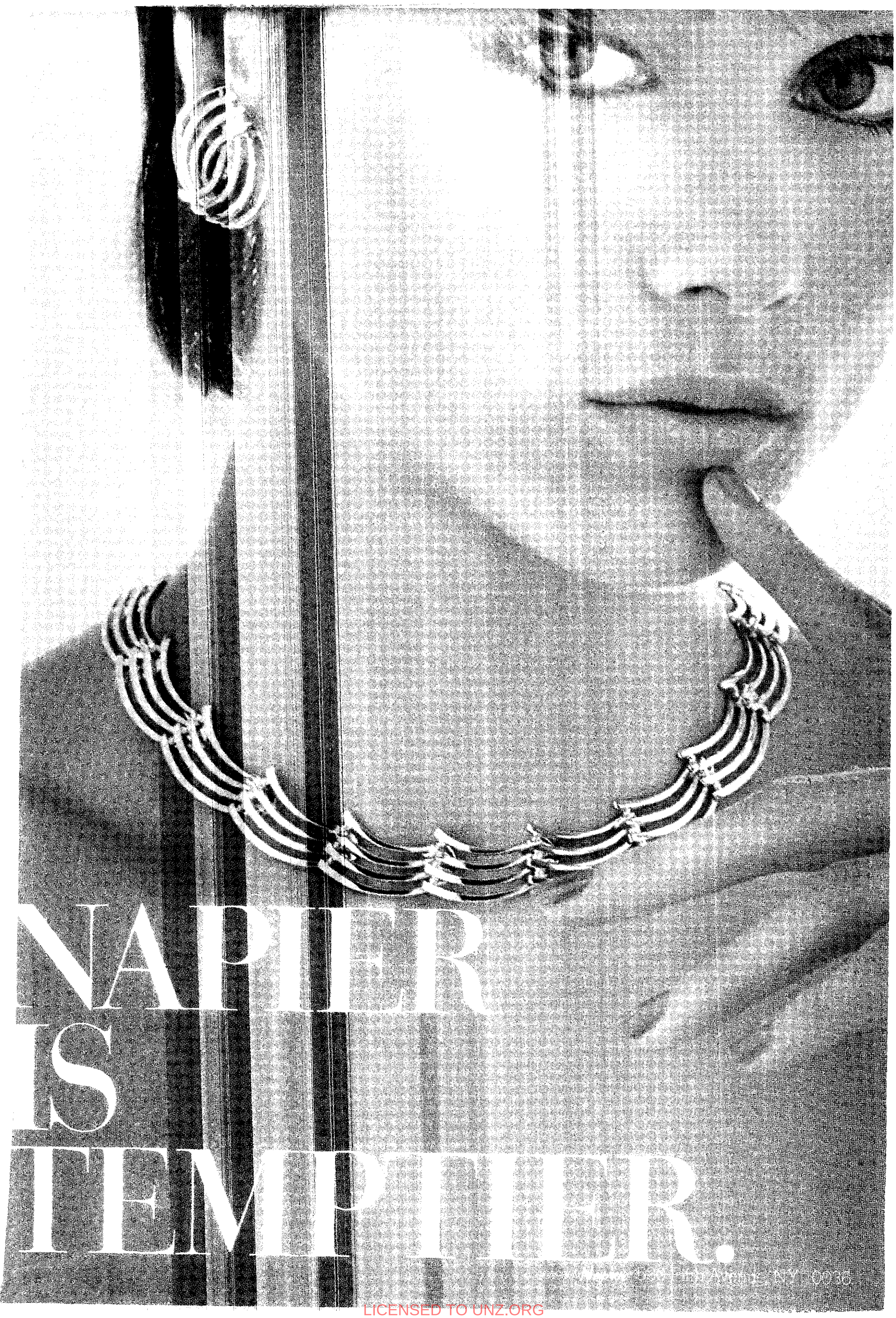
How soothing the garments were,
once I had become used to them. The black robes,
armless, were for the dead. The red robes, too,
were for the airless dead. I watched the field's edge,
blank with late light, and finally I could articulate
the supple talk of crows, their candor and polished beaks,
their unblinkingness, like country judges in gaiters
from discarded years.

For the taking of life—
its snuff, the blots, the pallor—how simple the speech
becomes: one gravy, one throat.

The red robes
are worn for night. All that mingles, dust and rose—
that's what they stand for. The rose of sunset and the dusty sky,
red branchings and the dust of flesh: examples.
The black robes are for late afternoon, as now,
when long shadows are at rest in the mouths of frogs,
and all the trees lean, lean and listen: the hush of what will be.

Both become me.
I had always seen myself tottering into the next life,
the peasant shoes, the peasant angles,
the dense tongue with its unregenerate jokes
oppressing the saved. Now I see
that this one life is strangely enough: the flaming poplars
squeezed into bloom; the rectitude of long cypresses
where crows light before dropping to earth,
black fruit; the jangle
of tin leaves, wire wind; the scour of nothing
under spent tillage—all of these always more
than the nothing I came to profess.

—ALEX STEVENS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BOOKS

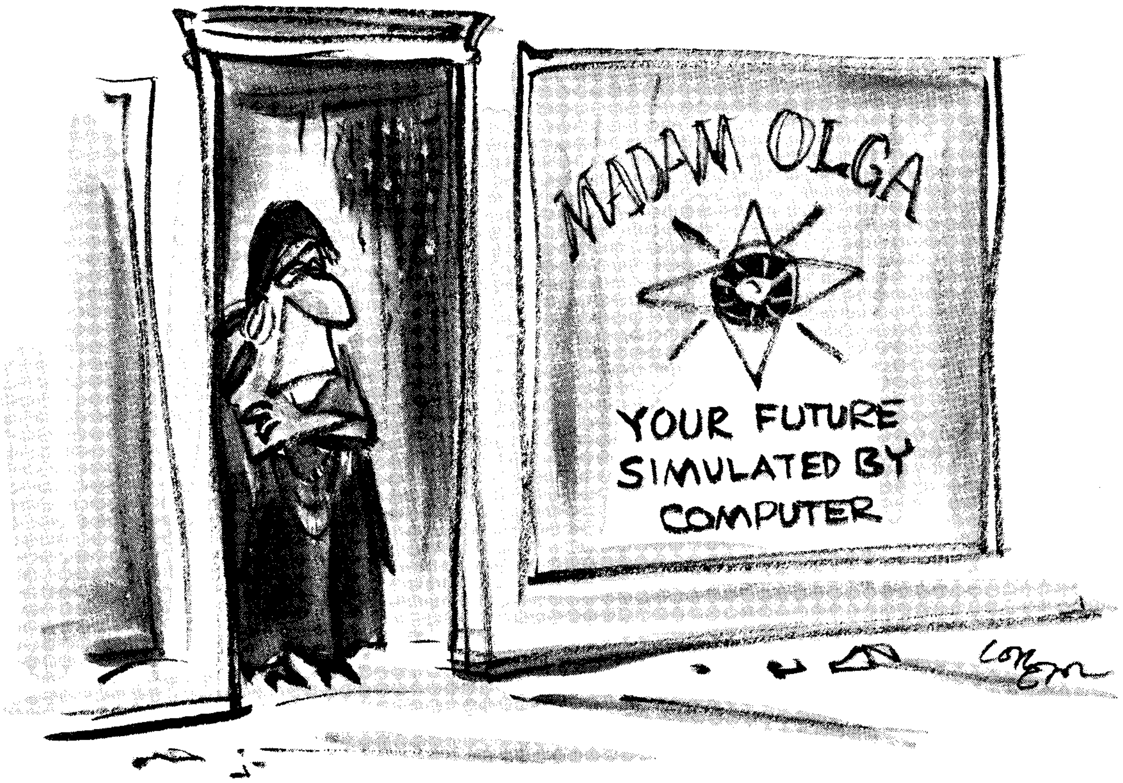
Reading Stevenson

"THE PAPERS OF ADLAI E. STEVENSON," in eight volumes, edited by Walter Johnson, with Carol Evans as assistant editor and C. Eric Sears as editorial assistant (Little, Brown; $155), offers, as the foreword to the third volume says, "a documentary biography of Governor Stevenson and, at the same time, a documentary history in his own words of the extraordinary, and often bewildering, changes that remolded the United States and the world during his lifetime from 1900 to 1965." The papers (which include almost every retrievable scrap, even postcards) also afford the reader the pleasure of immersing himself in the personality of a good and entertaining man—gregarious, chivalrous, and intelligent—whose character was a unique blend of wit and duty. Stevenson was rarely free of personal burdens, but he carried them with reticent gallantry. In 1964, in a etter to his oldest son on his thirty-ourth birthday, Stevenson recalled the problems he had faced at the same age, but in the papers of that time no word hows resentment or anxiety: no complaints to his bevy of dependents or to his friends—only busyness and cheerulness. Stevenson's virtues appear eary, in the bud, so to speak, and blossom s he assumes unpleasant or difficult asks or stretches himself (for example, s he extended his not naturally quarrelsome personality by fightng for aid to the Allies in he isolationist heartland). The papers also remind us of his superb competence—how well he did in every ob he undertook—and of his ability to work his way o the core of public issues, often much earlier than other public figures, with he result that many of his hirty-year-old comments emain surprisingly pertinent. Stevenson changed his mind—for instance, about he place of women—and admitted it. He himself contrasted his 1963 address to the Radcliffe graduatng class with his 1955 commencement address at Smith: in the earlier speech, he had extolled the domestic life; eight years later he stressed the nation's need for women's brains, and he also mentioned that his audience would find the working world "still very largely run by men." When Stevenson espoused a policy, he could recognize that its implementation might entail difficulties, and he would try to discern their nature. His habit of examining all aspects of an issue contributed to the rumor that he was indecisive, or so thought Jacob M. Arvey, the leader of the Democratic Party in Cook County, who wrote:

> I am greatly amused at the stories that Adlai Stevenson was indecisive. He was not a superficial man. He insisted upon knowing everything about his subject. He did not do things impulsively. He did not make impulsive decisions, but wanted to know every facet of a problem before he decided upon action.

Willard Wirtz, who served as Secretary of Labor in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and who was one of Stevenson's law partners, commented on Stevenson's habit of "trying ideas on for size even when he knew they didn't fit, often for the purpose of getting the other side of the idea (which appealed to him more) developed." Wirtz thought Stevenson's habit of playful discussion "short . . . on discretion," but it seems that thinking-aloud conversations were important to him, for we twice find him regretting that Washington in the sixties did not indulge, as it had in the days of the New Deal, in the easy exchange of ideas, plans, and visions for the future.

The eight volumes span Stevenson's life from boyhood to his death, and the editors, who have done a magnificent job of arrangement, annotation, and clarification, tell us what is missing and why. In the last volume, which covers Stevenson's service as our Ambassador to the United Nations in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, they say that some documents were withheld by the government for reasons of "national security." This absence makes a definitive appraisal of his work at the United Nations difficult. Stevenson's earlier public service—with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in the thirties, in the Departments of Navy and State and with the Foreign Economic Administration and the Strategic Bombing Survey during and immediately after the Second World War, and as governor of Illinois between 1948 and 1952—was regarded as highly successful, often brilliant. One sees why in these papers: his ability to master new terrain—the war-shattered Italian economy, say, or the possibilities and responsibilities of state government—is impressive. In the last volume, however, we find Stevenson criticized, frequently by fellow-Democrats, for being too dovish (in, for example, the Cuban missile crisis) or too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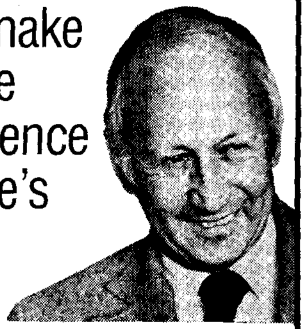

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hawkish (in supporting our actions in Vietnam). These conflicting attitudes toward Stevenson foretell the party split that elected Nixon in 1968. They also doubtless reflect the fact that neither John Kennedy nor Lyndon Johnson cared much for Stevenson; both men resented his popularity, because it made them politically dependent on him, and they disliked his personal style, which differed from theirs. Besides, Stevenson, a forceful man, had strong opinions, which differed from Kennedy's and Johnson's. Stevenson accepted the United Nations assignment—a position *in which he did not make policy, and* only occasionally influenced it—partly because it took him into his area of deepest concern as a Democrat who had been imbued by Woodrow Wilson with a profound belief in the importance of international organization. It is possible that Stevenson's hopes were misplaced: a Parliament of Man composed largely of men who do not believe in parliaments may not be a promising institution. Yet his unceasing attention to international consultation, collegiality, and coöperation was not misplaced: isolation is rarely splendid and frequently dangerous. Stevenson's last years were not happy, and they *seem to have diminished his stature* in the American memory, especially among those of his admirers who thought he should have resigned because of the American foray into the Dominican Republic in April, 1965, or because of the rising levels of force in Vietnam. Since papers are missing, we cannot be certain how much information Stevenson was given. (The editors do mention specifically some information that was withheld.) He had been negotiating with the then Secretary-General of the United Nations, U Thant, for peaceful solutions in Southeast Asia, and though this effort had not succeeded he may have thought it too valuable to be abandoned. His sense of loyalty and his sense of duty were never wholly understood, even by those who benefitted from them, and it may be that a social change that occurred during Stevenson's lifetime—the eclipse of the gentry—has made him appear a more complex or enigmatic figure than, as a member of that all but vanished group, he was.

Words denoting social stratification in the United States lack precision, but my authority for the use of the word "gentry" is Richard Hofstadter, in "The Age of Reform." Stevenson's background also fulfills Eric Goldman's description (in his "Rendezvous with

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The variegated composition of this country provides examples as diverse as Marquand's Apleys and Faulkner's Sartorises; perhaps a common quality is a proprietary rather than an adversary approach to the culture, society, and institutions of the nation. Franklin Roosevelt, our last gentry President, did not greatly resemble Adlai Stevenson, though both men were attached to their ancestral countrysides and to their families; both tended to turn even their official entertainments into outsize family parties—affectionate, unshowy, cheerful, and intimate gatherings. (A contrast would be with accounts of entertainment by the Soviet élite—parties that are lavish, boisterous, and joyless.) There was also an element of fearlessness in both men. The editors recall that when Democratic leaders told Stevenson he had to adopt their position to win the Presidency in 1952, he replied, "But I don't *have* to win." His commitment to principle assumed there would be another chance—if not for him, then for his principles. This absence of desperation was rooted, I suppose, in a sense of security that may now appear unrealistic, but it was a foundation for honor.

When we talk of social change nowadays, we are apt to be self-pitying, as if we were time's only victims. But human history is filled with change. Skills have vanished for millennia—Stone Age people were excellent tailors, but nobody knew how to make clothes fit again until the Middle Ages—and the race has survived. Whole volumes of the vocabulary of human behavior crumble, but their disappearance may be beneficent. For one example, the personal relationships of slavery. Or, for another, the literary certainty, down to about 1960, that nothing was easier to ruin than a woman. (Since then, female ruin has become difficult and almost incomprehensible.) Something of the same evolution, I think, has changed our understanding of the gentry. If we think of them at all, it is as archaic, flawed, and comic. These papers show Stevenson embodying two American gentry ideals—disinterestedness and civil-

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ity. For some time now, perhaps because of crude economic and psychological determinism, disinterestedness has been presumed not to exist, and the cynical conviction that everybody has an angle is considered wisdom. Civility has been either misunderstood or regarded as affectation or softness. Yet these qualities, when genuine, are precious. They have always been rare, even among gentry: George Washington, who also embodied them, was not your run-of-the-mill gentleman. It is possible that posthumous uncertainty about Stevenson reflects incomprehension of such virtues or disbelief in them. Though many other kinds of people do and will contribute their themes to the national symphony, it would be a pity if the recollection of Stevenson's gentry qualities were entirely drowned in social cacophony. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TWYBORN AFFAIR, by Patrick White (Viking; $14.95). A story of metamorphoses, as the title suggests. A young Australian woman living with an aged and erudite Greek on the Riviera just before the First World War turns up a few years later (and a few years older) as a handsome Australian man (a veteran of the war) who chooses the hard and simple life of a ranch hand in New South Wales, and then vanishes, to resurface (shortly before the Second World War) as the madam of a bordello in London. The affair with the Greek, if unconventional, is full of high spirits and true affection, but these qualities fail to survive the first metamorphosis: the ranch hand soon finds that he arouses, in spite of himself, the lusts of men and women alike, and that even if he keeps his curious memories of his previous life to himself, his future is doomed to be anything but simple. As for the madam, she is besieged by doubly complicated recollections and does not dare to share her thoughts or her body with anyone at all. The dilemmas endured by this lonely heroine-hero are apparently meant to validate Patrick White's bleak theories about the human condition, but his characters, like the demigods of Greek mythology, do not depend on theories for their impressive effect.

HERONSMILL, by Roscoe Howells (St. Martin's; $11.95). The story of a Welshman who has to leave school at the age of fourteen (just before the First World War); has to divorce his wife (many years after the Second), because she is an incorrigible cuckolder; and manages to find eventual solace and satisfaction as a dairyman on land that has been dear to his family for generations. The pattern of the novel (Mr. Howells' first) is conventional (there are the usual troublemakers, temptresses, kind souls, and born losers, as well as relatives abroad, whose letters tend to arrive just as the plot needs a twist), but there are also some exceptional episodes that illustrate nicely the reckless pride that seems to be a virtue native to those parts: a schoolboy gives his tyrannical schoolmaster a thrashing; the hero talks back to a persnickety twelve-year-old girl, three years his junior, who has insulted his cow; a dog grabs a snorting bull by the tail and swings along, "like a bouncing cork," until it hears the command to let go.

YELLOWFISH, by John Keeble (Harper & Row; $11.95). Wesley Erks, a Jack-of-all-trades and amateur historian whose specialty is the Pacific Northwest, is hired by a Chinese-American version of the Mafia, through a sly middleman named Tenebrel, to drive four illegal Chinese immigrants—three "yellowfish," or small fry, and a big shot with powerful connections in the American underworld, who has spent the last seven years or so in Communist China—from Vancouver to San Francisco by way of Reno. Erks' co-driver is Tenebrel's Amazonian wife, whose savvy and sheer strength Erks comes to appreciate as they find themselves a moving target for attackers who would rather see their cargo dead than alive. Along the way, Erks illuminates the view through the windshield with musings on Indian myths, European conquerors and Canadian *voyageurs*, geological formations, oceanic migratory routes, and twentieth-century population sprawl—an intricate web of human and natural history in which he finds himself entangled. To stress this structural complexity, Mr. Keeble adopts the jargon that politicians have borrowed from engineers ("synergy," "impacted," and "nucleation" are three of his favorite terms), but the reader who can abide the neo-rococo vocabulary will enjoy a thoroughly entertaining tale.

GENERAL

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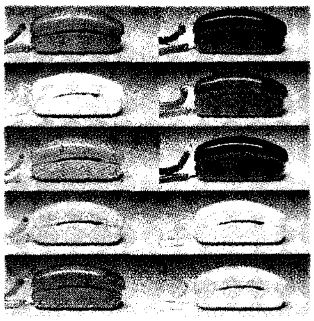

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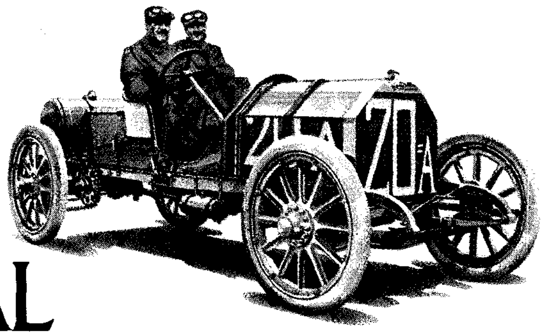

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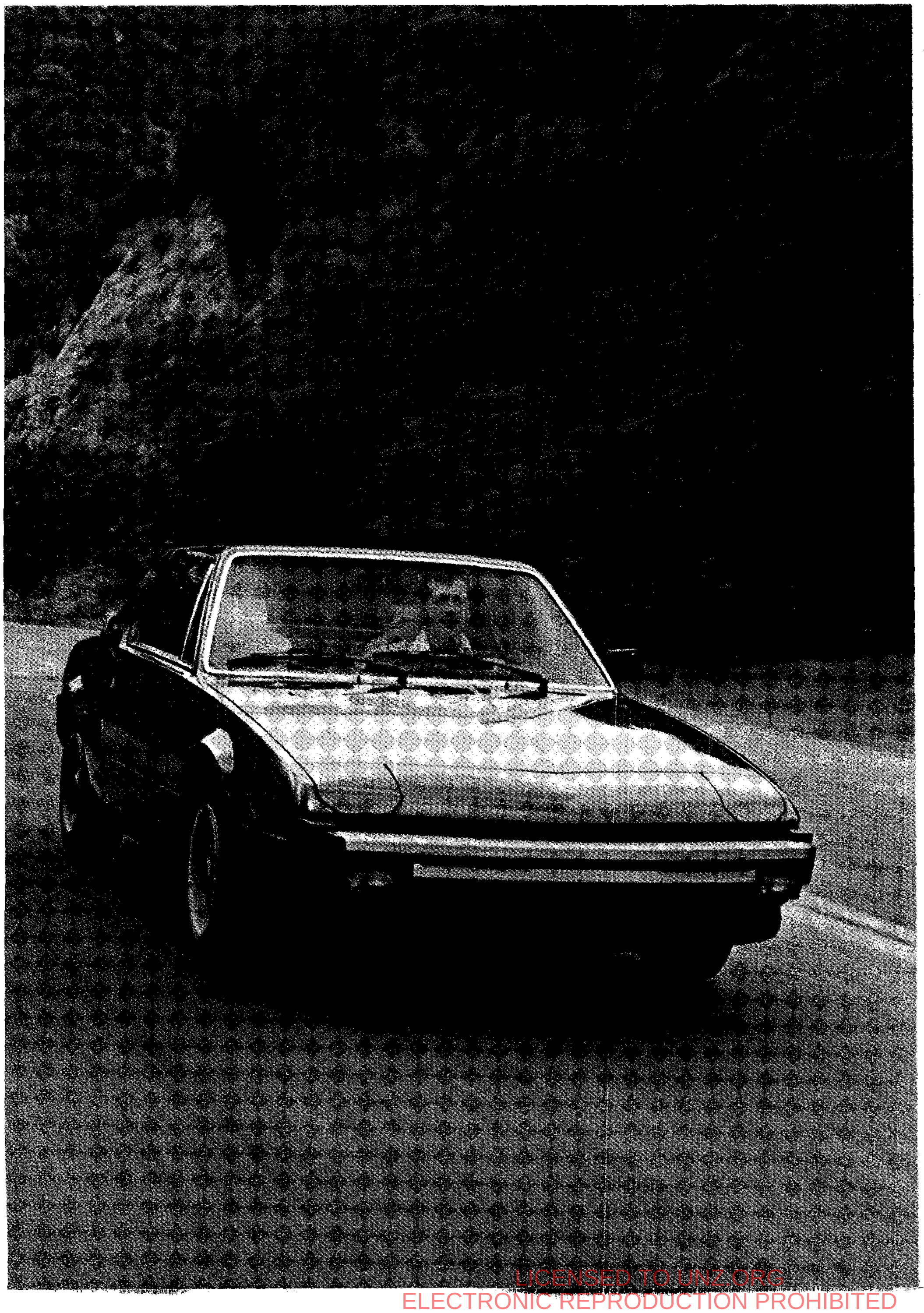

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FIAT

MOTOR CARS IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN TRADITION.

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graphical romp is patterned on Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians." Like Strachey, Brendon has chosen three men and one woman as subjects: the newspaper mogul Lord Northcliffe; the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour; the founder of the Boy Scouts, General Baden-Powell; and the suffragette leader Mrs. Pankhurst. Brendon's purpose, like Strachey's, is condensation and revisionism—a crisp reëxamination of these people's personalities and a search for the reasons they exerted the influence they did. Brendon's crackle makes for persuasiveness, but his generation of readers is less shockable than Strachey's, so that his criticisms may not strike with the force of his model's. Indeed, the surprise is all the other way: Brendon's appreciation of the Boy Scout who never grew up, General Baden-Powell, somewhat restores a reputation that, the author thinks, has been posthumously undervalued.

THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAINS, by Malcolm Cowley (Viking; $14.95). This reminiscence of the years of the Depression in America is characterized by the author's virtues—literacy in high degree, close observation, a certain amount of humor. Mr. Cowley witnessed the years between 1929 and 1940 from an editor's chair at *The New Republic*, but instead of riding out the storm comfortably, as he could have, he worked with the Communist rank and filers in the John Reed Clubs; he marched in protest parades; in 1932 he campaigned, along with such writers as Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, Edmund Wilson, and Sidney Howard, to make William Z. Foster the first Communist President of the United States. He is not ashamed of any of this but perhaps a little rueful. The book is in part the story of his private search for an ideal, and of the disillusion that came at the end of the decade with the ultimate failure of Roosevelt's New Deal to really change anything. It is also an informal history of the country during that time.

HEARTSOUNDS, by Martha Weinman Lear (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). A sustained and clinically detailed study of a man's descent from full well-being, through an ordeal of pain, helplessness, and mental disarray, to death. Dr. Harold Lear, a well-known surgeon and sex therapist, and the author's husband, suf-

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fered a massive heart attack in 1976, and for the next two years—in which he endured more heart attacks, open-heart surgery, and puzzling, painful, and humiliating postoperative complications—he was a witness to the practice of his profession from the view of the patient. The experience shocked, angered, and chagrined him, as it did his wife. Mrs. Lear—she is a magazine writer by profession—tells her story with all the emotional stops pulled out, as she heaps scorn on nurses and doctors for their indifference, ignorance, or callousness. She writes with passion and the kind of sentimentality that disguises itself by tough talk and four-letter words, and her portrayal of her husband's decline is graphic in the extreme—too much so for this otherwise valuable and moving document. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MOVING MILLIONS, by Stanley I. Fischler (Harper & Row; $14.95). The elderly office-bound or homeward-bound New Yorker may remember—as his strike-plagued city bus once again snails through coagulating traffic—how it once was. Then, in his trolley car, he moved at twice or thrice the speed, at a tenth the cost, and at ten times the comfort and safety; then the trolleys, the subways, the ferries, the interurban-express electric lines, and the railway commuter services were all supplied by private enterprise. Today, what private enterprise once did well and profitably is now accomplished municipally and indifferently on a subsidy (in this city) of close to one million dollars a day. Technicians and specialists in the field have long known how this transformation came about; Mr. Fischler, an industrious journalist, has now translated their findings into workmanlike prose for the rest of us. The problem was chiefly created by other enterprisers, who wished the gasoline-propelled vehicle to be not an adjunct to the extant transportation systems of the nation but the successor to all of them. (One thinks first of Robert Moses, then of General Motors, Standard Oil, and Firestone Tire.) Today, there is not a single transit system or commuter railway service in this country that has not had to become, one way or another, a governmental ward. As Mr. Fischler remarks, there are examples of what can be done—in one instance, no farther away than Toronto's comprehensive and orderly

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

Witness Before the Fact, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $7.95). Who fired a bullet into the head of the handsome and generous Englishman Alec Methven as he sat on the terrace of his comfortable house on Malta? The only person beyond the suspicion of the reader (but not of the police) is the visitor from London who happens upon the corpse: a writer of children's books (featuring an otter named Edward), which are illustrated by Methven's estranged wife. Solution of the crime is complicated by a murderer with a detective's mind who is concealed in a cast of disingenuous characters: Methven's wife, who had met, married, and left her husband in Hong Kong a dozen years before; Methven's nephew, an attractive youth who had paid his uncle occasional visits in the past few years; a quarrelsome trio in a house across the street from Methven (an arthritic curmudgeon, his chatterbox wife, and their high-strung goddaughter); and a handsome gent who hangs around the hotel where the writer and the nephew have been put up by the police and who pretends to know nothing about anyone else. The case is cracked by the writer, whose success lies in his assumption that no one is as virtuous or as humane as Edward Otter. An engrossing performance by a master of the well-made mystery.

•

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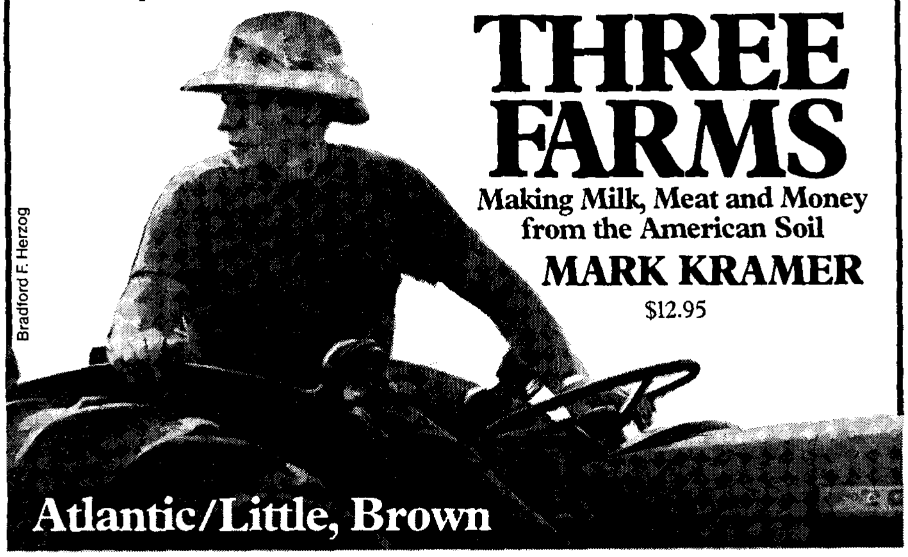

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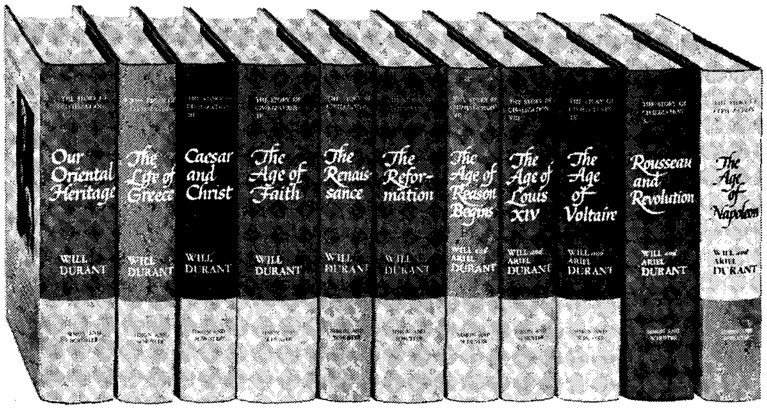
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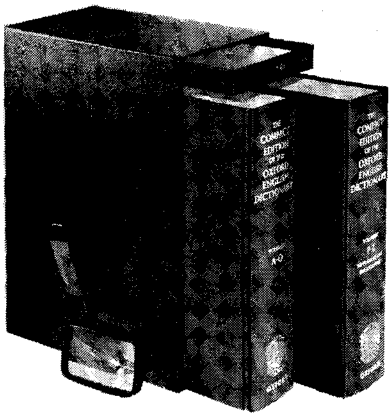
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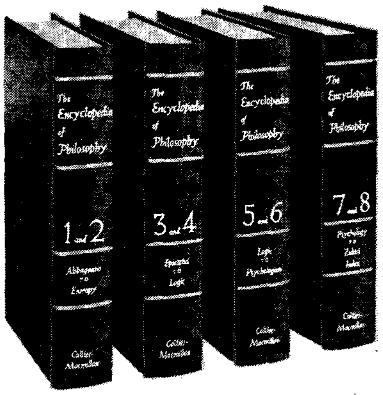
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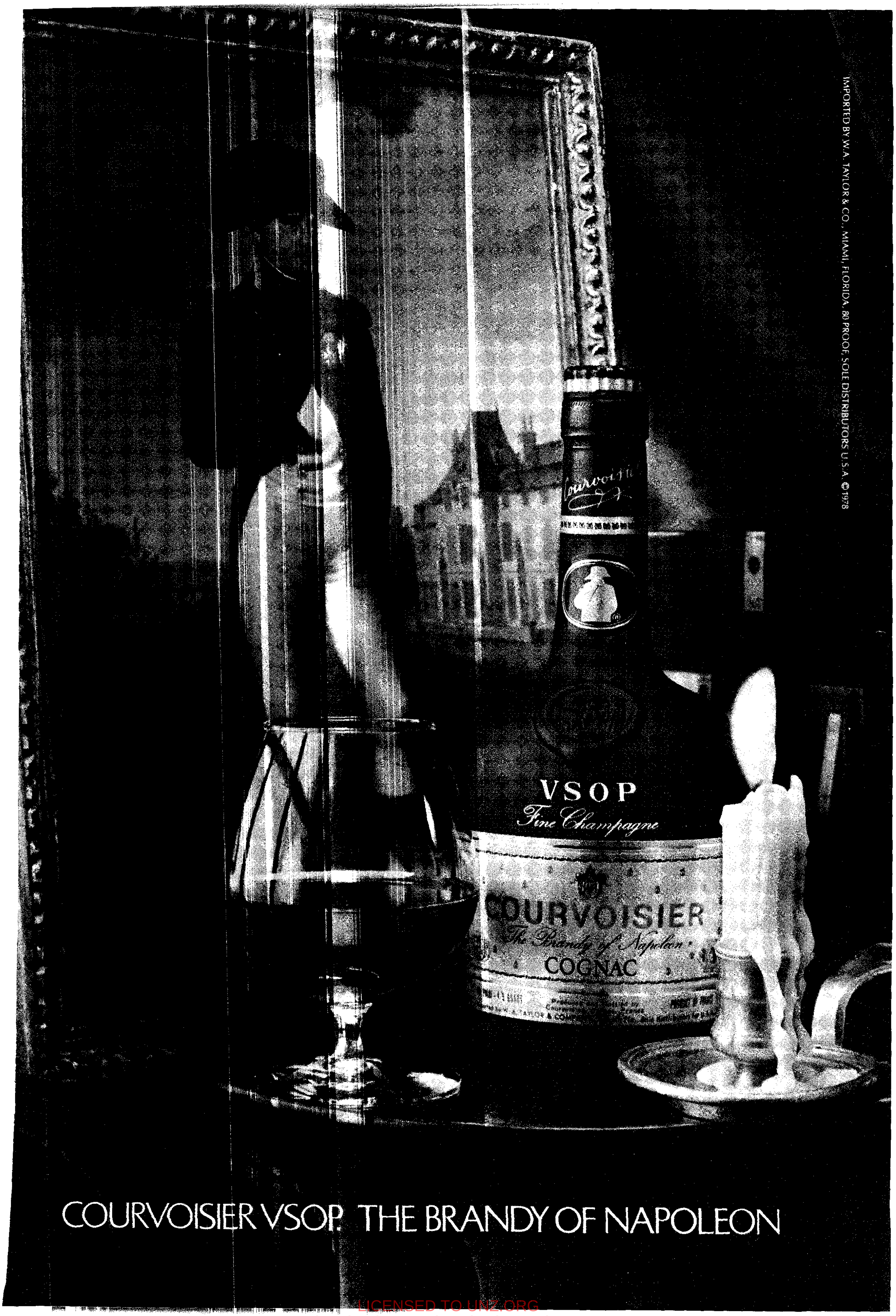
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